

Liberty

JULY 1948

10 cents



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it lubricates**



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Liberty

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FOR ALL THE FAMILY

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

■ To pirate an ad phrase, modern design makes the big difference in this issue of Liberty. The changes in layout, typography, and art represent many long weeks of creative effort by Walter Baermann, one of the nation's top industrial designers, aided and abetted by Liberty's Art Director, Duncan MacIntosh. Liberty is one of the few magazines to have been redesigned by a man who is not a specialist in magazine art. This copy of Liberty is the result of the application of modern industrial design principles—the principles used in creating products widely used in everyday life—to a magazine. It is another step in the creation of a modern, distinctive Liberty for all the family. We will welcome your reactions and comments.

■ Next month: There's perfect vacation reading coming up in the August Liberty. There's the first part of a powerful two-part story by Oscar Schisgall provocatively titled THE WAY I KILLED HIM. George Armin Shaftel brings you a fascinating adventure story of modern whaling. Columnist Earl Wilson discourses on how beauty-contest winners are selected. The book condensation for August is Thomas Duncan's best selling novel of circus life, GUS THE GREAT. You'll find close-ups of Madman Muntz, Henry Fonda, and champ swimmer Joe Verdeur. There are also more pages of vital home information for men and women. The August Liberty goes on sale about July 16. Hope to see you right here again next month.—D. B.

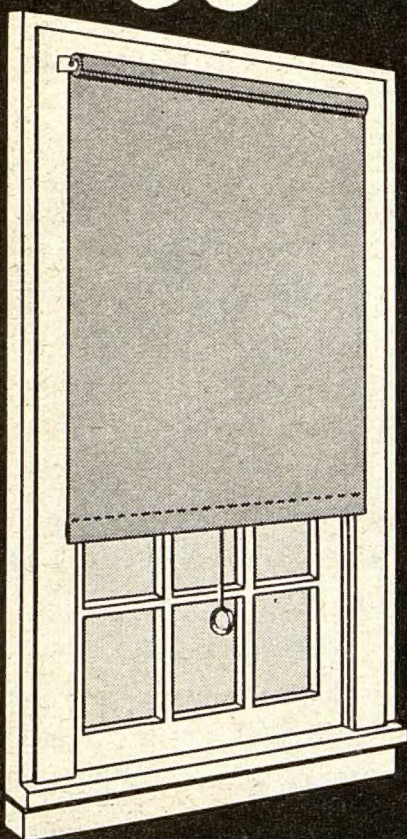
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or neighborhood store.

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Liberty

VOX POPULI

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

The Making of a Missus

WEST HARTFORD, CONN.—I have just read *The Real Cure for Our Divorce Epidemic* (May), by Edward J. Byng, Ph.D.

If we train our women to have the careers of men, certainly marriage and its offspring must suffer. If both husband and wife wear the pants,



who is going to be a mother to their children?

I agree that the problem is not one of divorce but of marriage. But the cure is women who are proud of their sex, not just imitations of men.—*Virginia Summers*.

Range Findings

GRAND JUNCTION, COLO.—Thanks for your article *No Home on the Range*, by Sherman Baker and Bill McClure (May). It is extremely heartening to have a fine paper like yours take sides with the small minority group that has withstood the rain, the snow, the blizzards, the dust storms, the tornadoes, the heat, the cold, the floods, and the droughts for the past two centuries to keep meat on the tables and clothes on the backs of our American people. Very few people appreciate the rigors endured to supply them with these commodities. Seems queer our bureaucratic dictators would exterminate them.—*Roe M. Lyons, Director, Colorado Wool Growers Assn.*

TURNER, MONT.—I have known many members of the Forest Service from Montana and Idaho to Arizona, and almost without exception have found them to be courteous, efficient, and interested in the general welfare of the community in which they work and reside.

That the Forest Service is not doing too bad a job is pretty well demonstrated by the fact that large numbers of the stockmen themselves, who are interested in the good of the range land over a long period of years rather than in grabbing off big profits while prices are high, are very much opposed to the proposed "land grab."

Any impartial person who is familiar with range conditions will be quick to agree that most stockmen are guilty of overgrazing. Overgrazing, with its attendant erosion, is a threat against the whole economy of the country.—*W. H. Carpenter*.

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—I have just

read *No Home on the Range*. If you want to know what big cattlemen do for the range, all you have to do is to look over the old cattle ranges, ranges overstocked, grass worn into the ground, timber destroyed, creeks clogged up full of topsoil.

The Forest Reserve stopped the sheep and cattle wars. The timber in the high country is very necessary to keep the snow shaded so it does not all melt at once. These lands belong to all of the people. There is plenty of room for all. But the cattlemen want to drive out the vacationers—fishermen and hunters. I know. I lived near them for many years.—*C. C. Cole*.

TOLEDO, OHIO—I read with interest your article on pasturage on grazing lands. The greatest problem in this country is the fact that we have only 150 more years to live as a nation because the human "hogs" are trying



to squeeze every ounce of humus out of the soil to get that five-dollar wheat they hope for.

Our soil is being depleted of fertility at the rate of 67 per cent annually; the water level has dropped from 50 to 100 feet, and many farmers have to haul water each fall.

Just keep in mind that in spite of all the fun poked at farmers, they work the basic economy.—*Fred W. Leu*.

Relax, Boy!

CHICAGO, ILL.—Enough is enough and too much is plenty! Are you going to make *The Man with My Face* a permanent feature of your magazine?

Suspense is fine, but not almost a half year of it. Have pity, kind sirs.—*Bill Braden*.

Cry for Cartoons

NORWAY, ME.—Your new-look *Liberty* now on the stands is a good job. But—where are the cartoons, by Larjar and others, for which *Liberty* has become noted—and quoted? Let's have some.—*Old Liberty Fan*.

A Look Ahead

BAY CITY, MICH.—I was born in the year 1903, in the era when the sawmill and logging train were still a common sight in the State of Michigan and the United States was just awakening to the fact that it was a

VOX POP

world power.

Our natural resources had hardly been tapped at that time.

Today the maws of the giant shovels are within sight of the last carload of iron ore in the vast deposits of the Michigan Upper Peninsula and the copper mines in that region are no longer profitable to operate.

In the Mississippi valley millions of tons of topsoil are being carried down our rivers due to floods and erosion. The prairie dust bowl is again being plowed and planted. Its topsoil will again be hanging over Chicago and Detroit in dark choking clouds as it did in the 1930s, and the dust-bowl farmers will again be able to walk over their fences on drifts of white sand.

Science has performed some miracles, but unless we start conserving our natural resources, it will have to perform greater ones to keep this country from becoming another China.—Harold B. Stites.

A Favorite Best Seller

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—My husband and I have always bought two copies of Liberty for the Cockeyed Puzzle.

We want you to know how much we liked A Guide to Confident Living.

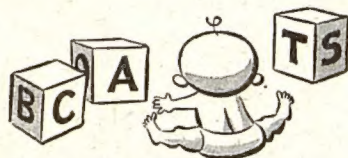
My husband is now in a t. b. sanatorium, and he was or is an alcoholic. That is why he is in his present condition. Please give us more articles on faith. I believe the world is ready for it.—Jewell Byrom.

WALNUT CREEK, CALIF.—I want you to know how much I enjoyed Liberty's Book Condensation of A Guide to Confident Living, by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, in the April issue.

Perhaps we could have more such condensations in the near future.—I. Menegus.

How Do You Vote?

DEVILS LAKE, N. D.—I am very sorry to see that you are using small print in your magazine. Surely a very large percentage of your readers are middle-aged. They have more time for reading than young people. And



small print is definitely uncomfortable for the eyes.

We have had your magazine continuously for 23 years, but I have not enjoyed this last issue, with the exception of the novelette.—Mrs. Dean Jacobson.

What do other readers think?—Vox Pop Ed.

Score another hit for the man with P.A.*



A man with Pipe Appeal scores a hit with the ladies... just as a pipeful of Prince Albert scores with particular smokers everywhere.

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal P.A.* means Prince Albert

● When you try Prince Albert—you'll understand why it's America's largest-selling smoking tobacco! It tastes rich. It smokes cool. It's mild and tongue-easy. For P.A.'s choice tobacco is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. For smoking joy and comfort—try P.A.!

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"FOR CIGARETTE 'MAKIN'S',
P.A. SCORES A HIT WITH ME!
IT'S SMOOTH ROLLING—
GRAND TASTING!"

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



New Type Hearing Aid

Needs No
"Fitting"



New
Radionic *Zenith* "75"

This is all you wear. \$75 complete.

SAVES YOU OVER \$100

Coupon below brings it to you—
no salesman, no visits to sales-
rooms. Hear better or pay nothing!

MONEY-BACK TRIAL!

Wear the Zenith "75" at home, at work, any-
where. If it isn't better than you ever dreamed
ANY hearing aid could be, return it within
10 days of receipt and Zenith will refund
your money in full.

Thousands who formerly hesitated to wear a
hearing aid are ordering the new Zenith "75."
Because it needs no "fitting," it comes to you
by mail—no salesman to high pressure you,
no embarrassing visits to salesrooms.

Saves you over \$100, too. If its price had
to include "fitting," middlemen's profits and
high sales commissions, the Zenith "75"
would have to sell for \$195 instead of \$75. So
do as tens of thousands have already done.
Order your Zenith "75" and find new friends,
new success, save over \$100, too! Mail the
coupon today.

By the makers of the World-Famous Zenith Radios

Look only to your doctor
for advice on your ears and hearing



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Zenith Radio Corporation
Hearing Aid Division, Dept. LY78
5801 Dickens Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois

☐ I enclose check or money order for \$75* for one
Zenith "75" Hearing Aid. Unless I am com-
pletely satisfied and find the Zenith "75" superior
to any other hearing aid, I may return it within ten
days of receipt and get my money back in full.

*Plus tax of \$1.50 in Illinois or New York City;
\$1.88 in California, except Los Angeles, \$2.25.

☐ Please send me free descriptive literature.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

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Summer
Sandwiches
taste better with

PURITY
natural cheese

Send for Free Recipe Folder
PURITY CHEESE CO.
Dept. L, Mayville, Wis.

At Food Stores
in convenient size



Liberty

WASHINGTON

Birthdays • If you don't know
when or where you were born, the gov-
ernment will tell you for a dollar. Dur-
ing the war more than 3,000,000 people
obtained proof of citizenship in this
way in order to get jobs on restricted
projects.

Some 50,000,000 Americans don't
have birth certificates because they
were born before the states had per-
fected their registration systems. Per-
haps you've forgotten, but in its enu-
meration every ten years (the last was
1940), the Census Bureau asks the
names, ages, and birthplaces of all
members of the household. In applying
for a search of the records, you give
your exact address on each census date
and the name of the head of the house-
hold. Census then goes over its records,
back to your childhood, and issues you
a transcript which is acceptable for
passport, Social Security, and other
purposes. The search is more than
90-per-cent successful, failures being
ascribed to insufficient information on
the application. Census doesn't search
back of 1880. Older records, 1790 and
subsequent, which are useful to gen-
ealogists, are in the National Archives.

Even though the spelling of your
name has been changed, Census can
usually trace you straight off, as it has
100,000,000 cards representing fami-
lies, filed by a simple phonetic system.

As ours isn't a police state, you are
the only person who can get informa-
tion about you. It isn't even given to
the F.B.I. or the tax collector. The
dollar service takes several weeks, but
if you're in a hurry—as in the recent
case of a sailor whose ship was sailing
the day he applied—you pay three dol-
lars for extra-fast service. Ask Census
Bureau, Washington 25, D. C., for an
age-search application form.

Watch That Interest • The next
time you open your safe-deposit box,
you'd better look at the ten-year baby
bonds you bought in the 1930s—U. S.
savings bonds, Series A, B, and C—
and make sure they haven't matured.
If they have, you're losing interest at
the rate of 2.9 per cent per annum
and would do well to turn them in
through your bank and buy E, F, or
G savings bonds.

Matured government securities
with more than \$300,000,000 face
value, on which interest has ceased,
are still outstanding. They include
\$12,000,000 in adjusted service bonds
of World War I bonus bonds. Some of
the issues run back to 1790, when they
were called stock and paid 6-per-cent

interest. Along with fractional cur-
rency (the Civil War shinplasters, in
denominations from 3 cents to 50
cents), some of the old securities will
probably be recovered in attics and
eventually reach the Treasury, but
many have undoubtedly been de-
stroyed.

Government Girls Wanted • If
a girl can take dictation at 80 words a
minute or better, and can type satis-
factorily, Uncle Sam wants her. He
can't find enough stenographers, and,
come peace or war, the shortage will
continue for years. The Veterans Ad-
ministration alone gets a quarter mil-
lion letters a day.

Entrance salary is just under \$2,000,
and if a gal's work is satisfactory, there
are automatic promotions as well as
those that go with added responsibility.
Government work offers liberal leave
and retirement benefits. Housing ac-
commodations in Washington still
aren't too good, but only 10 per cent
of the jobs are in the capital.

If you're interested, ask at your local
post office about current examinations
in your area, and file an application.
There's no educational requirement,
but the test is proficiency. If you pass,
you'll be notified, and then advised
where to report for work. Allow several
weeks for the whole process.

The Civil Service Commission has
regional offices in 14 large cities, and
in first- and second-class post offices
there's always a Civil Service secretary
who has complete information. In small
post offices, announcements are usually
displayed on the notice board.

Federal employment in the United
States leveled off postwar at about
1,700,000 persons, of whom a fourth
were in the Post Office Department. In
a preparedness or war program the
armed services will add many thou-
sands to their clerical staffs, as well as
skilled workmen for the arsenals and
navy yards.

Normal turnover and new projects
bring vacancies in all grades of govern-
ment jobs. There are almost always
vacancies for engineers, physicists, and
chemists. Next in demand are dietitians,
patent examiners, veterinarians, and
physical therapists. The post offices and
Civil Service Commission branches will
have information on such opportunities.

A Mother's Book Free • A post
card will bring you without cost a
copy of Infant Care, the government's
124-page standard work on baby cul-

by Stacy V. Jones

ture. Since it was first issued by the Children's Bureau in 1914, the book has been revised seven times, with the advice of medical authorities, and has been translated into 23 languages. Twenty-two million copies have been distributed. It covers feeding, baths, play, the doctor, and many other subjects. There are diagrams for diaper folding (the old three-cornered method is out). The authorities don't belong to the school that lets the baby yell. "When the baby cries it is a signal that something needs to be done," says the manual.

Many Congressmen follow birth announcements in their districts and send copies to mothers. A Nigerian prince recently wrote beseechingly for one. To get yours, address Children's Bureau, Federal Security Agency, Washington 25, D. C., and specify Infant Care. Upon request, the Bureau will send you information on its other publications, which can be purchased from the Superintendent of Documents.

Engraved Marine Charts •

Charts decorated with harbor views, headlands, landmarks, and elaborate titles, reproduced on an old-fashioned hand press from copper plates engraved nearly 100 years ago, may be obtained from the Coast and Geodetic Survey at prices from \$1 to \$2.50. Some of the best examples of the art are sailing, general, and harbor charts of the Pacific and North Atlantic coasts. Others, less elaborate, are offered to people interested in their home waters.

James McNeill Whistler, who worked briefly for the Survey in 1854-55, etched a couple of plates. One, which he did to try his skill, shows parts of the Boston Bay coast, with half a dozen doodles of men's and women's heads. The actual Whistler plates aren't available, so engravings of these can't be supplied, but the Survey will send you a free reproduction of the doodle sketch. To get it, just ask Coast and Geodetic Survey, Washington 25, D. C., for a list of engravings of early charts.

Farmers' Bulletins • Write your Senator or Representative for a list of farmers' bulletins and leaflets available for distribution by members of Congress. Check the numbers you want on the form that comes with the list and mail it back to him. The bulletins should follow in a couple of weeks. A good many are of interest not only to farmers but to householders generally on subjects like rose growing, poultry raising, homemade jellies, slip covers, mending, moths, silverfish and houseflies. (We're sure none of our readers will need the one on bedbugs.) ■ ■

For a Good Meal Quick

thrifty,
fully
prepared

a new,
improved
recipe

richer,
tastier
than
ever

57



You know
it's good

because it's
HEINZ

HEINZ
Cooked
MACARONI

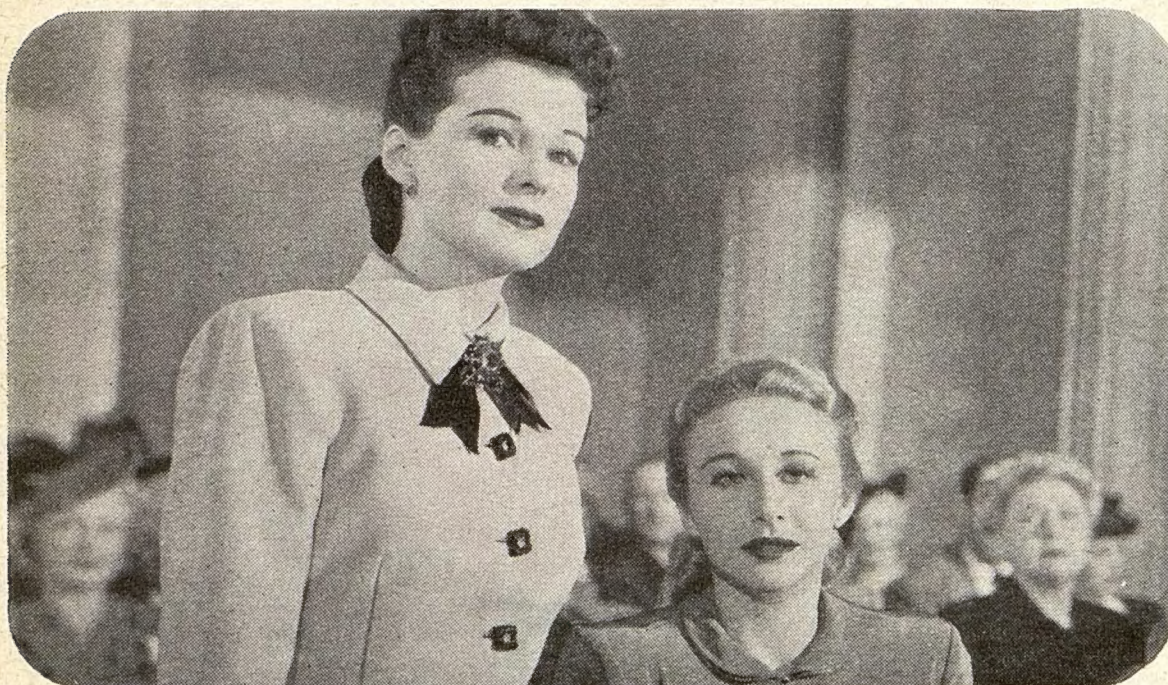
extra
rich,
extra
nourishing,
at
no extra
cost



Katharine Hepburn portrays the witty wife of candidate Spencer Tracy.



Overseas, Gable fell for Lt. "Snapshot" McCall (Lana Turner), a nurse.



Ruth Hussey plays a lawyer; defends the other woman (Vera Ralston).

STATE OF THE UNION

■ Under the expert direction of Frank Capra, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has brought the Howard Lindsay-Russel Crouse 1946 Pulitzer Prize play—*State of the Union*—to the screen with the same political timeliness as the play. Spencer Tracy plays an industrialist who is being groomed for the Presidential nomination by a lady newspaper publisher (Angela Lansbury). There is a fine battle of wits between Katharine Hepburn (Tracy's wife) and Angela (his girl friend). Van Johnson and Adolphe Menjou put zest into the merriment. Johnson is especially good as a reporter.

HOMECOMING

■ Homecoming is what all the shouting's been about out Metro way. And good reason there is for shouting, too. Clark Gable and Lana Turner, teamed in a film for the first time since the war, have never given better performances; have never had a better picture. The story concerns the war experiences of smug Dr. Ulysses Johnson (Gable) and his love for his nurse, Lieutenant "Snapshot" McCall (Lana Turner). The war over, the nurse dead, the doctor returns to his wife an awakened man. Anne Baxter as the wife gives warmth to the role. John Hodiak also does well.

I, JANE DOE

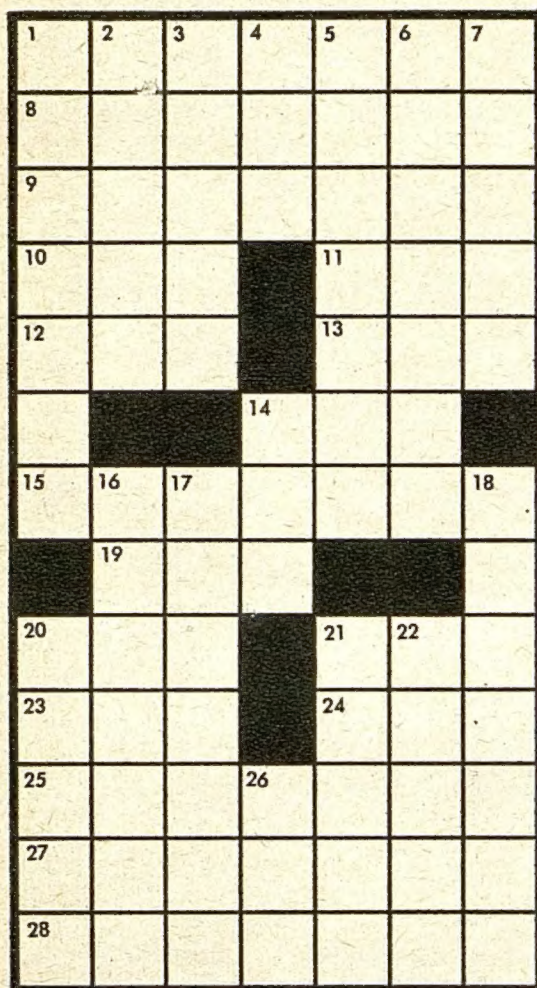
■ Talk about your melodramas with a sock finish! This one, fresh out of the Republic workshop, has a sock to end all socks. It's a real scalp-lifter. Ruth Hussey plays a very intelligent woman lawyer who decides to defend a French girl (Vera Ralston) accused of shooting Ruth's husband. Ruth's husband (John Carroll) was a gay boy, especially when he was in Normandy fighting for his country. But his past catches up with him in the form of a bullet. Who fired it? Jane Doe? The State says yes, until lawyer Ruth takes over in the dramatic courtroom scenes.

Liberty

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagrammatical
Cockeyed Quizword

by Ted Shane



ACROSS

- 1 Sail, Sam, to Euripides' birthplace
- 8 What to do to make Ed acute
- 9 Gael gets nod in Green land
- 10 Which constellation's the Altar?
- 11 Name the Prairie State (abbr.)
- 12 Thrice, or a kind of mite
- 13 ---alpine means on the Roman side of the Alps: complete
- 14 Cal takes a shellacking
- 15 "Repel us!" cried British battlewagon. Japs did
- 19 GI in a p---'s eye!
- 20 Kind of shot
- 21 Edible Peruvian plant
- 23 Cat puts on show
- 24 PAC dons dome didie
- 25 Dam good cut-ups, these eager creatures
- 27 Main tea is alive
- 28 Red Nile got new innards

DOWN

- 1 Deer sat more primly
- 2 Complete: When is --- not ---? When it's ajar!
- 3 Run, Al, moonward
- 4 Hey, Spot, you're a Zero Hero!
- 5 MacGill has the slick digit touch
- 6 Squirmy ties ail in wiggly style



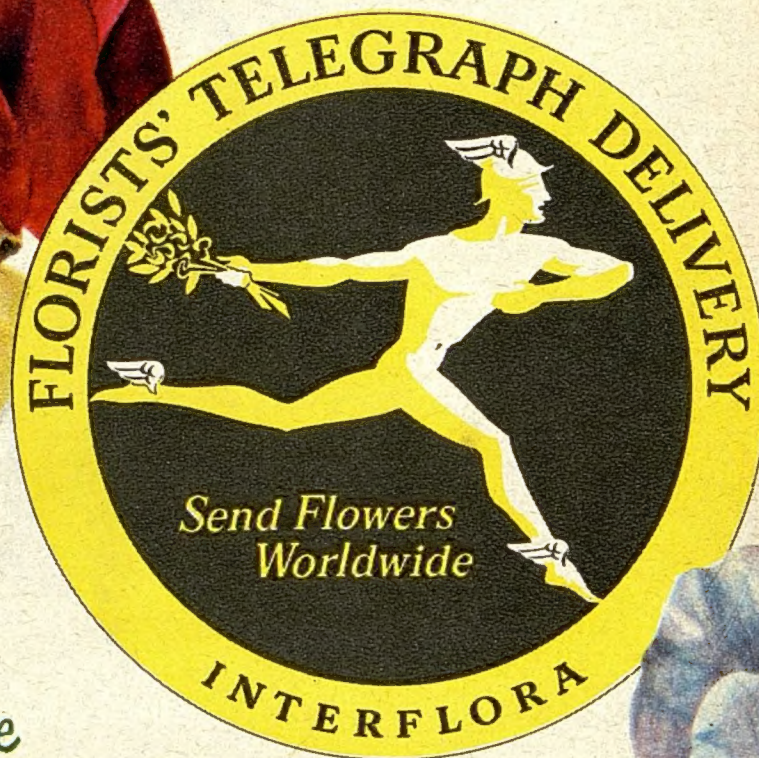
June Answer

- 7 There's ell between the S curves
- 14 Lumphead
- 16 In grammar, what is a noun of common gender like bird or rat called?
- 17 Here's your queue, little girls!
- 18 Time was pleased to have slid by
- 20 Childhood elephant hero, sung about on records; also in books
- 21 The Big Dunk
- 22 Trace à la table d'hôte
- 26 Mason-Dixon West Point takes vim

Thousands are using our World Wide Flowers-by-Wire Service!



Think of it! *Every minute of every day* beautiful Flowers by Wire are being delivered to more than 14 people in the United States, Canada, the British Isles, Europe, parts of Africa and Asia, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. Better than 14 deliveries *every minute* adds up to thousands each month and several million orders each year!



Order only where
you see this emblem!

The authorized member florists of F.T.D. are the *only* ones who display this Winged Mercury Emblem. They represent the *best* florists in each community...carry top grade stocks which are delivered dewy fresh and attractively packaged.

Satisfaction guaranteed!

Each official F.T.D. florist is bonded. Satisfaction is guaranteed on all Flowers by Wire orders handled by F.T.D. members or your money will be refunded!

Always, In Any Event...Wire Flowers

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY INTERNATIONAL, 149 Michigan Ave., Detroit 26, Mich.



He had the right idea but the wrong approach . . .

FOR WEEKS he had seen her dubbing around on the fairways . . . adoring her from afar, so to speak. Then luck brought an introduction.

Now, on his first date, he was giving her the first lesson. Both the date and the lesson, unfortunately, turned out to be the last. She acted strangely cool when she bade him good-bye, and after that, avoided him like the plague. Poor fellow . . . he never knew why*.

The insidious thing about halitosis* (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not realize when you are guilty. On the very day when you wish to be at your best you may be at your worst. And once tagged with unpleasant breath, it's hard to get back in the running.

Isn't it foolish to risk offending others when Listerine Antiseptic is an *extra-careful*, wholly delightful precaution against simple non-systemic bad breath?

You merely rinse the mouth with it and instantly your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

Before any date when you want to be at your best *be extra careful* . . . use Listerine Antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

P.S. IT'S NEW!

*Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE
—the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?*

A cure for bad drivers

reading time 12 minutes

by **Elsie McCormick**

Most cities jail or fine flagrant traffic violators, but Detroit, finding that nearly all bad drivers use their cars to act out stifled hatreds, has a new approach

■ In the Traffic Division of Detroit's Psychopathic Clinic a little group of scientists are taking a searching look at bad drivers and discovering some surprising things about what makes them that way.

Most cities simply fine flagrant violators or jail them for short terms; then they are turned loose to do the same things over again. Detroit's idea is to study poor drivers physically and psychologically, and to find the reasons—usually emotional ones—that lie behind their records. If circumstances permit, an effort is made through the clinic or the excellent local Probation Department to rehabilitate them. Rehabilitation has meant some very unexpected things—helping to overcome resentment toward a dominating parent, recommending a man for a more congenial job, finding a hidden talent to aid a person in building up his ego, or even seeing that a facial blemish is treated, so as to remove a dangerous feeling of inferiority.

Since the Detroit clinic was organized, Los Angeles, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, and several other cities, and even some states, have found it worth while to begin making psychological studies of dangerous drivers.

Of course, the Psychopathic Clinic is not for the people who merely park too close to a fire plug. Four offenders a day are the most it can handle, which leaves no room for the parade of small fry. Cases are referred to it for recommendation by the State Police, the Operators' License Bureau, the License Appeal Board, and the two Traffic Court jurists. A driver who has a long list of previous tickets, who has had a serious or easily avoidable accident, or whose behavior in court suggests a shaky mental structure is the type likely to be referred.

"As soon as a person enters the door, he becomes a patient instead of a defendant," said Alan Canty, psychologist in charge of the Traffic Division. "We make him understand at once that we are trying to help him."

First a doctor gives him a physical examination; then one of the two psychologists who assist Mr. Canty puts him through the mechanical driver's tests. His intelligence is measured, and he fills out

a long paper on his history, family life, occupation, and hobbies. Though the patient generally doesn't realize it, this document is studded with questions likely to reveal his character and antagonisms. Then, after all the data have been compiled, Dr. L. W. Wiren, the brilliant young psychiatrist who directs all the Psychopathic Clinic work, interviews the patient. He points out what seems to be the cause of his bad driving and what might be done to overcome it.

Four cases studied in the course of one day showed what diverse things can lie back of traffic violations. The first customer was a cocky young man of 21 with a bad highway record. This time he began by going through a red light and speeding from a traffic policeman at 80 miles an hour. He was stopped before he precipitated a tragedy. The examinations showed that he had excellent health, good eyesight, superb co-ordination, and an I.Q. above normal. It also showed that up to the age of 18 he had never been in any trouble. Then he sustained a devastating shock. In applying for a copy of his birth certificate, he discovered for the first time that he had been adopted.

After that, everything changed. When he joined the navy, he got into repeated trouble for insubordination. He broke off communication with his family and did not learn until he returned from the service that his once beloved "mother" had died. Now, defiant and irresponsible, he was living alone, drifting from job to job, and hating the world.

"Just another example of the damage that can be done by not telling adopted children the truth," Mr. Canty commented.

The staff agreed that sending this young man to jail was not the way to make him a good citizen and a safe driver. At their suggestion, the court suspended his driver's license for several months and turned him over to the Probation Department. Now, having got a steady job, he is slowly working out a more constructive pattern of living.

The next offender, who was 22 and also an ex-service man, had, within a year, accumulated 11 tickets for speeding. His most recent offense was a more serious one—drunken driving. Unlike the first case, he was tearful rather than defiant. The questionnaire revealed that he had no girl friends; he preferred to spend all his time with young men. Under the surface of his mind a battle was going on against his unacknowledged homosexual tendencies. Drinking and fast driving were the means he took of running away from the conflict. What he needed was psychiatric help in finding a normal way of life.

The third patient was a successful business woman who came in of her own volition. Five times within a few weeks she had bumped into other cars. Though these minor crashes had escaped police observation, they were causing her considerable worry. It turned out that she was having. (Continued on page 65)



NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS

by Edwin Rutt

Never lend money to a future brother-in-law. Losing the money is the least of it. Ask Freddy

■ Whenever in fiction or cartoonery I encounter swains appeasing the small brothers of their dreamboats with quarters, half dollars, etc., I am wont to loose off a hollow titter. Palpably, the creators of these juvenile pikers have never met Mr. Horace Hathaway (Beanie) Parker, twelve-year-old fraternal relative of my prospective bride, Connie Parker, the slickest chick in Shadow Orchard, N. Y.

Well, this rare June day I am basking in Schofield & Sons, the real-estate concern which benefits from my sapience since I eschew the G.I. state, when I discern Beanie dead ahead. I take head lock on wallet and transfer watch to pants pocket.

"How much?" I says, waiving preliminaries.

Beanie smiles, a sinister sight. "Freddy," he announces, "I come to ne-gotiate a loan."

"Ha!" Mostly he demands donations. "In what amount?"

"Ten bucks."

I whistle. "Jeepers! What would a young jackofapes like you do with ten



BAUMAN-GREENE

bucks? Skip that, however. You will not get it."
 "Ya better think it over, Freddy Sandford." Beanie frowns. "I been a good friend of yours, and I'll pay ya back."

It suddenly occurs to me that the tatterdemalion speaks truth. Upon occasions when a rip-in-the-flute temporarily disrupts the Constance Parker-Frederick Sandford idyl, Beanie is always on my side. And I cannot afford to alienate his affections. Still—ten smackers!

"What do you want this vast sum for?" I stalls.

His countenance is a mask. "None of yer bizness."

I feel self weakening. Slowly I disinter my wallet. I extract two fives.

"You spoke of reimbursement," I says. "But I can see the joke, son."

■ The following night I tryst with the tomato. But before converging on Chez Parker, I hesitate at Al's Soda Bar.

Al, caliph of this soft-drink caravansary, is a kind of sandy-mustached sage of Shadow Orchard. A statistician and grammarian of distinction, he is also terrifically in touch with the tempo of the town. Moreover,

as adviser on matters appertaining to my love life, the man proves himself doughty. But doughty.

"Al," I says, alliterating nicely, "foster a Fruit-and-Fudge Flippancy! Fast!"

The scholar beams. "Your appetite, Freddy," he says, "unfailingly restores my faith in this line of business."

The Fruit-and-Fudge Flippancy might be termed a fugue in advanced gastronomics. Enconce trio pineapple rings in spacious vessel (preferably glass). Impose vanilla ice cream, individual scoop to individual ring. Drown structures separately in fudge sauce. Augment each with whipped-cream dollops. Cap glacial sections picturesquely with maraschinos. P.S.: The addition of chopped nuts is optional.

"Now, Al," I says, masticating maraschino No. 1, "a concise report on the current financial status of Beanie Parker."

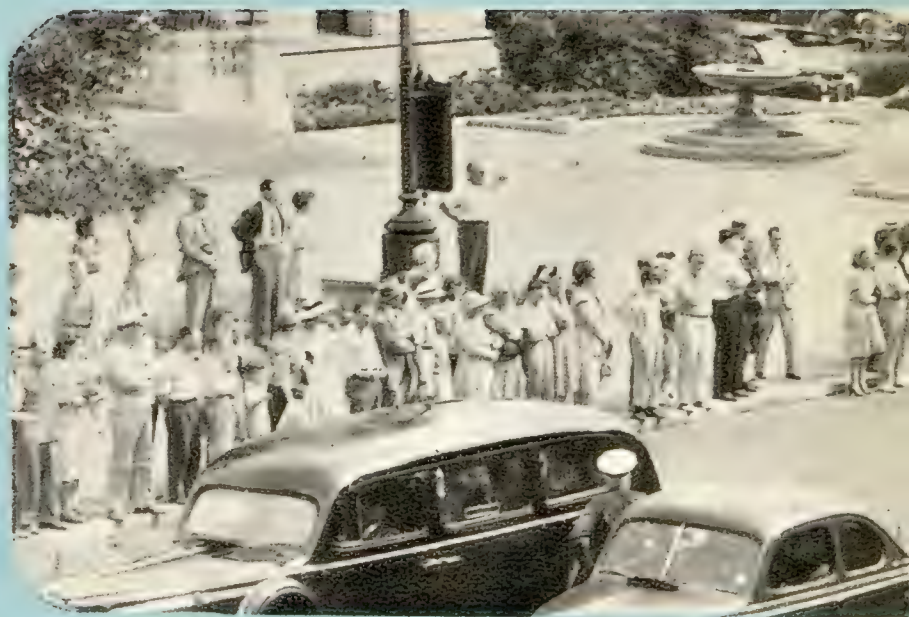
He peers at me. "Freddy, it is uncanny that you introduce the subject of Horace. Because I was thinking about the lad myself. And in my considered opinion, the millennium is upon us."

"Clarify that, Al," I orders.

"I have been confounded (Continued on page 68)

It's your funeral

by Wade H. Nichols



What should funerals cost? Which customs at funeral services are considered irreligious by ministers? A group of Elgin, Illinois, clergymen are giving people some straight answers

■ Death will come this year to some 1,400,000 Americans. One family in 15 will have to face problems it hates to think about. Yet experts guess that less than one person in 100 has made any specific provisions for his own funeral.

Here are some of the questions that survivors have to answer — and right away — when death comes: What can you ask a mortician to do to “help out”? When do you call the minister? Should he be paid? How do you buy a casket? What should a “complete funeral” cost, and what are the “extras”? Which customs, exceedingly common even at funerals held in churches, are considered irreligious by ministers?

People “muddle through” matters like these, often at a terrible cost in mental anguish and money. Right now, though, in Elgin, Illinois, education is making that cost somewhat less terrible.

Elgin is a semi-industrial city 38 miles northwest of Chicago. Its 45,000 people give generous support to 46 churches and missions. With somewhat less enthusiasm, but perhaps greater generosity, they also support five mortuaries.

reading time 11 minutes



It is around the ministers and morticians that Elgin's educational effort revolves. The ministers started it; the morticians were drawn in in self-defense. Both sides now claim public enlightenment as an objective. Thus the citizens of Elgin can't lose—and what they stand to gain is what everyone should know before he dies.

The fight began over the Elgin Ministerial Association's publication of a booklet called *When Death Comes*. The booklet represents the attitude of religion rather than of any sect. It strikes hard at the heart of the undertaking business. Some 9,000 copies of it were distributed in 18 Elgin churches. No sensation resulted. Like people everywhere, Elginites refused to think very much—just then—about death.

According to the Rev. C. Wesley Israel, pastor of the First Methodist Church and president of the Ministerial Association, "The booklets were seeds sown in fertile ground. The harvest may come after many years."

Elgin's great reform could easily have ended there. But it didn't. The weekly, *Christian Century*, carried a report on it. The next week, *Time* quoted that report. As evidence that Elgin's controversy is no local matter, letters began pouring in. Dr. Israel heard from 51 cities in 22 states. Jesse Pindell Peirce, pastor of the First Congregational Church and the man who started the whole thing when he distributed burial advice in his own church, received 286 letters—of which 285 were favorable and one was from a funeral director. Within weeks "outsiders"—including people from almost every state and at least four foreign countries—requested 11,000 copies of the booklet.

Almost two-thirds of the letters sent to Elgin were from ministers who wanted to advise their

own congregations. An Air Force pilot in the Philippines protested "the waste of \$200,000,000 and the throwback to paganism" involved in bringing back to the United States "the bones and dust of our comrades fallen overseas." And a soldier on Guam reported his "horror at the desecration of cemeteries here by squads that dig up bodies. . . . And why? Because the remains must be manhandled by an army of goons who try to assemble complete skeletons. . . . Who sold the American people on this horrible, disgraceful boondoggle? The undertakers?"

In Elgin, the outside publicity aroused everyone. The *Courier-News*, trapped between a hot issue and home-town loyalties, commented on *Time's* attack on morticians: "Locally, it created quite a sensation. . . . In the opinion of this writer, however, it is unfair to the great majority of members of a respected profession, particularly those in the Elgin area."

Now, what is it all about?

When *Death Comes* makes these major points:

"For those who have lived and died in the Christian faith, death is not the darkness of night, but the dawning of a new day. . . . Making the body the center of a funeral service interferes with the Christian emphasis upon the eternal value of the soul. Parading past the casket is a survival of paganism. . . .

"Christian consideration requires moderation of expenditures for caskets, flowers, etc. . . . Christian lives should not be memorialized by expensive paraphernalia to be looked at, admired and then buried in the ground.

"Truer memorials are created through helpfulness to the living: gifts to feed a hungry world, clothes for the needy, scholarships for worthy men, endowments for (Continued on page 66)



RAPHAEL CAVALIERE

NO LOOSE ENDS

by George Harmon Coxe

Dr. Standish doubles in detective work again, to the dismay of the police—and the murderer

reading time 22 minutes

■ The telephone call from the Dexter home on that Wednesday evening was a routine announcement by a precinct detective that a man named Henry Dexter was dead, apparently a victim of carbon monoxide poisoning. By the time Dr. Paul Standish arrived, the Emergency Squad had given up the case as hopeless and he was taken directly to the second-floor study where Lieutenant Ballard was waiting.

The source of the carbon monoxide was illuminating gas from a small heater, and when Standish had examined the victim—a small gray-haired man wearing a smoking jacket and slippers—he discovered a bruise on the back of the head, well hidden by the hair. He spoke of this.

"We know," said Ballard, and pointed to the gas heater under one of the windows. "That thing was on when the family finally smelled gas and came in. We figure it had been on somewhere around an hour and a half when they found him. We figure he turned it on and flopped down on the couch and then, when the gas began to get to him, he lost his nerve and tried to turn it off."

He hesitated, glance speculative, and said, "Any reason why it couldn't happen?"

"Sure it could happen."

"He got up," said Ballard, "and fell and cracked his head, and that's how they found him." Ballard hesitated, then supplied what he obviously thought was the clincher: "He suffered from angina; also he had trouble with the family. A couple of weeks ago he told 'em he'd had enough of them and the angina; that one of these days he was going to lie down for his afternoon nap and turn on the gas."

Standish nodded. "Could be," he said, his dark eyes thoughtful. "I'll let you know later if you're right about the bruise."

"Look," Ballard said. "You're not going to try to make this murder?"

"I'm not going to try to make it anything. But I have to mention that bruise in my report and put down whether it happened before or after the gas was turned on."

Ballard sighed. He said if Standish wanted to talk to the family, they were downstairs.

The family numbered four, three men and a girl, and Standish noticed the girl first. For in spite of her pallor, she was young and pretty, with a trim figure, mahogany-colored hair, and dark eyes, red-rimmed now from tears. Her name was Nancy Gould. She was the dead man's niece. She sat at one end of a divan, her eyes fixed straight ahead.

Sitting at the opposite end was her husband, a handsome black-browed man, no more than a few years her senior. He held an empty highball glass. As for the others, one was perhaps thirty, a slender well-set-up fellow with curly hair and glasses; a stepson named Chadwick. The last was the dead man's brother, Arthur Dexter, a scrawny nondescript-looking man without much hair.

Ballard's routine questions reviewed the situation for Standish. Young Gould, whose first name was Walter, maintained a truculent manner, and Standish wondered whether this was due to the drinks he had had or whether it was a front erected to disguise some inner fear. He wondered too, not with suspicion but simply as a medical man, about Arthur Dexter's thinness and deeply lined face.

At sixty he looked older, and something in his eyes

told Standish that this quiet, subdued man, who watched the girl so anxiously, was not well.

As for the story itself, there was nothing in it to disprove Ballard's theory of suicide. It was Henry Dexter's habit, they said, to take a daily nap from four until six, at which time he was not to be disturbed. It was also a custom for Nancy to make tea around four thirty for Arthur Dexter and Earl Chadwick, and this afternoon she had made popovers, putting them in the oven at a quarter of four.

Here Standish interrupted her. Because she looked so forlorn for one so young and pretty, he wanted to get her mind off the tragedy for a moment and he said he had a great weakness for popovers and did she make good ones?

"The best," Earl Chadwick said.

The girl shook her head. "They didn't come out," she said. "They didn't pop. And so I made cinnamon toast when I made the tea, and called Arthur in his workshop"—she indicated Dexter—"and rang the buzzer for Earl—"

"Buzzer?" Ballard said, frowning.

"My studio's on the third floor," Chadwick said. "Arthur put the buzzer in so Nancy could use it if I was wanted on the phone or anything."

"O.K.," Ballard said. "You heard the buzzer and came down. When was that?"

"About four thirty."

"She called me at four thirty-five," Arthur Dexter said. "Earl came down right after that."

"How long before you went back?" Ballard asked, still watching Chadwick.

"Maybe ten minutes."

"You didn't smell gas when you went back up?"

"Not until I came down at six."

"You didn't have tea?" Ballard said to Walter Gould.

"I don't like tea," Gould said. He glanced at his empty glass. "I had a couple of these," he said, and went on to say that he had come home early to work on some reports. "Nancy knows I don't take tea. She didn't bother to call me."

Ballard said there was just one thing more. "Mr. Dexter had a bump on the back of his head. We think he got it when he fell. Know anything about this?"

Silence greeted the question, and Paul Standish, watching the girl, thought her face was paler. He watched her shake her head, her mouth moving but making no sound. He heard Arthur Dexter clear his throat, but it was Earl Chadwick who said no.

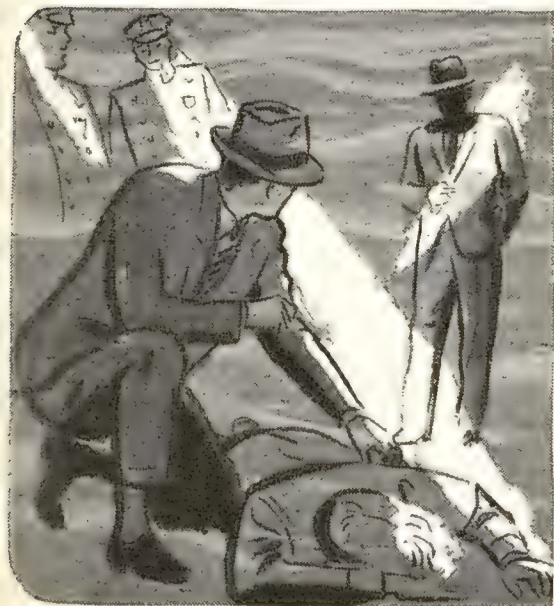
"He—he was on the floor when I found him," Chadwick added. "I yelled for Walter while I opened the windows. We both worked over him while we waited for the Emergency Squad, but it was too late."

■ Paul Standish telephoned Lieutenant Ballard at eleven o'clock that night, and when he announced that the bruise on the dead man's head had occurred before the gas had been turned on, Ballard's reaction was spontaneous and profane.

"How do you know?" he demanded.

"In a contusion of that type," Standish said, "there is a rupture of subcutaneous vessels so the blood is extravasated into—"

"Never mind that medical patter," Ballard cut in. "He had a bruise with blood in it." (Continued on page 75)





The man with the technicolor voice

by Ted Shane

reading time 15 minutes

Lowell Thomas, who has probably talked to more people than any man in history, not only throws his voice around but is a hot shot on the ski slopes

■ Lowell Thomas wakes with the sun and goes into action. First, I imagine, he orients himself. Where is he?

Should it be winter, he may be at his apartment in a New York hotel, or in his magnificent home at Pawling, New York. More likely he is at a ski resort. A pioneer of American ski trails, at 56 he is still slightly nuts about the art of the athletic bed slats and never lets business interfere with this essentially young man's sport. He carries his microphones to wherever there is snow. I have been with him when he has done his newscast from the tiny railroad station of St. Jovite, Quebec, after a hard day sliding down Mont Tremblant, which he helped to open for skiing. He has even gone down the Olympic bobsled run at Lake Placid, short-waving his impressions from a sending set strapped to his back.

Or he may be interviewing a maharajah, covering a coronation, or lecturing to a woman's club.

It is highly possible that never in history has there been a man who has talked to so many people over the air and in person. Before he went on the air, in 1930, he had lectured to several millions the world over, and his radio newscast has at one time or another had an audience of as many as 22,000,000. And the number of banquets at which he has spoken for free is incalculable.

His newscast audience is in a fair way to become even greater now that his voice for the first time in many years is being sent beyond the Mississippi on a national hook-up and with a single sponsor. This is a set-up Thomas has long wanted. So when in 1947 he ran into financial difficulties for a second time in his life, and had finally to sell his original house on Quaker Hill at Pawling, he switched sponsors—going with Procter & Gamble, and extolling the virtues of Ivory Soap. Leaving NBC to return to CBS not only realized a long-cherished ambition—another national hook-up—but got enough money to bail him out of his financial problems and a lot more besides. The contract is said to be for three quarters of a million a year!

It was expected that the shift would cause his Hooper rating to take a sharp tumble (it's hard to transport millions by air), and today he is running somewhat behind Ed Murrow, a news rival on CBS and currently No. 1 newscaster of the air. But the Thomas magic is working again. Already his rating has come up strongly and he will probably soon re-achieve the domination of the 6:45 P.M. spot which used to cause Henry Morgan, who played opposite him at the same time on a different network, to threaten to bring a portable and pick up Thomas so he, Morgan, could get some listeners!

If it is summer, Lowell's broadcast is quite likely to be from his home at Pawling, where he is a frustrated gentleman-farmer and keeps a complete studio for his newscasts. But long before time to go on the air he puts in a busy day, starting with breakfast, which he often has with some potentate, explorer, hero, visiting premier, ex-President, tycoon, or just plain pal he ran into on a ski trail. A friendly, gregarious chap, Thomas has probably collected more celebrities than a President—and

has a way of bringing them home without forewarning Mrs. Thomas.

Mrs. Thomas, a lovely, patient, silver-blue-haired woman, yearns to have breakfast sometime alone with her husband. "But that's what comes of marrying an institution," she sighs, "who is in no sense a museum."

Winter and summer, no matter where he is, the mail and the phone and the telegraph bring work. There is a bag of fan mail, critical and adulatory. A service club wants him to come to Fresno next Wednesday for a short talk. A newsreel company calls to say that some exclusive shots from Palestine have arrived and he's wanted that night for voice dubbing. His fur farmer phones to tell him a mink on the Thomas fur farm has escaped; his favorite riding horse has the pip and can't be ridden. A prospector wants to take him to a spot in Alaska where there is more gold than at Fort Knox. A dozen women's groups want him to address them. The vestrymen of his Quaker Ridge nondenominational church are meeting to buy a new furnace; and the finance committee of the Quaker Ridge Country Club needs his help to get a new green.

Being a man with much community spirit, he is asked to select the square dances for the Saturday-night neighbors' get-together at the Quaker Ridge Barn he built to further local *Gemütlichkeit*. His softball team, the hilarious Nine Old Men, must be collected for a Sunday game with the Explorers Club. His collaborator on a new book (there are more than 40 Thomas titles on library shelves) is due to drop in for a discussion.

And, of course, there is the broadcast to be prepared for a 6:45 hook-up, and an 11 P.M. rebroadcast to the West Coast.

Magically from everywhere appear secretaries to do his bidding. Thomas, who loves to talk, also loves to write letters. It is not vanity, just sheer friendliness. So every request is meticulously answered, brightly and often philosophically, with purple phrase and glowing allusion to a romantic place or person. However, it is certain that this habit of letter writing has won Thomas many friends.

Long ago Thomas became friends with that great exponent of the art of making them and of influencing people—Dale Carnegie. Paradoxically it seems that while Dale Carnegie is a nice chap with a diffident way among people, Thomas has literally made millions of friends.

If he's in Pawling, Thomas goes for a horseback ride, a swim, or plays golf. Daily exercise is a necessity to him. He says it helps make up for his frequent loss of sleep in his busy life. Then, if there are city appointments, he's off to town, flanked by one or more secretaries, for he keeps busy as he travels. Mary Davis, his girl Friday at his New York office, keeps appointments straight.

Once in New York, life is a series of chain appointments, crisscrossing the city by innumerable taxicabs. Always there is a secretary by his side, usually his fur farmer's daughter, Electra Ward.

In the late afternoon he gets a draft of the evening's broadcast. This has been pre-

(Continued on page 71)

Here comes Casey

by Hy Turkin
and Arch Murray

When bases are loaded and Hughie Casey strolls grimly toward the pitcher's box, Brooklyn fans yell, "Everything will be all right!" It usually turns out that way

reading time 12 minutes

■ The shadows were lengthening over Ebbets Field. A jammed house sat tense. It was the top of the ninth inning and the Dodgers had the Cardinals on the hip 7-5. This was the big game—the opener of a four-game series that would swing the 1947 pennant tide. Four and a half games back, the dogged Redbirds needed this game and this series to get back in the race. For it was mid-August and time was running out. But a Brooklyn victory would push the Dodgers well in the clear.

However, little Vic Lombardi, a gamester to the core, was hip-high in trouble. The Cards had the tying runs on base with the top of the batting order coming up. Not a man was out. Suddenly Brooklyn boss Burt Shotton waved his arm. In answer, a familiar, portly figure started the long trudge from bullpen to mound.

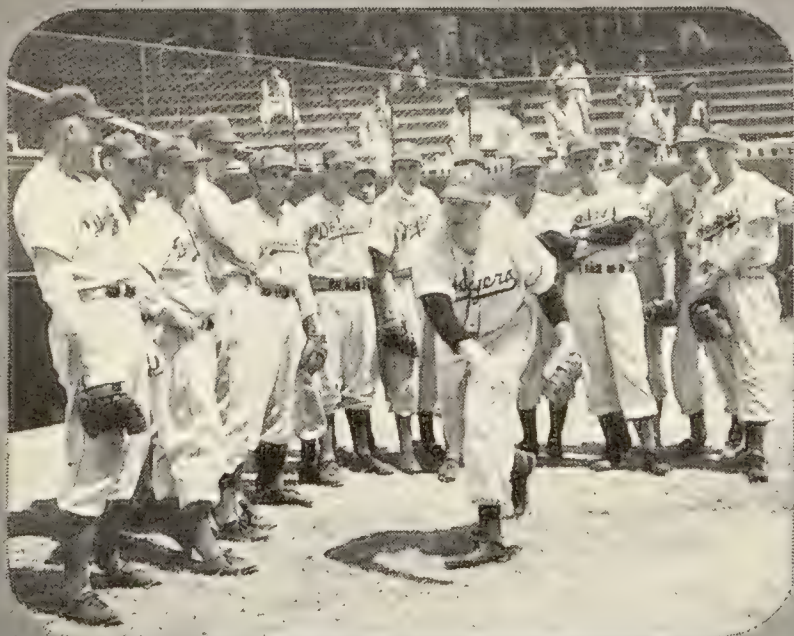
Down in a box seat back of the Dodger dugout, a gray-haired fan took one look at the big man ambling majestically across the outfield grass. The spectator heaved a huge sigh of relief. "Everything's all right now," he muttered. "Here comes Casey."

He was correct. Three pitches later the Dodgers were carousing in the clubhouse and the Cardinals knew the jig was about up. Hugh Casey had done it again, and this

time with a minimum of effort. The first pitch to Red Schoendienst, the lean Card lead-off man, was a called strike. The second serve also cut the plate, and a great snap throw by Bruce Edwards, the chunky Dodger catcher, caught Bernie Cregar off second base. That made one out. One more pitch finished it off. Schoendienst jammed it into the dirt. Eddie Stanky gobbled it up, tossed to Pee Wee Reese, and Reese relayed it over to first to nip the flying Schoendienst for the inning-ending double play.

It looked so easy! But then that's the Casey way. Baseball's greatest relief artist has been doing it the easy way for a long time now. With Dixie Walker gone to other pastures, Hughie now ranks as the dean of the Dodgers in point of service as well as the top idol of the faithful who have made Brooklyn synonymous with all that is dramatic and colorful in baseball.

The Yankees' Bucky Harris won't agree that Casey is the greatest relief pitcher in the game. You can't blame him for that. Loyalty demands that he stick with the fast-balling Joe Page, whose herculean relief rescues won an American League championship and a World Series for the Bronx Bombers last year. But Page is a Johnny Come Lately. He must prove that last year wasn't just a flash





in the pan, a one-year wonder. Casey on the other hand has been doing it for many seasons. During the years of his tenure in the Brooklyn bullpen, his club has never finished lower than second place.

It was in 1941 that manager Leo Durocher got the sudden inspiration that changed the course of baseball history. It was when he turned Casey into a relief pitcher. That also marked the year the Dodgers won their first pennant in 21 years. In 1942 they finished second, two games back of the Cards, who bagged 104 victories. The Dodgers were far in front that August when a line drive off Stan Musial's bat broke a finger on Casey's pitching hand, finishing him (and the team) for the year.

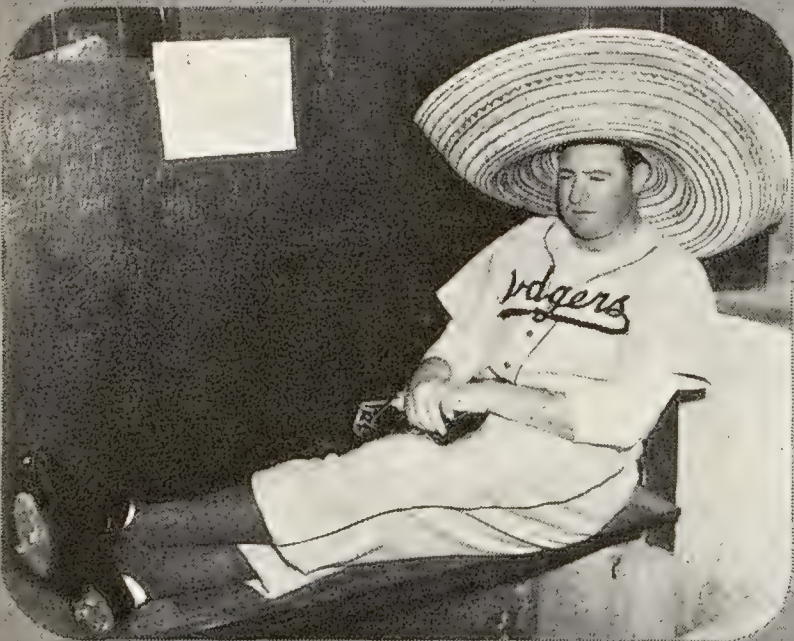
In 1943 Hughie marched away to war, and Dodger fortunes ebbed. In the three years he was gone, the Flock finished third, seventh, and third in swift succession. Then Hughie returned in 1946, and the Dodgers tied the Cards for the pennant, only to lose the first play-off in baseball history. Last year, under the expert aegis of Shotton, they took the pennant and battled the Yankees down to the last out of a bitterly fought seven-game World Series.

It was in this series, of course, that Casey reached his greatest heights. He was the only Dodger pitcher who

could stop the Yankees, and stop them he did in six of the seven games. He notched two of the three Dodger victories and saved the other for big Ralph Branca. The only run scored off him in six games came when Eddie Miksis, a misplaced infielder cavorting in left field, played Bill Johnson's easy fly ball into a triple in the seventh and last game. Yet Page stole the headlines when he stopped the final Dodger charge in the finale, shutting them out with one hit over the last five innings.

Casey was on the losing side again despite his tremendous heroics. As Durocher snarls, "It doesn't matter what the score was or how brilliantly you played. All anybody asks when it's all over is, 'How did you come out—win or lose?'" So Hughie was generally forgotten, and Page grabbed all the glory despite the fact that the Dodgers had twice knocked Joe out of the box in two earlier relief turns.

But Durocher, the Brooklyn fans, and practically every impartial baseball expert will still take Casey. He's crowding 35, and his aldermanic paunch casts a larger shadow every year, but Hughie still gets them out with his low, devastating curve and needle-threading control. As of this year, only Pee Wee (Continued on page 70)





NEGLIGEE FOR DESERT WEAR

by Harry Hamilton

■ Ruth reached out a tentative hand to touch the pale pink chiffon. It was a hand with calloused palms and unpolished nails. "How much is it?" she asked.

"Fourteen ninety-five."

"I'll take it."

The salesgirl looked at Ruth's levis, tan shirt, cowboy boots, the red neckerchief worn for utility rather than dash; at the tousled too-short hair, and the freckles across her nose. "Want it wrapped as a gift?"

"Of course," Ruth answered. "It's a gift for myself," she added belligerently.

The girl laughed. "It's your money."

It was indeed Ruth's money and it had taken her a long time to save it. By rights, she owned half the Corley ranch, since her father had left it to her and her brother Luke jointly; but the way Luke acted, one would think it belonged to him and Jim Roebuck. Jim had come to the ranch when he was seven years old, the same age as Luke, and Ruth was only four. Old man Corley adopted him every way but legally, as he was an orphan and nobody else in the world except the Corleys cared whether he lived or died. Now that he was seventeen years older than that, there were many to care, most of them town girls who couldn't rope a steer if their lives depended on it. Luke, too, found plenty of females to court when he and Jim rode into Holbrook on Saturday nights.

Ruth's wardrobe included only two dresses — a white dimity, too small for her now; the other an ugly grayish print, bought to wear to her father's funeral more than two years before. The rest of her clothes duplicated the ones she had on.

The horses stood quietly at the hitching bar, and Ruth was glad she was the first back so she could tie her package to her saddle without arousing comment. The three young men came in sight before she had finished. Her brother Luke was sandy-haired and brown-faced, thin but tough as an old boot. Jim was even browner and his black hair and eyes made him look like a Mexican. He was slightly more gentle in manner than Luke, but no less tough. The moment they saw her, they yelled so vociferously that everyone within earshot knew who it was without having to turn around and look.

Howard Brewster laughed. Ruth set her lips together firmly: they were yelling louder than usual to show off before him. He was from the East, and you could tell it to look at him, because he had on coat and pants that matched; in fact, he even wore a vest and necktie, in spite of the heat. He was about the same age as Luke and Jim, and all three of them had been together in the Marines. He had arrived at the ranch the day before, and the moment Ruth caught sight of him she became conscious, for the first time in her life, of the way she looked; of the fact that she didn't know any girl-things to talk about, but only men-things. He was easy and friendly with her from the first, but he talked to her the same way he did to Luke and Jim. So had everyone else all her life, of course, but suddenly it became very important to her that she was a girl and that girls were, in essence, altogether different people from men.

■ "Where'd you get to?" Jim asked as they all swung up into their saddles. "We saw a saddle you'd of gave your eyeteeth for."

"I've been interested in something more important than a saddle," Ruth answered, a touch loftily.

"Like what?" Luke asked. "You been dingdongin' at me ever since I been back to get you a Mexican saddle with silver trimmin's. Changed your mind?"

"Sure I haven't," Ruth said hastily. There was no point in going hog-wild over being girlish; she'd still need a saddle long after Howard Brewster had gone back east to Indiana.

Jim's curiosity was aroused. "What's more important? Set o' harness?"

"Nothing to do with a horse at all."

Jim lost all interest in the subject at that. "How does that saddle set to you, Brew?"

"Comfortable, I guess," Brewster told him. "I'm not used to riding, you know." He politely included Ruth in the conversation. "Don't forget you promised to rope a steer for me."

"Sure," Ruth said unhappily; "but anybody can rope a steer."

"Not as fast as you can," Jim (Continued on page 73)

Clothes make the man — especially a couple of yards of pink chiffon reading time 22 minutes



ADOLF D. ALDRICH



Is a major earthquake overdue?

by Stacy V. Jones

reading time 12 minutes

Earthquakes can't be forecast like tomorrow's rain, but there's scientific evidence to show the earth along our west coast is heading for a violent crack-up

■ Seismologists, who are the specialists in the science of earthquakes, agree that a major shock, comparable to that which struck San Francisco in 1906, is sure to occur in California. But the question is, when. Privately, some of them say they believe it is overdue.

An earthquake can't be forecast like tomorrow's rain. But seismologists are watching with interest the work of the Coast and Geodetic Survey in charting the northwestward movement of the California coast. The studies are still under way, and a partial report just made available shows that since 1882 the ground near San Francisco, west of the San Andreas fault—the famous rift along which the rocks slipped in 1906—has moved as much as ten feet in some places. Five or six feet of this distance has been covered since the great quake of 1906.

It is the experts' theory that earthquakes result when the earth's elasticity reaches its breaking point and the rocks give way. There has been, in the words of one scientist, an ominous silence along the San Andreas fault. Slips would indicate a gradual adjustment, but little of the tension has been released in the last 20 years. The coast continues to creep slowly northwestward, and is building up a strain that some day will bring a violent crack.

When we have more data, perhaps we can tell in advance at what time the breaking point will be reached.

The ideal forecast would be definite as to time, place,

and violence. Will the quake come in the daytime, when office buildings, stores, and schools are filled; or early in the morning, when people are still abed, as they were in San Francisco in 1906? Will it be in downtown Los Angeles; or in the desert, where it can do no harm? Will it be a mild bump and loosen only a few tiles, or will it be a major earthquake releasing a million times the energy of an atomic bomb?

If the authorities knew a definite day and place, they could evacuate populations, cut off utilities, and make preparations for relief. As there is no valid way of forecasting, all they can do is try to enforce safe building codes, keep their fire systems at maximum efficiency, and organize skeleton disaster commissions. San Francisco, for example, has a Red Cross Disaster Relief Commission, and keeps steam up 24 hours a day in reinforced-concrete pumping stations, ready to suck sea water from the bay if it is needed to supplement the regular supply for fire fighting.

The scientists who know most about earthquakes are chary of predictions. They don't want to risk their reputations or cause undue alarm. But they do give a hint as to what they expect. Dr. Beno Gutenberg, professor of geophysics at California Institute of Technology and a widely recognized authority, says a violent earthquake may be expected somewhere along the San Andreas fault any time from tomorrow morn- (Continued on page 63)



BROWN BROS.



DAVID STONE MARTIN

THE LAST LINK

by Cynthia Hope and Frances Ancker

Tom's mother had left a precious legacy in her safe-deposit box; yet nobody—especially not Uncle Andrew—could have guessed what it was

■ Even though he'd never liked his uncle Andrew, Tom was glad to see the old man waiting on the station platform. Now that his mother was dead, his uncle was Tom's last link with her.

The last link, he meditated sadly. And as he swung off the train he was thankful for the warm touch of his wife's hand on his arm. Trudy's touch that told him she understood all he could never say.

For a fresh sense of loss had swept him at the sight of the dusty familiar platform and the blue Connecticut hills and the red sun slipping to rest behind them. It was here that his mother had tucked some money into his hand when he'd boarded the train that first time for art school and New York. And here that she'd welcomed him home again, victorious and exultant, when he'd won that great scholarship that would enable him to study painting abroad.

"I knew you'd do it!" was all she'd said. Faith had burned like a flame in her tired face. Faith that made her

reading time 9 minutes

crops grow against drought and frost—that sent her to market and brought her home with the money to make his dreams come true.

He fought the tide of remembrance now and crossed the platform to the place where his uncle stood. "Good to see you, Uncle Andrew," he managed. "It was kind of you to drive down for us." His quick warm handclasp asked the old man to forget the past and their differences and all the harsh feeling that had set them against each other.

The old man withdrew his hand abruptly. "I didn't drive down for sociable reasons," he said. "I came here to talk to you, Tom."

Under his uncle's cold scrutiny, Tom felt the years slip back. All his hard-won achievements—the murals he'd done in Washington, his landscape that hung in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and his exhibitions that had been shown around the world—seemed never to have been. And it was as if he were that shy twelve-year-old boy again, who'd come asking his uncle for colored crayons on his birthday, and who'd met with such a chilling rebuff that he'd never dared ask again.

For a moment the still air was charged with that old enmity. Then Trudy put out her hand and touched the old man's sleeve.

"Tom's needed someone to talk to"—she said in an urgent little rush—"someone like you—who's always known his mother!"

She linked her arms through both of theirs and, walking between them, started up the hill to the car. The wind lifted the amber hair at her temples and whipped color into her fresh young face. "While I'm fixing dinner," she said, "you two can have your talk. Tom can get the wood stove roaring and we'll have biscuits and fried chicken and a deep-dish pie from those apples on the tree his mother planted!"

Old Andrew didn't answer until they were settled in the car. And then he said, "I won't be stopping for dinner, Trudy. It won't take me that long to say what I got to say."

He sent his car spluttering forward on the soft dirt road. "It's about your mother's will, Tom," he began, his gaze fixed on the level stretch ahead.

"The will?" Tom asked it almost evenly. "What about the will?"

■ For a long moment his uncle drove on in silence. Then his words seemed to push up from a deep, hard-held resentment.

"I didn't raise any fuss," the old man said, "when your mother left you the farm. Land's not worth much. Farmhouse is worth less. But that safe-deposit box you're going down to the bank to open up tomorrow—I've been thinking about that. I've been thinking about it ever since her will was read—"

"Go on," Tom managed. But he could feel the temper climbing like slow fire in his blood. Oh, it wasn't possessions he cared about—whatever his mother might have managed to put away in that tiny box at the bank! She'd given him his career, and now he could earn what he needed. But there had been times—so many times—that Tom remembered when his uncle could have helped out. It had never been easy for Tom's mother—with her husband dead, and a small son to raise; and when she'd asked the old man for a loan, as now and then she'd had to, he'd doled it out meagerly and had charged her a heavy interest.

"According to the law," old Andrew said now, "I've got no legal claim. But there's another kind of law, Tom. A law of right and wrong."

"That was a law," Tom said carefully, "that mother knew plenty about. It was the one she lived by."

The car took the crest of the hill and the farm came into view. So tiny and so painstakingly laid out, so that each precious acre would yield the most that was in it.

"I don't call it right," his uncle retorted. "Nobody keeps a safe-deposit box unless they've got something of value! And if she was keeping something valuable in there, I had a right to know it when she came asking me for loans."

He brought the car to a hard, jolting stop just in front

of the farm. "I call it underhand!" he burst out. "And I call you underhand too, Tom McRae, if you go down there to the bank tomorrow and open that box without me!"

Tom flung open the car door. In the last light of the dying day, he looked back at his uncle. He looked at the wizened face and the cold winter-gray eyes and the hair that was the color of hard cider. But he scarcely saw the old man.

He saw, instead, only the disappointment in their relationship, the disappointment that seemed to well up and engulf him.

"You can call me what you please!" he shot back. "But I wouldn't share anything of hers with you—not after all you've said and done!"

Through the blind tide of his anger, Tom saw Trudy's troubled face, felt her hand move into his. And for a long moment she stood there on the dusty road, looking after his uncle's car as it bumped away and disappeared in the distance.

Oh, he knew what she was thinking! But he didn't really face it out with himself until he saw that weedy garden his mother had planted just beside the door.

It wasn't much—just one of those tiny kitchen patches with a few rows of plants. But in that tangled square Tom could almost see the pattern of her life—the herbs she had grown for him, the lettuce for herself, and, far to the right, that large clump of radishes that she grew for his uncle Andrew.

Tom went over and stooped down beside the garden. "She always planted those for him," Tom told Trudy. "He loves radishes, but he's too stingy to plant anything so poor-paying for himself."

Suddenly Trudy was kneeling beside him, her arm around his shoulders, her face close to his.

"Your mother," she said softly, "she loved that old skinflint of an Andrew, no matter what he did—"

She looked down at the weed-grown radish patch and her eyes were bright with tears. "She never forgot that he was her only brother. And oh, Tom—Tom darling," she said with a sobbing little laugh, "she wouldn't want you to forget it now!"

He stood up and pulled his wife to her feet. "You're like her, Trudy," he managed. "In some ways, you're very much like her."

■ And on the way to the bank next morning, they stopped for the old man.

"Whatever we find," Tom told him, "I'm sharing it with you."

"I knew you'd come around to my way of thinking," Uncle Andrew snapped. But he looked little and old. He looked as if he'd like to give in but was too stubborn to do it.

And when they were settled in the small room at the bank and the box was brought in and laid on the table before them, Tom was suddenly glad that they'd brought his uncle along. For whatever he'd done or hadn't done, McRae blood was in both of them and they were the last of their clan.

He drives a hard bargain, Tom thought, but mother was right, and Trudy's right. Let him take whatever he wants.

But when the box was opened up, there wasn't much to take. For it held, simply and neatly folded, a few sheets of paper. Yellow paper—so old and so dry that it crackled when it was opened. Yellow paper on which there were some drawings: a child's drawings. The first ones that Tom had ever made. His scholarship lay underneath, and the bronze medal he'd won in an art contest in high school.

His mother's treasures through all the years. Her hope in him. Her faith.

And when Tom raised his eyes at last and met his uncle's gaze, a strange thing had happened. A kind of hard respect looked out of the old man's face and the bitterness was gone.

Their crossed glances held for a moment. Held, and then they forgave.

For Tom's uncle Andrew had been right when he had said that the box had been rented to protect something of value. Only, their values had differed—his uncle's and his mother's. ■ ■

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America's sweetheart—today

by Florabel Muir



Mary Pickford doesn't sit around reminiscing about the good old days of million-dollar salaries and no income taxes. She's producing pictures

■ In Hollywood, where success and five-figure salaries are natural resources, few persons can look back over a career as fabulous as Mary Pickford's. Yet Mary, America's Sweetheart more than a generation ago when her take-home pay ran into a million (and no income tax), isn't looking back. She is once again producing motion pictures.

She and her husband, Buddy Rogers, and Ralph Cohn, son of Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures, have their own company—Triangle Films.

reading time 4 minutes

She and her partners expect their company really to get rolling during the next few months. One of the big pictures on the schedule is *Star Dust Road*, with Hoagy Carmichael. Mary herself expects to be completely back in the film-production groove this summer.

Triangle Films' first picture with top stars was *Sleep My Love*, with Claudette Colbert, Robert Cummings, and Don Ameche in the leads. Against Mary's better judgment she permitted an advertising campaign showing Colbert with a gun in her hand. Mary quickly learned that the movie fans were not used to seeing Claudette Colbert as a gun toter. A whole new advertising campaign was worked out and almost immediately got results at the box office.

You'll be hearing a lot about Mary Pickford as a film producer, but you will never see her on the screen again. At least, that is what she says. However, for a woman who was America's Sweetheart of the movies back in 1916, who now breaks lances with the giants of Wall Street, and who recently learned to rumba, a return to the screen might not be so incredible.

Mary and Buddy occupy the million-dollar home called Pickfair. They have two adopted children—Ronny, 12, and Roxane, 5½.

Mary Pickford climbed to the top early and stayed there. Born Gladys Smith in Toronto, Ontario, in 1893, she did her first toddling on a stage at the age of five with the old Valentine Stock Company.

Golden curls and an angelic smile opened one door after another for Mary, and finally the magic portal of the movies. She played in Biograph films. On her first day at the old Biograph Studio in the Bronx she earned five dollars. Like all other picture players of the time, she was anonymous on the screen, but it wasn't long before fans flocking to the new form of entertainment were talking about "that beautiful little girl with the long curls."

■ In 1919 Mary was one of the organizers of United Artists, and Douglas Fairbanks, whom she was to marry a year later, was a member, as was Charles Chaplin.

Whatever Mary did in those early days was front-page news, and crowds swarmed around her with the same fantastic fervor exhibited in the last few years when Frank Sinatra shows up in public places.

Mary got the first of filmdom's Nevada divorces when she divorced movie actor Owen Moore at Minden, an obscure little town which overnight became known around the world. When she and Doug Fairbanks were married, the Associated Press carried as much copy on the event as they did last year when Princess Elizabeth of England was married.

Doug and Mary were indeed the king and queen of Hollywood when they held court at Pickfair. The place where quail abounded had been a hunting lodge for a wealthy Los Angeles banker. Part of the old buildings still stand, but around them has been erected a magnificent 12-room home that overlooks the estates of Harold Lloyd, Chaplin, and other film celebrities who flocked to the section off Benedict Canyon made famous by the "royal family."

Mary and Doug added a guest house because their home was the mecca of all visiting personages from the top drawer of the world's social, artistic, diplomatic, and moneyed circles. Even George Bernard Shaw deigned to eat his carrots and other vegetables under their roof.

It was after the smash-up of her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks that Mary found solace in religion. She wrote a book entitled *Why Not Try God?*

Today the gates of Pickfair are never closed, but instead of dukes and princes driving up the winding road to the big house, you see wounded war veterans from the Birmingham Hospital gathering in the western playroom downstairs for their monthly get-together.

Mary Pickford finds more happiness doing things like that than playing hostess to visiting dukes and princes. And she's having a wonderful time, too, doing what comes naturally—making motion pictures.



CULVER-BROWN BROS.



The big horse

by Jack Weeks

When the hands around Calumet's stables call Citation a *big* horse, they've got lots of company. Many a racing expert is going out on a limb to say he'll be the *biggest* horse of the year

■ A big horse is nothing new at Calumet Farm. Calumet has taken most of the big turf prizes at least once, and frequently several times. It has set money-winning records for the other stables to shoot at, and then smashed them itself. Last year, for example, the horses bred and trained by Plain Ben Jones and his boy Jimmy won purses totaling \$1,402,436 for owner Warren Wright, which was twice the gross of the nearest competitor and more than twice what was ever earned previously. It had, in addition, the officially designated horse of the year in Armed, the great gelding, who alone has won \$780,100.

reading time 6 minutes

Before Armed there were Whirlaway and Pensive, both Derby winners, and the filly, Twilight Tear.

But this year may be even better. For Calumet appears to have the biggest horse of all, a three-year-old colt that has the Calumet stableboys singing at their work. His name is Citation and before he was out of the baby class it was a name that was being referred to reverently by those who are always hoping for another Man o' War.

He won his first five races and his last three as a two-year-old, and in between those firsts he ran second to Bewitch, a charming filly from his own barn. That sent him into 1948 with a record of eight out of nine.

"I don't know if he is the big horse," Jones says, "but he thinks he is, anyway. He has a good disposition ordinarily, but he's pretty lively right now because he's being prepped. Just about jumps out of his skin. I guess just now he's the favorite with the boys. Everybody's talking about him, but of course they'll never forget Armed. If Armed never did another thing for Calumet, he'd never be forgotten, not by us, anyway."

Citation was foaled April 11, 1945, at Calumet's home farm down in Kentucky. He won his first race two years and 11 days later at Havre de Grace, beating Sunday Beau over four and a half furlongs. He won again, May 3, at Pimlico over five-eighths and again at "the Graw" on May 21. Then he moved west to take another sprint at Arlington Park, July 24, and on July 30 he won his fifth straight at Washington Park.

His next racing date was August 16 in the Washington Park Futurity. Citation went out that day against two stablemates, Bewitch and Free America, and sundry enemy horses. With eight straight wins and no defeats, the two-year-old Bewitch was then the darling of the farm. She was also the apple of Plain Ben Jones' eye, and though nobody wearing the colors of Calumet will admit it, there is reason to believe that general manager Ben Jones preferred Bewitch to son Jimmy's special charge, Citation. Anyway, Bewitch won it, with Citation right behind her, pushing her so hard that she had to set a record of 1:10 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the six-furlong stake.

The most you can get Jimmy Jones to say about it is:

"I've always trained Citation. I developed the horse. My father liked Bewitch and she was the hot horse then. Right now Citation can beat her."

After the Washington Park Futurity, it was all Citation for the rest of the two-year-old season. He took his next race, at Belmont Park, September 30. Then on October 4 he scored his most impressive victory as a youngster, running away from Whirling Fox, Bewitch, and Better Self in the Belmont Futurity to win by three lengths, adding \$78,430 to Calumet's treasury. Discussing that one, his jockey, Al Snider, said: "He tried to bear in at the quarter. I hit him and he just went away from there."

A month after that he closed his two-year-old season in the Pimlico Futurity, leading Better Self to the wire by a length and a half and leaving the others out of sight. His earnings for the year were \$155,680 and everybody knew about him by then.

From the beginning of his three-year-old season he beat the jinx that seems to throttle some of the hot two-year-olds when they graduate. He started with a handy win at Hialeah, February 2, against indifferent horses; then opened their eyes wide on February 11 in the seven-furlong Seminole Handicap at the same track. That day

he beat his great stablemate, Armed, the 1947 horse of the year; another stablemate, Faultless; and the good runner, Delegate, all of them older horses. Weight for age, he gave them pounds and won easily.

On February 18 he won another one at Hialeah easily, going a longer distance than before—a mile and an eighth; and on February 28 he scored the win that convinced almost everybody. The victory that clinched his reputation was in the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah, over a mile and an eighth, against Big Dial, Saggy, Pennant Day, and others. His time was 1:45 $\frac{4}{5}$, just three fifths under the Flamingo record. He left Big Dial six lengths behind, and Saggy four lengths in back of that.

Ted Atkinson, on Pennant Day, told how the other fellow felt.

"I heard a horse coming," he said. "I knew it was Citation, and I got the hell out of the way to keep from getting run over."

That was the ninth time Al Snider had ridden Citation to the post and the ninth time he had brought him home first. But Snider's luck was bad. A few days later he was lost in a storm while deep-sea fishing near Miami.

After awhile Calumet engaged Eddie Arcaro for the Derby and the Derby preps.

"Of course we've got a good rider in Arcaro," Jones said. "Everybody thinks he's the best one. I guess he is. He's been credited with that."

Arcaro rode Citation the next day at Havre de Grace, and Citation lost for the first time as a three-year-old, running second to Saggy on a gooey course.

The defeat was quickly forgotten as Citation went on to win the Chesapeake Stakes against Saggy and others, the Derby Trial, and finally the Kentucky Derby itself.

On the subject of Citation's future, Jones passes over the races themselves with the brief statement:

"I think we've got a great horse in Citation. If he comes through the tough schedule laid out for him this year, he'll really be a great one."

He is much more voluble on the blood of the horse and the prospect of Citation adding glory and wealth to the Calumet stud and siring great horses for tomorrow. Jimmy Jones calls Citation "great on all four corners," meaning his grandparents are real quality. His sire is the senior Calumet stud, Bull Lea, who goes back to the great sire Teddy.

"There's no sire like him at his age," Jones says proudly, "and he was good on the track, too. Any talk that he wasn't a distance horse himself and can't produce anything but sprinters is just silly. I saw him win the Widener Handicap myself at a mile and a quarter."

"He raced into the middle of his four-year-old season in 1939 and then we retired him to the stud, and out of his first crop came Twilight Tear and two other good fillies and Armed."

On his mama's side Citation is pure English. His dam is Hydroplane II by Hyperion, an Epsom Downs Derby winner, out of Toboggan, winner of the Epsom Oaks in the same year.

"On blood and what Citation's done so far," said Jones, "I think he's one of the best young stud prospects we've had in this country in a long while."

The way he said it made you think that the idea of racing to improve the breed may be a joke to some people but not to Jimmy Jones. ■■





THE MAN WITH MY FACE

by Samuel W. Taylor

CONCLUSION

■ Bill Meadows and his wife came in when Buster, Rand, and the women had gone. She went to bed. Meadows got a bottle, poured us equal drinks, and then with a quick twist of the wrist, sweetened his.

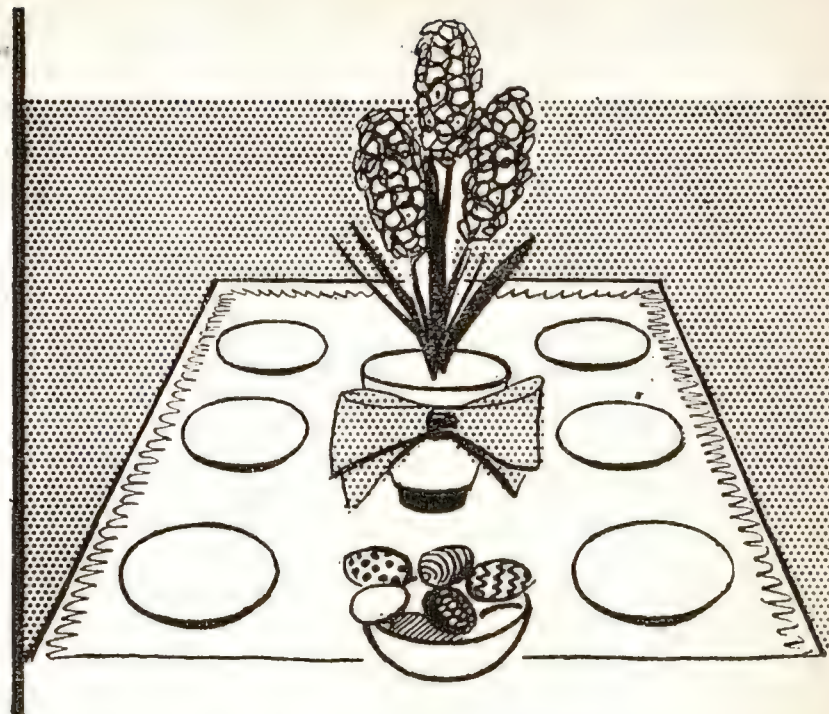
I asked, "Who is this guy Rand?"

"He's you."

"Save it."

"You mean his connection with Cora and Buster and Ethelene? They got connected in a traveling breakfast-food deal. You know how it works. They hit a town, put on a demonstration in a local store, get out samples, and so on. Me and the wife was in (Continued on page 78)

reading time
24 minutes



About Lyddy Thomas

by Maritta Wolff

a Liberty book condensation . . . reading time — one evening

■ Lyddy awakened that Easter morning to a first pale shaft of sunlight across the foot of her bed in Joe and Maggie Gogarty's spare room. By prearrangement, Joe and Maggie were to stay in bed this morning. So it was Lyddy who helped Ronnie to dress, as soon as the little boy could be persuaded to leave his Easter treasures. Then she left him in the living room with his wooden duck and a half dozen jelly bean eggs from his basket, while she hurriedly got into her own clothing.

Just as she started breakfast preparation, Dina Johnson, Joe's sister, slipped in the door. She was resplendent in a bright flowered cotton housecoat, and her hair was standing on end, for all that she had just finished combing it. Lyddy and Ronnie were invited for Easter breakfast with her and Hank, she announced, and oh, it was the most wonderful, perfect, beautiful Easter Sunday she could remember in years.

The great roar of machines from the factory across the alley was stilled, the sun glistening across the myriad window panes to warm the red brick of the alley, where children already raced excitedly. There was that quality of spring in the sunlight, as if, for all the brick walls and the pall of smoke, just around the corner there might be hyacinths in bloom and birds singing.

In the little apartment, the little one next to Maggie and Joe's larger one, breakfast was a leisurely affair. Lyddy, who had found no heart for Easter finery this year, even had she had the money with which to buy it, was touched and delighted with Dina's unexpected gift. She fingered the little button earrings over and over again, white flowers made of tiny sea shells, with minute green leaves around them.

Hank and Dina entered into a kind of familiar ritual of gift exchange, lumpy packages traded with a great deal of explaining and laughter and kisses. Lyddy looked away from them quickly, her face suddenly wistful. Ronnie leaned against her knees, blissfully sucking on a chocolate egg. Lyddy smoothed back the child's stubby dark hair and rested her cheek for just an instant against the top of his head.

By family tradition the senior Gogartys entertained at Easter Sunday dinner. Early in the afternoon the family and Lyddy convened in the first-floor apartment of Gogarty Hall—the squeaky, rattly old building was so called because Uncle Tim Gogarty owned it and three Gogarty families lived in it. Mom Gogarty had already enlarged her dining table by the insertion of table leaves, covering the whole with her best tablecloth. And in the middle of the table sat her Easter lily plant, her husband's annual gift, flanked on either side by a plate of the dyed eggs for a centerpiece.

Finally, Mrs. Gogarty announced that dinner was ready for the table, with the exception of the eggs that she was ready to fry last of all, fried ham and eggs being the traditional entree of the Gogarty family's annual Easter dinner.

The table was laden with food, and John Gogarty, from his place at the head of it, supervised the overloading of the plates. The company settled down to a leisurely convivial meal. Dina sent up a trial balloon to sample family opinion on the aspects of Hank's opening a gas station. The voices mixed together and the sun shone in through the open doorway, as children shouted in the alleyway.

They did not hear the footsteps on the porch, but Mrs. Gogarty, on her way in from the kitchen with a heaping plate of white cross buns, paused in front of the door. "Yes?" she said pleasantly. What they all did hear was the man's voice saying, "I wanta see my wife!"

The voice was loud and faintly truculent and at the sound of it the fork fell from Lyddy Thomas's fingers, clattering on her plate.

The voices faded out at the table, and at the door Mrs. Gogarty said uncertainly, "Why . . ."

■ After the first quick glimpse of Lyddy's white face, the three men were pushing back their chairs together, John Gogarty and Joe and Hank. Then John Gogarty sat back down again, and Joe headed purposefully for the door, with Hank drifting behind him.

Lyddy sat rigid in her chair with a roaring in her ears and heard Ben Thomas's voice again. "Listen, what kind of a one-two-three you tryin' to gimme here! I know Lyd's here. I wanta see her!"

"Maybe she don't wanta see you, though, ever stop to think a that?" Joe said mildly.

Ben said angrily, "Listen, don't gimme that chicken. I gotta right to see her and I'm gonna!"

"I say that's up to her, bud," Joe said with the same mildness.

Mrs. Gogarty came scurrying back to the table. She put down her plate of rolls quickly and then came close to Lyddy's chair. She took hold of Lyddy's hand, her fingers warm and tight, and then stood motionless, her head bent to listen.

"Listen, what is this!" Ben burst out. "Who the hell you think you are?"

"My name's Joe Gogarty," Joe said steadily. "Your wife's a friend of my wife's and of my sister's. She's a guest of my family's. Maybe you better remember that."

Ben laughed his immoderate mirthless laughter. "Is that so?" he said. "I guess you know all about what a tramp she is then? I guess she told you all about how she was sleepin' around all the while I was overseas? Maybe you . . ."

Hank moved around behind Joe and out the screen door, all in one lazy fluid motion. "Uh uh," he said. And then he slapped Ben on either side of the face, with a smart cracking sound. Ben's arm came up protectively before his face and in that moment, with delicate economical motion, Hank felt under the armpits and over his pockets.

"Why, geez, I oughta . . ." Ben said wildly.

Lyddy loosened her hand from Mrs. Gogarty's and slipped out of her chair. It seemed to her that she moved in a waking dream, but somehow she found her feet carrying her across the room.

"Wanta talk to him?"

"I—yes, Joe."

"Okay," Joe said. "We'll be standin' by."

He pushed open the screen for her, and on the porch she heard Hank say in his even lazy voice, "You talk nice now. And if you touch her I'll really ruffle you up, boy!"

Ben was silent and Hank went back into the house, the screen door slamming gently behind him. Lyddy looked at Ben then, and found him looking as she had known that he must look, big and solid, and spic and span in his olive drabs, his pale hair slicked down and shining in the sunlight there on the porch, his face a little puffy, flushed and lowering.

"Hi, Ben," she said, softly.

He looked down at her then as if it were the first time he had looked at her and with an effort and an eagerness all at once. "Hi, Lyd. How are yuh? You all right?"

Lyddy cleared her throat and said, "Yeah, I'm fine, Ben. How are you? You all right?"

"Yeah, sure."

Ben leaned his shoulder against the porch post, the strange little half-smile on his face, his lips a little parted and motionless. Lyddy waited, one hand clenched tightly and her shoulders rigid to stop her trembling. She seemed very small beside him, standing there in her shabby brown suit. The sun shone on her hair, dark and soft on her shoulders, and upon her face, pale except for the bright lipstick on her full lips.

At last Ben said angrily, "How you think it makes me feel, you hidin' around like you was scared to death a me or somethin'? Do you think I give a damn where you are or what you're doing?"

Lyddy was silent. He moved impatiently, lifting his one foot up on the low porch railing, resting his elbow on his knee. "That lawyer a yours come bustin' in on me yesterday afternoon. What the hell you doin' with a lawyer anyway? You know damn well you can't divorce me, don't you?"

"You mean you won't agree to the divorce," she said softly to him.

"Why the hell should I?" he said. "I told you a long time ago I was goin' to be the one to get a divorce, when I was good and ready. So that's how it is. You can tell that lawyer to save his breath shootin' off about the apartment too. That's my apartment and I'm stayin' right in it. I'd be a sucker not to. You try to start somethin' in court and I tell yuh, Lyd, I'm gonna let you have it. I'm gonna come into court and smear you like you never dreamed of. There's two or three guys, I got 'em all lined up, they'd come into court for me. I can get more, too, if I want 'em. I was talkin' to that fellow Riggs the other night, hell, him and me is friends. He was tellin' me all about you and him. Hell, there's a whole lotta them guys you was runnin' with that I . . ."

"Aw, Ben," she said. "Why do you have to say things like that! You know they aren't so when you say 'em. Why do things have to be like this with us, Ben? Why we have to . . ."

He brought his foot down off the railing heavily and took a step closer to her.

"I guess there isn't any sense us talkin' any more," Lyddy said. "I guess there isn't any sense in us tryin' to talk about anything ever again."

"You're damn right there ain't." He caught hold of her wrist as she turned away and spoke more rapidly. "I'll get a divorce when I'm good and ready and not before, and until I do—you're my wife, see? You be careful who you're crawlin' in bed with or maybe I'll come pay a visit on my wife. You . . ."

■ Lyddy struggled, but her wrist was held powerless in his fingers. And then she called, "Joe," her voice high and unsteady.

Joe was there almost instantly and she was through the screen, her knees buckling.

She heard Joe say, "I guess that'll be enough."

She turned back to see Ben standing there on the porch in the slanting sunlight, lighting his cigarette in abrupt nervous motions.

"Good-bye, Ben," she said. "Take care a yourself."

He stared in at her for a second through the screen door, and then he whirled around and strode down the steps. Lyddy



watched him go. He walked rapidly, the brisk sound of his feet against the brick, his shoulders straight and swaggering.

Lyddy struggled against the sudden tears and felt Dina's arm around her. Lyddy's face was quivering and her low-pitched voice unsteady. "Oh, Dina," she said, "it kills me to see him like this. It seems like I can't stand it! He's so upset and—and hurt and . . . He can't take things the way lotsa people can. He don't know what to do. He don't know where to go or what to do, he rushes around and makes a big noise and . . . He's so lonesome and miserable and . . . Dina, I can't stand it! What'll I do? How'll I ever . . . ?"

■ "I don't know what it is you want of me," Marco Riggs had said, "but I'm going to give you a break. You strike me as a guy that's got too much on his mind. So I'm going to tell you what you want to know. I could be wrong, but I think the best thing for you right now is to get this straight, so there won't be any more guessing for you to do." He paused. "I saw your wife after she left you and went over to her aunt's. You'd telephoned her there and scared her pretty bad with your talkin'. She was nice enough to think that I ought to know what kind of a state of mind you was in. I hadn't seen her in two months. She told me what had been happening. She also told me about—something she'd told you. I figure you haven't been able to walk away from it. You've been playing guessing games with it and you think you've got to know. Maybe if you do know, you can let it alone and begin to get hold of yourself. Okay, so I can tell you all there is to tell in two minutes. I won't lie to you because I haven't got any reason to, if I'm going to take the trouble to talk to you about this at all.

"I met your wife while I worked out at Aircraft. You been calling me a 4F bastard and a draft dodger and a lot of other things. I was 4F, all right. I was 4F because I stopped a flock of lead once. I was on the right side of the law when it happened, in case you wonder.

"I met your wife out there like I met dozens of other girls. She isn't easy to get acquainted with. They used to kid her about being quiet. She struck me as having something in the back of her mind that she was worrying about.

"The Aircraft crowd used to have a lot of parties—that was to keep up the workers' morale. I saw your wife at the nice parties. She didn't date, she wasn't having anything to do with any guy. I think she liked me because I wasn't on the prowl. I didn't try to make passes at her. We were out in the same crowd a couple times and once I got a chance to talk to her. I knew she was married and I knew she had a worried look, so I played a hunch on it and asked her. She admitted things hadn't turned out right and she planned to get a divorce as soon as you got home. I felt sorry for her, because she was taking it hard and worrying about it and dreading having it out with you when you got back.

"A few times after that, I took her out to dinner and the movies.

Now comes the part you're waitin' to hear." Marco paused. "It shouldn't surprise you to find out your wife told you the truth about this. She's built that way. We were out one rainy nasty night and she had the blues. So did I, for that matter. We had some drinks because I thought it might cheer her up. We did a little sobbing on each other's shoulders and got to feeling pretty close.

"I stopped up at her apartment with her afterwards. You've been around enough to know about how these things work. It happened just like that and I'd never even kissed her before. It happened just like that, just the once, like your wife told you. That's all there is to it. That's all there was to anything for her, and I'd bet my life on that. I never saw a girl take something like that so hard, or feel so rotten and guilty over it.

"I got to know your wife after that. She's a smart girl, but she's still pretty young, she's still got her head full of all that stuff they drill into kids. If you want to know, I felt lousy about it, the way she felt. All I could do was try to get her straight with herself again. I tried to make her see that if it was anybody's fault it was mine, it wasn't hers. She was lonesome and blue, she'd had a few drinks, I was somebody she liked and trusted. I tried to make her see that it didn't have anything to do with you and her except to show how much she missed you. It was just something that happened one night when circumstances all ganged up on her.

"One thing I liked about her, after what had happened she didn't try to make things easier for herself by trying to sell herself the idea that she must have been in love with me. She faced the thing and stuck it out. I don't mind telling you, I like your wife a lot. She's not in love with me, and the way things are happening, I'm not sure she ever could be, now. She counts on me as a friend of hers and that's all.

"Well, that's the story, Corporal, the whole story. If I were you and I was going to knock myself out trying to figure out why my wife's got it in her head to leave me, I'd look back to how things were between you before you went in the army. The reason must be back there, because it sure as hell isn't in what I've just been telling you. For one thing, your wife says the answer is back there. You ought to know by now that your wife is dead honest. If she says such and such is the reason for something with her, that's the reason."

■ The day after that Easter was warm, and the sun shone fitfully between racing clouds. In the afternoon Mitch Lowry, Ben Thomas's lean-faced coppery-haired young nephew, walked down the alley toward Gogarty Hall. The wind blew scraps of paper ahead of him. The old jalopy of his pal, Micky Gogarty, was absent from its parking place, a great leak of grease across the bricks to show where it had been, and Mitch climbed the Gogarty porch steps slowly and disconsolately. In her kitchen, Mrs. Gogarty in a faded loose-fitting old house dress, already marked with great dark splotches of wet, was engaged in doing her washing.

At the sight of Mitch, she dried her hands immediately and came out to talk with him. Michael had gone off in his car not over ten minutes ago, she reported. Joe was home, she knew he was. Lyddy was likely with Dina, although she had heard Dina say something about going downtown for awhile this afternoon. Then Mrs. Gogarty told Mitch of Lyddy's unexpected visitor of the day before and of how very badly she had felt because of it. Mitch was immediately concerned and after a few more words with Mom Gogarty he climbed the stairs in search of Lyddy.

He found her at Dina's, as Mrs. Gogarty had predicted. She was curled up in a chair in Dina's living room, the marks of her weeping still discernible on her face. Mitch suggested that they move out onto the porch in the sunshine. Lyddy consented gladly and hurried away to the apartment next door for a jacket.

While Lyddy was gone, Mitch walked to the far end of the porch and leaned dangerously far out over the railing.

■ When Lyddy came out, she stopped for a second, puzzled by his apparent disappearance from the porch. When she did see him she said quickly, "Oh, golly, Mitch, look out!"

"It's okay," he said. "I'm trying to get a gander over to Martha's."

Lyddy sat down in one end of the old porch swing and he settled himself beside her. She was thinking of the day Mitch first told her about his girl.

"Did Dina tell you anything about her?" he had said. "Martha's really swell people. The payoff is, she was married to Mike Maciatto. He met Martha in a town near some field where he was stationed. They were married just before he went overseas. That was three, almost four, years ago."

"Gee, she must have been pretty young," Lyddy had said.

Mitch nodded. "While he was overseas, Martha came here to stay with his mother. Mrs. Maciatto has one of those houses back of Gogarty Hall there. Mike hung up quite a record; I don't mean hot pilot, he must have had the stuff. Then about a year and a half ago, maybe a little longer, he got it finally, coming back from Germany. The record's all straight on that, the guy is really dead. But Mrs. Maciatto, that's Mike Maciatto's mother, where Martha lives—she's a pretty old lady, I guess. She don't speak much English. Anyway, she—well, she's got it in her head Mike's alive. She believes that. Every day she's watching and waiting for him to come home. To her, Martha is still the guy's wife. And she's getting worse about Martha all the while. Fifteen minutes after Martha is through work, Mrs. Maciatto is looking for her to come home. Maybe once in awhile she can go out to the movies with one of the Gogartys. Or maybe once in awhile she'll tell Mother Maciatto she's got to buy toothpaste or something at the drugstore. She'll sit and talk to me five minutes, then she has to get back. . . ."

"Hey, Lyddykid," he was saying now, "Mom Gogarty told me Ben was down here yesterday. How'd he ever find out you was here?" And then Mitch said quickly, "Hey, Lyddy, you don't think that I . . ."

"Aw no, Mitch. I know you wouldn't have. No, I'm pretty sure I know how he found out. Saturday I was taking Ronnie for a walk and we met a couple fellows in the alley. One of them looked so familiar to me, I thought right then that it looked like somebody I'd seen around with Ben years ago. He kept looking at me too and when I looked back he was looking to see where I went."

"So what was cookin' with Ben? Was he—how did he . . . ?"

Lyddy flung back her heavy hair onto her shoulders wearily. "Well, I guess he was just the way he's been acting lately. I only saw him for a few minutes. He did all the talking."

"Yeah, I've heard that line a talk of his." Mitch's voice was expressionless. He was silent for a moment, his forehead creasing a little. Then he said abruptly, "Lyddy, accordin' to the dope, Ben's got some chick livin' up there in the apartment with him."

"I know," Lyddy said softly. "My aunt heard that some place and she told me."

■ Mitch looked somehow a little relieved. "Well, I should have told you maybe when I first heard, but I thought it might make you feel—well, you know."

Lyddy looked up quickly. "No, it didn't make me feel bad, Mitch. I guess it didn't really make me feel anything at all, except I'm sort of glad to know he isn't all by himself some place. I wouldn't want to use that for the divorce though, 'cause it—well, it doesn't have anything to do with why I want to get the divorce, I guess."

"Sure, I dig that. I suppose he said no dice on the apartment?"

Lyddy nodded. "Yup, he wants it."

Mitch sighed. "Well, while we're puttin' down all these mellow mellow facts, there's something I was gonna tell you today. It looks like your war bonds are all gone. Kaput! He's beginning to put the bee on Gram for money. So now Gram's gone back to chewing at him and dribbling out money to him, just like she always did."

They were quiet, only the rasping metallic squeak of the swing as it jiggled under them. Lyddy leaned forward over her doubled knees. She wore a rose-colored ragged jersey jacket of Maggie's wrapped around her shoulders and her hair slid forward, hiding her pale pinched face.

"Poor Ben," she said at last.

"Oh, I don't know," Mitch said. "I just don't dig this stuff. I know the guy's walking around with the shakes, but just the same, I think he'd do better if Gram didn't sit around and wail with him all the while. Sure it's been rough for him, but after awhile people move on from stuff like that. He don't seem to. I still wouldn't take any chances with him, Lyddy. He may start hangin' around here, now he knows you're here, but don't let that worry you too much. I'll be around a lot, and Joe and Hank will keep an eye out."

"It really doesn't worry me," she said. "I wouldn't want to be alone with him anywhere, but . . . Oh, golly, Mitch, sometimes it seems like I just can't stick this out and see it through! Sometimes it seems like such a bad wrong thing I've done! We were married and Ben was away in the army and then he comes home to something like this. How can it ever be right to make somebody feel so bad and so mixed up as Ben is now? I married Ben. Being married to somebody, you owe 'em something, you can't just . . ."

■ Mitch turned toward her and, reaching out, took hold of her wrist tight in his fingers. "Lyddy, look, nobody that ever knew you is gonna be surprised to hear you're leavin' Ben. Everybody knew you was gettin' a rotten deal there . . ."

"Yeah, but, Mitch, things like money and drinking, Ben couldn't help that. He's the way he is, he's just . . ."

"Okay, but whether he can help it or not, it don't add up to much of a life for a gal he's married to. The way I dig it," Mitch said, "you made up your mind to leave Ben. I think you got good reasons to. Now comes the part where the goin' was bound to get rough. You have to stick to your guns and see it through, that's all."

"I guess that's right," she said. "It's just that . . ."

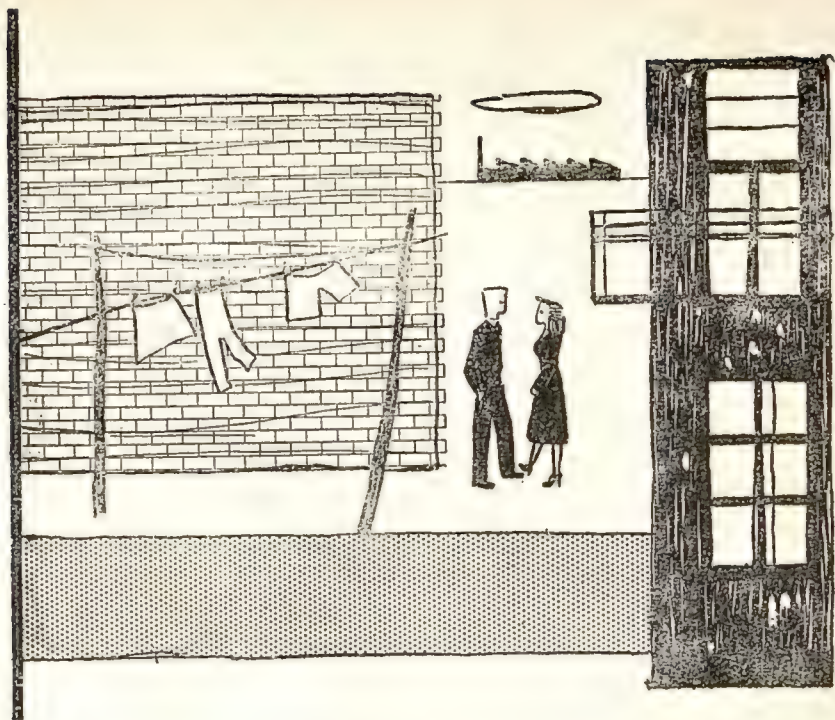
"Oh, sure," Mitch said soothingly. "Maybe you have to get tough with yourself."

The screen door swung open behind them, and Joe Gogarty came out onto the porch, Ronnie, in his blue sweater, draped over his father's shoulder. Joe banged the door shut behind them and then he said cheerfully, "Hi yuh, keeds! What's cookin'?"

"Hi yuh, fella. How are yuh?" Mitch answered him. "Oh, we're just beatin' the gums and soakin' up some sun."

"Well, you got a good day for it," Joe said. He reached down to pat Lyddy's shoulder. "You look like you could use a lotta sunshine, kid. Take it easy. I'm goin' down to Mom's awhile. I'll bed the kid down for his nap down there. I'll be around if something should come up."

With the sound of his feet on the stairs, Lyddy moved to a more comfortable position in the squeaky swing.



■ Down below, Mom Gogarty hung wet clothes on a maze of lines across the front of the building. The wind whipped them out of her hands almost before she secured them with the wooden clothespins. They whipped and billowed on the line, with a taut drumming sound, vaguely audible over the dull rumble of the machinery.

Lyddy cocked her head suddenly. "That sounds like the old jalop coming. Hear it? Rattle rattle!"

Micky's old jalop came into view then, chugging and shimmying down the alley, one fender gone completely, the whole mechanism and body rattling as if its inevitable total collapse was at hand. He maneuvered it into place beside another old wreck of an automobile. The engine stuttered, coughed and then was still, leaving the alley suddenly quiet.

Mickey came crawling out of it, in his baggy frayed trousers. He slammed the door shut behind him, and slammed it again as the ancient catch refused to hold.

"Poor old jalop!" Lyddy said.

After several more unsuccessful attempts, Micky left the door swinging open and came trotting around the back of the car. He saw them and waved with a wide circular sweep of his arm. He headed for the stairs and a moment later his dark head appeared at the top of the flight of steps.

"What's with you cats?"

Lyddy answered him, "Just a sittin' and a rockin'," and Mitch said, "What's with you, pal?"

"Got a cigarette?" Micky said, and reached for the pack that Mitch extended.

He sat on the porch railing with the cigarette dangling from his mouth and his hands upon his knees. He studied his dusty worn-out shoes for a time, his monkey face sober, the eyes squinted against the smoke. And then he said, "Gene got a good offer this morning. That Rawling's band. They got out-a-town bookings, startin' next week."

Gene was the oldest of the five who made up Micky Gogarty's five-man jazz band.

Mitch looked at Micky quickly. "He isn't gonna take it, is he?"

"Oh, cripes," Micky said, his face suddenly miserable. "It's good money. That Rawling's outfit is going places too. He should knock himself out over to the shop, he's a horn player! He turned down two offers from commercial outfits already to stay with the combo. But Gene's got a wife and kid. Man, he's gotta be stickin', and he can't latch onto no 52-20 club neither."

"Rough," Mitch said.

"Yeah," Mickey said, his face expressionless again. "I told him I'd beat the hell outa him if he didn't take the job. He knows it's too good to turn down too."

Lyddy looked from one to the other of them and then she said, "Aw, I'm sorry! But, Micky, you can find another trumpet player, I bet you can."

Mickey shook his head, drawing in on the cigarette. "Not like

Gene, not around here. When he goes the combo may as well fold."

"Oh, no," Lyddy said quickly. "The rest of you guys are good too."

"Gene sparks the combo, all right," Mitch said dubiously.

"No, the way it is," Micky said to Lyddy, "we need Gene, see. We all learn a lot just playin' with him. He's older'n the other guys, he's played around a lot, he knows the music. All we had to go on was records. We're still learning, Gene knows. Don is the best guy we got. Geez, that kid plays a lotta clarinet right now. He can sit around all night and blow his heart right outa his mouth. But when Gene goes, there ain't anybody in this town for Don to play with and learn it right. We gotta kick him the hell outa this town to some place where there's guys he can play with. Then there goes the combo, but good."

"Oh, golly!" Lyddy was temporarily overwhelmed by such argument, but then she said, "Micky, you're gonna find a spot for the combo. There's a lot a people in this town that like good music, I betcha. Look at all the people that go to Detroit and Cleveland for those what-cha-ma-call-its, like you read about in *Downbeat*."

"Oh, cripes, the kinda crap they hear at them bashes now," Micky said scornfully. "They think that's jazz. You think we should get ourselves a flock a saxophones and start playin' that rip-bop junk?" Micky stood down from the railing and his voice was angry. "Listen, I'm nothin' extra, I'm just learning, but I know when music's right. So the combo has to split, okay. So I haveta pack up the tubs and hit the road till I find some guys that feel like I feel, okay. But I know when the music's right. That's the music I'm gonna play and listen to till the longest day I die, see!"

The silence among them was awkward, and finally Mitch said, "Roger," softly.

Micky turned away and headed for the stairway in his ungainly trotting gait. At the head of the stairs he turned back to them briefly. "What's a use?" he said. "I got a date to get juiced. I may as well get at it, huh?"

Before either of them could answer him he disappeared, his feet a soft scuffling sound down the steps. The old porch swing squeaked dismally, and in a moment there came from down below the wheezy gargling that always prefaced any attempt to start up the old jalop.

■ Lyddy reached for the cigarettes and after a moment she said meditatively, "He's awful lucky though, you know that?"

"Who, Mick?" Mitch looked surprised as he struck the match.

Lyddy blew the smoke away from her. "Uh hum. It must be wonderful to find something that's—well, like music is for Micky, or the union is for Joe. Something that—oh, I don't know—that you know is for you, something you want to do the rest of your life. I guess you couldn't see it the same way I do, Mitch, because

you're sort of like he is. You know what you want to do too, don't you?"

"Oh, I dig you now," Mitch said. "Yeah, it's a solid feeling."

He thought about it for a moment and then he said, "I remember how it was years ago. I didn't know whether it was gonna be music or flying, or maybe both. Sure, I'll always fool around with the sax. I like to sit in with the guys. But it's not with me like it is with Mick. Tell you what I would like to do. I'd like to mess around with arranging, for combos too, but strictly as a part-timeroo. No, I guess things lined up for me way back while I was still in cadet school, just about primary flight. I knew then I got my kicks outa something more than just the flying. A colonel I had, he was an instructor, he called me in and I talked to him a lot. I was pretty fair at the math end of it. He gave me some ideas. He's the one that's in the engineering school at the university, aeronautics, you know. That's why I'm going there. I guess you walk into what you want to do, but when you hit it right, you know, all right. I guess that is a lucky thing."

"It really is lucky." Lyddy leaned forward, her elbows on her knees. "After—this—is all over, that's what I've got to do. Maybe there's something that's really for me too. There's lots of things I'd like to find out about. It seems like there's so many things to know about. That's what I want to do, find what's really for me."

"You got any plans, Lyddy?"

She shook her head. "Uh uh. I have to get a job pretty quick, but I'll take just anything I can get for awhile. It seems like I can't think about things or make any plans the way I ought to, when things are the way they are now, with Ben, I mean. But after that gets straightened out, maybe I can. Right now, when I think about it, I feel like, oh, I don't know—as if there was a whole world full of things going on that I don't belong to anywhere. It's sort of like me staying here with the Gogartys, that same kind of feeling. You know—they belong here, they've got their lives, they're doing things, and I'm just sort of—camping out with them."

She hesitated and then she said resolutely, "Well, I guess that feeling is just part of stopping being married. It seems like it's just the last couple years that I really started to think about things and wonder about where I fit in. That's sort of funny because I'm so much older. People usually go through something like that when they're kids."

"Listen to grandma!" Mitch said, with his fleeting look of droll amusement across his face. "It's different with girls, though. Just getting married and having a family is the thing for lots of them."

"I guess it really is for most gals," Lyddy said. "I don't know for me. All I know is, being married to Ben wasn't right for me. I guess that's really why I wanted to leave him, to have a chance to find what is the right thing for me. That's what I want to do now."

"You'll find it, Lyddykid."

"Oh, sure," she said with the careful resoluteness in her voice. "It's a big old world, but there must be a place for me in it."

■ They heard light, running footsteps across the alley bricks below.

"It's Martha!" Mitch said, and in almost one motion he was up out of the swing, leaning over the porch railing. "Hi, beautiful!" he called down to her, his voice gentle, two words with shadings and overtones of meaning.

With the sound of her running feet on the steps, he plunged for the top of the stairs. He met her there and took hold of her arms tightly in his hands, a whole mixture of emotion upon his face as he looked down at her.

The girl did not speak to him or even really look at him. She walked past him toward the swing and said, "Lyddy!" in a voice that was almost a sob.

Lyddy stumbled up from the swing to meet her. Martha's hair was disheveled around her pale stricken face, the red jacket hanging crooked from her shoulders.

"What's happened, Martha?"

"Major Anderson came to the house this afternoon—he's from Mike's squadron, and he saw Mike's ship go down—he was nice," Martha spoke rapidly, her hands tightly clenched together. "The family was all there and Joe Signorelli, he's the one that was such a good friend of Mike's. Joe translated everything to Mrs. Maciatto because he's somebody she trusts. Major Anderson told her about seeing Mike's plane crash, and what the fellow said that parachuted out before it crashed. He talked it right out plain to her, about how terribly Mike was hurt and how he couldn't have jumped and how the plane burned up."

Martha was shivering, and Lyddy said quickly, "But, Martha, his mother had to believe something like that! How could she . . . ?"

"I don't know," Martha said. "But she didn't believe it. For a few minutes it seemed like she did. Oh, Lyddy, it was terrible, they were all talking to her and it was like she was being tortured! Then all at once, she just got mad. I never saw her mad like that! She ordered them all out of the house. I guess she said awful things. She told her children never to come back, she said they were lying to her. She said Major Anderson was lying about Mike being dead because he wanted to take me away from Mike. She said Mike would tend to him when he got home."

"Oh, golly!" Lyddy said softly.

And Mitch spoke for the first time, his voice sharp with strain. "That does it!" he said. "That does it, but good! Dig this straight, baby, what she needs is a doctor. I mean, she needs a doctor right away!"

Martha did not look at him, even as she answered him. "I don't know what she needs. I don't know anything. All I know is I'll never, never sit back and let anybody torture her like that again! I can't bear it, I'll never let anybody do that to her again!"

Mitch turned away from her abruptly, walking over to the edge of the porch. He stood there with his back to them, his hands braced against the railing, staring down into the alley below him.

Martha's face was distraught and pleading. "Lyddy, it was so awfull I'll never let anybody torment her like that again. Why can't she keep Mike alive in her mind like that? It's all she's got now! It's—well, I guess that's how it is."

She turned away quickly, and stopped close beside Mitch, but he did not turn his head. She reached out her hand as if she meant to touch him. But she pulled her hand back quickly and in an oddly childlike gesture, caught tight hold of it with her other hand.

"Mitch," she said to him softly, "I just can't tell you how I feel about this, so there's no use me trying. Mitch, there's no use me sneaking out any more for ten minutes to see you or anything. It isn't fair to you for me to mess things up for you any longer. But please understand this isn't the way I want things to be, Mitch. It's just there's nothing I can do. She's an old lady, all alone, that's been good to me and—because of Mike."

She stopped, but he did not speak or turn his head, or give any sign that he had heard her.

Her face was anguished. She said, "Good luck, darling—and thanks!" Then she ran, her feet stumbling on the stairs.

■ Lyddy ate dinner that evening with her friend, Mary Ann and Ted, Mary's fiancé. The restaurant was hot and bright and overcrowded. They hurried with their eating and did not wait for dessert. It was dark when they piled into the automobile, the three of them crowding together in the front seat. They rolled windows down on either side, as far as they would go, to let in the rush of air. Ted guided the car into a street that was a segment of a through highway transecting the city and then he followed the line of traffic. They rode without destination, the car radio playing softly, through the suburbs of the city, out into the open country. There, the air was fresher, and the night pitch black, splintered always by the twinkling lights of farmhouses, the swiveling beams of air beacons, lighted billboards, gas stations, roadhouses and eateries. They rode for the sheer sensuous



enjoyment of the riding itself, over the endlessly unwinding strip of asphalt, the cool air roaring through the car and always red taillights winking ahead, the continual rush of oncoming traffic, pairs of yellow headlights swooping down through the darkness and disappearing again with monotonous regularity.

Mary Ann, for all her sympathy for Lyddy in her difficulties, was this night in a mood of irrepressible high spirits and excitement. She was engrossed with a hundred and one things connected with the plans for her coming wedding that she felt the need to discuss. Ted listened to it all with a delighted, slightly embarrassed grin upon his face, squinting his eyes against the lights, and Lyddy made a determined effort to enter into the spirit of Mary Ann's ecstatic enthusiasms.

After an hour of riding, Ted drove off the road in front of a gas station, a rain of gravel rattling under the fenders as he pulled up in front of the gasoline pumps. But, as if they were quite oblivious to what was happening, the girls went on arguing over whether Mary Ann should carry a white prayer book or flowers. When Ted drove out onto the highway again, he took the lane leading back to the city.

On the outskirts of town they stopped again, maneuvering in between two other cars under the bright floodlights of a drive-in. A thin redheaded girl in slacks and a sweater took their order and hurried away. On such a warm evening the parking space was crowded, and freshly painted signs reminded the patrons to blink their lights rather than sound their horns, for service. The redheaded girl brought the tray at last, clamping it on the door at Ted's elbow, and the talk of wedding plans went on.

Once they were on their way again, Lyddy suggested that it was time for her to be thinking about getting back to Gogarty Hall. With Mary Ann's protests and their subsequent planning for a next get-together, Ted threaded the car through side streets. With the first glimpse of brick factory walls ahead, Lyddy asked hurriedly to be let off at the drugstore just opposite the entrance to the alley. She needed toothpaste she said and, besides, there was a phone call she must make. Ted pulled up obediently, and Lyddy hurried to alight. Then with last good-byes and thanks, she scurried up onto the sidewalk, turning to wave, as the car pulled away.

She stood still for a moment, feeling the warm sticky breathless air closing around her after the cool wind of the car. Then she began to walk. Her legs felt strange under her after several hours of another kind of locomotion and she pushed and smoothed at her tumbled hair.

The door of the drugstore was propped open. Within, the soda-fountain counter was crowded and several electric fans whirled overhead. Lyddy bought the toothpaste first, crowding the little box into her purse. Then, with the nickel in her hand, she waited her turn at the telephone booth.

Once there, with the folding glass door closing away the noise

outside, she found it hot and airless and the smoke from her cigarette smarted her eyes. After she dialed, she stood on tiptoe to speak into the transmitter, the receiver warm and greasy in her hand. It was Marco whom she called, and after the preliminaries of conversation, she got down to her business hesitantly. She told him of Micky Gogarty, of what seemed to her the merits of the combo and their necessity now for finding some kind of bookings immediately. She answered his questions and listened to him for a moment, and then she said, "Oh, golly, Marco, I didn't mean for you to do something like that! I just thought maybe you'd know of some place where they might have a chance to get a job. I know you've got a band out at your place, but I didn't..."

She listened again, and her face was lighting. She said, "Oh—well, you see I didn't even know you were looking for another band. Oh, golly, wouldn't it be wonderful if this would work out!" And then she said seriously, half as if she was curbing her own enthusiasm, "Well, it's like I told you, though. They don't play just ordinary music. They play what Micky calls New Orleans. I think they're terrible good, but..."

In another moment her face was glowing again. "I'll have Micky call you day after tomorrow then. Around noon—uh hum—uh hum—I'll tell him what you just said about if they're gonna work for you they gotta play 'Jazz Band Ball' every time you walk in the door—that'll tickle Micky. Marco, there was somep'n else I was going to ask you about. Well, I don't know just how to ask you... No, it's nothing like that; it was just somep'n I was sort of wondering about and I thought maybe you'd know about it. Well, Marco, if—if you wanted to get a doctor, one of those what-cha-ma-call-it doctors, how would you do it? Is there even one, in this town?"

For a second her face looked shocked. "Oh, Marco, no. I meant a head doctor. One like the army has, for psychoneurotics."

She listened for another minute and then she giggled, her soft little sound of laughter. "No, dope, not for me!" And then with her face serious again, "No, it's—well, I know a girl down here, she lives with her mother-in-law, she's quite an old lady. You see, I don't even know if it is something like that exactly, if she really does need a doctor or what... No, I meant the old lady. Well, it's kind of a long story... Yeeeeeeess—I guess it would be better to talk to you about it, but, Marco, I sort of hate to, with Ben like he is, I mean."

She waited again, tracing designs with her finger on the dusty shelf beneath the telephone. Finally she said, "Yes, I know. Well, then maybe it wouldn't hurt if I was to have dinner with you some night. This weekend would be fine with me. Sure, I can call you back day after tomorrow... What? Oh, you meant about the old lady, will it keep! Why, I don't know, Marco..." She hesitated for a moment, and then, with a kind of decision, she said, "No, I think it'll keep, Marco. 'Cause I'm not even sure

it is somep'n like that. I'll tell you all about it when I see you this weekend, and then you see what you think."

She waited again, her face sobering this time into her look of trouble. "No, there isn't anything new. I talked to that lawyer, the one where my cousin works, you know. No, he just said there wasn't anything to do till Ben was discharged, then he would start proceedings. Oh, yes, he said there was grounds or whatever you call it. He went and talked to Ben, too, but I guess he didn't have much luck. Oh, I didn't tell you, somebody that Ben knows saw me and they told Ben where I was. He was down here yesterday. No, I talked to him for a minute. He's just all hurt and mixed up. He keeps talkin' about how he's going to divorce me and stuff like that."

She listened, her eyes lowered again to the tracery of her finger. Then she said softly, "Well, that's what the lawyer said too, Marco. That Ben couldn't prove the grounds, I mean. He asked me about—things, so I told him what there was to tell. Yes, I sort of thought that was the right thing to do, to tell the lawyer like that. . . . No, I'm all right, Marco, honest. I can't help but feel bad, and worry, but . . . No, I don't worry about that—I don't think Ben would really. . . . Well, there's always some of the Gogartys there, see."

Finally, she said, "Look, Marco, I better go. I shouldn't keep you like this. Okay, then. I'll tell Micky to call you day after tomorrow at noon. Yeah, I hope so too, it'd be so wonderful! I'll keep all my fingers crossed. Thanks a lot, Marco. I'll call you day after tomorrow. . . . Oh, sure, you know that! My golly, who does it seem like I always yell for when I get jammed up, dope?"

■ That evening, Lyddy, coming back to Gogarty Hall after dinner, saw the shadowy figure in the rocking chair on the Gogarty porch, downstairs. Then Mom Gogarty's pleasant voice came out to her. "Well, Lyddy! I thought that was you coming along there!" Mrs. Gogarty leaned forward, holding out a section of newspaper to her. "Here, sit down a minute, Lyddy. How would you like a cup of coffee? There's some made right in there on the stove."

"No, thanks, Mom Gogarty." Lyddy spread out the paper on the step and sat down, her heels hooked over the edge of the step below, spreading out her jacket over her knees to find the cigarette package in the pocket.

"Well, now, did you have a good time tonight?"

"Uh hum." With the cigarette in her mouth, Lyddy's head was bent down in her search for the matches. A group of boys came clattering around the corner of the house, stopping bunched together, to talk in low excited voices. The match struck with a sharp sound, and the little flare illumined Lyddy's pale shadowed face. "My girl friend's getting married week after next, you know," she said. "I told you I was to be bridesmaid. I guess we must have talked a mile a minute, she's so excited."

Mrs. Gogarty fanned herself with a piece of folded newspaper. "Well, that's a grand time in a girl's life," she said pleasantly.

Lyddy wrapped her arms around her knees and stared away at the cluster of boys who bent over something in their midst that they illuminated with a flashlight and beyond them to the tiers of yellow lighted windows, with their senseless leaping shadows.

"Mom Gogarty," she said suddenly, "did Dina tell you about Mrs. Maciatto, and what happened over there today?"

"Why, yes, she did, Lyddy," Mrs. Gogarty said over the placid squeak of her rocker. "I heard all the excitement over there this afternoon and I couldn't help but wonder. Then Joe said Martha come running in here looking like a ghost, and was gone again right away. Dina told me how they got together to try to talk to Mrs. Maciatto about Mike again."

"Mom Gogarty, what do you think about Mrs. Maciatto? Do you think she's—funny—in her head?"

"Lyddy, I don't know as I'd say that exactly," Mrs. Gogarty replied slowly. "A person gets to be older like that, sometimes they get kind of queer notions. Mrs. Maciatto has been an awful hard-working woman. She raised that big family and stayed right there to home. 'Twasn't till just these last years that the poor

woman knew from one meal to the next where the vittles was coming from, hardly. You kind of have to know that to understand, too, how much she thought of Mike and how proud she come to be of him. And Mike was her baby. It seems like she's just got that notion now, and she can't give him up."

Lyddy was silent a moment and then she said, "You know, she's funny about Martha, like she's afraid all the while that Martha'll get interested in some fellow."

"Well, I surmised as much," Mrs. Gogarty said. "You only had to take one look at Mitchell Lowry's face to know things weren't going very smooth for him over there. And I guess that's only to be expected as long as Mrs. Maciatto thinks Mike is alive the way she does."

"Yeah, but . . ."

"I know that isn't right for Martha," Mrs. Gogarty said. "It seems to me it's about time some of that family stepped in there and helped Martha out. Martha's a fine girl and she's entitled to get married again and have a family if she wants to."

"Mom Gogarty," Lyddy said again with a kind of troubled hesitant persistence, "you—you suppose she is just right in her head though? I mean, Martha's there all alone with her and . . ."

"Now, Lyddy, I wouldn't be worryin' over something like that," Mrs. Gogarty said. "Mrs. Maciatto loves Martha like her own daughter and she'll never harm a hair of that girl's head, I'll guarantee that."

"Well, I suppose not," Lyddy said, a kind of half conviction in her voice.

"Now, aren't you a great girl for worrying!" Mrs. Gogarty said affectionately. "You're a good-hearted girl, Lyddy, to take somebody else's troubles to your heart when you've got a load of your own to carry. And that reminds me, I ought to tell you . . . Hark, now isn't that thunder again?"

They were both still, lifting their heads, straining their ears to the dull faraway rumbling.

"It is!" Lyddy said softly and incredulously. "I'm sure it is!"

"That's what it is, all right," Mrs. Gogarty leaned back in her chair again and resumed her slow fanning. "Well, you can feel there's a storm brewing."

Lyddy tossed her cigarette away and gathered up her jacket. "I guess I better go up. Golly, it's so close you can hardly breathe."

■ "Lyddy, I was going to tell you," Mrs. Gogarty said. "Your—husband was here again tonight."

Lyddy's shoulders went stiff for an instant before she spoke. "He was?"

"Yes, you'd no more'n gone than he came. I wouldn't be surprised if he saw you drivin' away, because he didn't put up no argument when I said you wasn't here. He didn't stay but a minute."

"Uhhmm." Lyddy sat still and silent a moment longer. Then she slid down onto her feet and turned to fold up the newspaper from the step, her hair falling forward around her troubled face.

"There now," Mrs. Gogarty said softly. "It takes time for these things to work themselves out, that's all."

"I guess so," Lyddy said quietly. "I'm sorry to—to bring trouble here like this."

"Now what trouble have you brought here!" Mrs. Gogarty said. "And us all enjoyin' every minute of your stay with us! You know what John says? He says we're gonna keep you right here with us for good!"

"Aw, thanks a lot!" Lyddy hesitated a moment longer and then she said, "Well, I guess I'll go up. I wish it would storm if it's going to and get it over with, don't you? Then maybe it would be cooler."

"Well, I expect we'll be more'n gettin' it by and by. If it should get to crackin' too bad, you just come on downstairs here and play rummy with John and me."

"Okay," Lyddy said, and then she swung around again on her heels. "Oh, Mom Gogarty, I meant to ask you. Is Micky home?"

"Why, no, he isn't, Lyddy. He didn't come home for supper. Was there something . . .?"

Lyddy hesitated. "No, there was just somep'n I was going to tell him. But I can tell him tomorrow. G'night!"

"Good night, Lyddy."

Lyddy climbed the steps, sticky and breathless again, in the sultry air. Suddenly she was very tired, with the feeling that this had been a full and eventful day, following on the heels of a day that had had more than its share of eventfulness as well. And from the east the thunder rumbled louder.

At the top of the steps, Joe Gogarty's voice came from out of the shadows, above the metallic screech of the broken-down swing. "Hi, keed! Say, if you got a drag with the weather man, get him to change his tune, how about that?"

"Golly, isn't it hot though?"

"Just terrible," Maggie said from out of the shadows beside Joe. "I haven't been good for anything tonight. And did you hear it thunder? I don't know what kind of weather we're supposed to be having!"

"Well, maybe if it rains it'll get cooler anyway."

"Here, sit down," Joe said, as he moved over.

"Uh uh, thanks," Lyddy said. "I guess I'll turn in. I guess the hot weather's got me or something."

"I put your other window up halfway," Maggie said. "It's still terrible hot in there."

"Thanks. I feel like I could sleep even in an oven right now."

"You and the kid in there!" Joe said cheerfully. "Well, if it gets too hot for you, or that thunder gets to banging around, come on out and we'll crack open a bottle a beer or something."

"If that thunder gets to banging, he'll be cracking bottles of beer by himself," Maggie said positively. "You and I'll crawl under the bed or some place, Lyddy."

"Okay, Maggie. Night now!"

Lyddy let herself in the screen door quietly as they called their good nights after her. The living room was darkened, with the child asleep there in his bed, and she tiptoed her way carefully around the dark bulks of furniture on her way to the bathroom. Once she was in her own room, with the door closed, she groped for the dangling string that was attached to the chain and turned the light on briefly. The room was very warm in spite of the two opened windows. She opened up the bed, plumping up the flat limp pillows, and took her robe and nightgown down from the hook behind the door. Then she turned off the light again and undressed in the darkness, straightening out her clothes upon the wooden straight-backed chair. She reached out for the nightgown, her bare arm shining pale and opalescent in a little gleam of light from a street light outside the window.

With the sudden heavy fatigue she did not stop to brush her hair. She stretched out upon the bed, the thunder grumbling in her ears. She lay quietly for several minutes, her whole body bathed in perspiration. Then she climbed out of bed again,



wearily. She turned the pillows over, plumping them again. And without turning on the light she worked the sheet free of the other coverings, folding the blankets back neatly at the foot of the bed, her robe on top of them. Then she stripped off the nightgown over her head and this time the light caught the smooth curve of her thigh and breasts. She dropped the nightgown over the chair and catching hold of her hair in either hand she tossed it free in all directions. Then again she got into the bed, pulling the sheet part way over her. She lay still on her back, one arm curved behind her head, her legs stretched apart.

She listened for the thunder again and all the happenings of the day crowded into her mind in a weary merry-go-round of confusion. Gradually, however, they all resolved into the single thought of Ben and the news of this last visit of his to Gogarty Hall.

In uncontrollable quick visual imagery, she again saw Ben walking off down the alley with his rapid swaggering stride, with a kind of goaded blind purposelessness about it. She felt the hot wet tears stinging in her eyes, and turned her head against the pillow.

From outside, the threatening reverberating growl of thunder sounded nearer.

■ On the other side of town, Ben Thomas sat in the big chair in the living room of the apartment. The room was stifling hot and dingy with dust. The floor lamp poured light down upon him, perspiration shining on his face and moistening his rumpled pale hair. His shirt was unbuttoned to the waist. He sat, leaned back in the chair, one ankle cocked up on his knee, jabbing at his fingers with a pair of nail clippers. The room was still and airless.

A girl came out of the bedroom. She wore a long cotton housecoat, faded to a grayish color, the sleeves rolled back on her long thin arms. She was in bedroom slippers, her hair uncombed and in the heat her lavish cosmetics were caked upon her face.

She walked over to the table and rummaged through the litter of papers and wadded soiled handkerchiefs, empty bottles and overflowing ashtrays.

"Honey, you seen my cigarettes? I know I got cigarettes."

"Some on the table," he said without looking up.

"Benny, does this phonograph work? Kin I play it? This place gits so quiet it gives me the creeps, like a graveyard or something."

He did not answer her and after a moment she began to lift the records from the top of the pile, examining the labels.

"Well, whatcha know! Here's an old one I used to play all the time on the juke box over to Barney's! The girls was all the time kiddin' me about playin' this record. It was number eight on the juke box, I remember just as plain. Guys come in was always kiddin' me, somebody'd be up there playin' the juke box and some guy'd yell, 'Play number eight, that's Dora's theme song.' It was durin' the war and it always made me think a that boy friend I had that was in the army."

She dropped the record on the turntable, and set the needle down. After the introduction, a rich nostalgic female voice came out into the room, singing I'll Be Seeing You.

Ben came up out of the chair, his eyes pale in his contorted face. "Shut that off!" he shouted at her.

She lunged for the arm and lifted it in her hand. Then she twisted around, staring up at him stupidly.

He stood towering over her, his face livid. "Listen, don't you never play that thing again!"

He wheeled around then to the table, his hands jerking with the cigarette package.

■ She shut off the machine, leaving the record where it was and then she quietly lowered the lid of the player. She reached up to the chair arm, pulling herself up onto her feet. She stood quietly, twisting her hands together, looking a little frightened and somehow forlorn.

Ben turned, squinting his eyes against smoke, his fingers fumbling as he buttoned his shirt.

"Honey, you goin' out somewheres?" she said timidly.

He was silent. He yanked at the dangling end of a necktie among papers on the table, upsetting an empty beer bottle.

"Benny, kin I come with you? Huh, Benny?"

He ignored her, lifting his chin to knot the tie.

She spoke quietly, with a curious dignity. "Lookit here, Ben. You got no call to treat me like you been doin' lately, like I was the dirt under your feet. Like I was jus' somep'n here to fetch and carry after yuh. It's so hot tonight and that storm a comin' up, you ain't gonna go off somewheres an' leave me sittin' in this creepy place again. I wanta come with yuh. Aw, baby, what's got into you? You're actin' just like some ole sourpuss bastard."

He said shortly, "You know I ain't got any dough. I'm just going out around some a the bars. I ain't gonna stay out."

"I don't mind not havin' any drinks, but I wanta come too."

"Listen, I'm just goin' out awhile, I said. Now keep your trap shut." He swung his arm out, flinging her away from him.

She caught hold of the straight wooden chair by the back, lifting it up from the floor. "You keep away from me!" she yelled. "You've knocked me around the last time you're ever gonna, see!"

He swiveled around and set off for the door, in his long rapid stride. She dropped the chair clattering to the floor and ran after him, the tears leaving wet tracks through the make-up on her face. "I'm gettin' outa here! I'm gonna pack up my stuff an' get outa here right tonight! If I hafta sleep in the gutter, I'd rather! Day in an' day out you hafta treat me like dirt under your feet, you . . ."

He slammed the door in her face. Downstairs, he walked rapidly, his eyes staring and unfocused.

■ "What's yours, soldier?" The fat bartender stopped in front of him, leaning on his arm braced against the edge of the bar, wiping at his big red face with a handkerchief.

"Gimme a shot, Schenley's."

The bartender moved away, reaching out his hand for the bottle behind him unerringly and automatically. He brought the shot glass of liquor and the larger glass of water, and took the change that Ben offered him back to the cash register.

Ben looked at the glass in front of him for a moment, and then he lifted it quickly, spilling a little of it, swallowing the liquor with his head tipped back. He drank part of the water from the other glass and reached for his cigarettes.

On his right, a heavy middle-aged man in shirt sleeves turned back to his beer glass, glancing at Ben for a second. He turned around again with the glass in his hand, but his companion was talking with the man and girl beyond them up the bar. The man looked back at Ben idly, his eyes straying over him, the stripes on his sleeve and the ribbons on his blouse.

Ben leaned forward on his elbows. "Today sure was a scorcher, wasn't it?" He spoke to the man, the cigarette bobbing between his lips. "I heard it thunderin' just now when I come in here."

"That so?" the man said. "Well, it sure as hell feels like a storm. You home for good, soldier?"

"That's right," Ben said with a slight importance. "I'll be hittin' civvy street in a couple weeks now."

"Good enough," the man said. He drained the beer from his glass and set it down again. "That calls for a drink. You have a drink, soldier?"

"Don't mind if I do."

The man leaned forward to look, but the fat bartender was engaged at the far end of the bar, shaking a shiny mixer in his hands.

The man shoved his glass forward, and began the leisurely lighting of a cigarette. He lifted his voice to speak to Ben above the noise of the juke box and the whirring fans. "Sure seems good to be home, huh?"

Ben moved closer to him, his one foot lifted to the bar rail, leaning on the one elbow, his other hand shoved in his trousers pocket. "You can say that again, chum! That Army a Occupation stuff is enough to drive yuh nuts. Gimme action every time."

"Guess there's somethin' in that. This your home here?"

"Yeah. Born and raised."

"Well, I guess you won't find a hell of a lot of changes in the old town. Back during the war, though . . ."

"I been findin' changes all right." Ben's voice was faintly unpleasant.

"That so?"

There was a kind of nervous eagerness upon Ben's face as he leaned toward the man. "I like to found nothin' but changes! Hell, the first thing I had ta do was kick my wife out."

The man's face was impassive, only his eyes curious. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. I found out she was out playin' around all the while I was overseas. I threw her out soon as I got home."

The man's eyes were curious and weighing and then he looked away. He picked up his empty beer glass and struck the heavy bottom of it against the wood a couple times. "That's tough, soldier. I guess a lot of 'em went on the loose. You used to see a lotta stuff goin' on in this town."

"Yeah," Ben said. "I guess you 4F bastards musta had a pretty good time. Hell, not that I blame yuh, you understand."

The man looked around at him quickly, quiet, his face still impassive. Then he turned away slowly to the man on the other side of him.

Ben started to speak again, but the man's back was half turned to him and he was already speaking to his companion. "I was gonna tell yuh, Red. I see Henderson today. I just happened to meet . . ."

The bartender took away the man's empty glass to the spigot, and returned it to him full, with the white head of foam. Ben watched, his face flushed and sullen, the empty shot glass glistening as he twirled it faster and faster in his fingers.

"Somep'n more for you, soldier?" the bartender said.

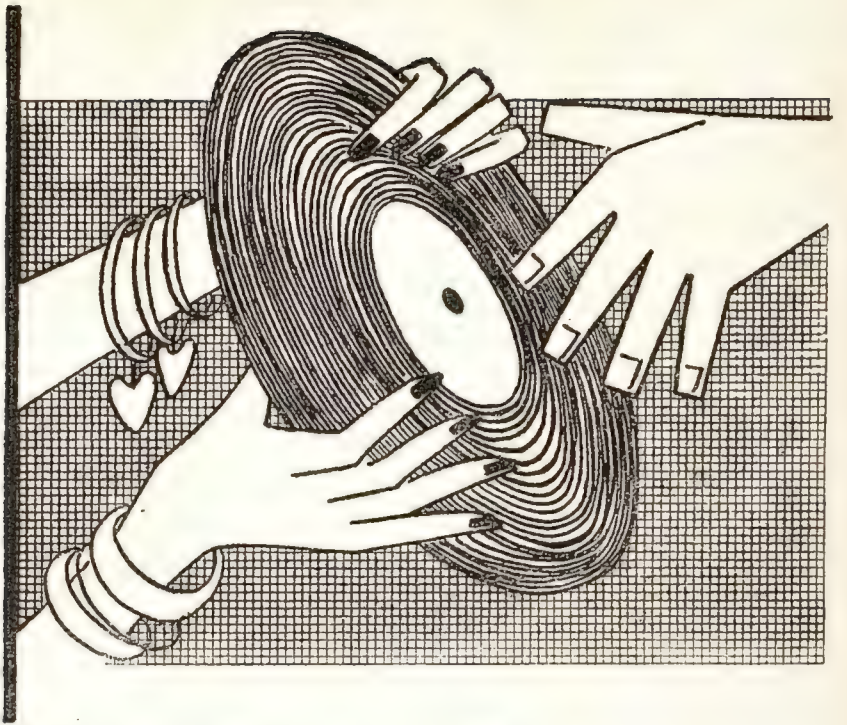
Ben made no answer, and the bartender removed the glass of water and wiped off the bar in front of him with a damp wadded cloth.

The man in shirt sleeves did not look around again, and suddenly Ben took hold of his shoulder roughly. "Hell, what's a matter with you?" he said, his voice high pitched. "Maybe I'm not good enough to have a drink with, huh? Hell, for all I know maybe you're one my wife's been . . ."

The man swung around, his hands lifting. "Listen, uniform or no uniform," he said between his teeth. He struck Ben hard, high on the face, and Ben reeled back, out of balance, his heavy body crashing against the man behind him. A glass overturned, breaking, and voices died out the length of the bar. The bartender came, moving lightly and quickly for all his bulk. Ben scrambled, righting himself.

When he straightened up, the bartender spoke to him without raising his voice. "Look, bud, we aim to run a nice quiet place here. If you're lookin' for trouble, you better shove off."

Ben whirled and strode to the door.



■ Outside, it was still hot, and the sidewalks were almost deserted, although there was the steady flow of traffic in the street. Ben walked quickly. The thunder was rumbling almost continually now, and ahead of him the black sky was lighted by a pale flickering of lightning.

He walked almost three blocks before he turned in again, under another lighted neon bar sign. This place was smaller and better lighted. There were no booths. The juke box was silent. The bar was almost empty, except for four or five men, grouped together at the far end of it, the white-coated bartender among them.

Ben waited, drumming with his fingers against the wood. The bottles here were illuminated by concealed strips of red and blue neon and to the neck of most of them were attached metallic globular spigots, shining like Christmas tree balls in the light. On wires from the ceiling hung four or five coconut shells, carved and trimmed with sea shells into grotesque masks. Ben waited impatiently, his face half sullen, a little smear of blood coagulating from a cut on his right cheekbone.

The sandy-haired, pleasant-faced bartender walked toward him, smiling. "Hi yuh, Ben. Howza boy? Will yuh look at it lightnin'! We're gonna get it, all right."

"You seen Toumy? He been in here tonight?" Ben asked quickly.

"Naw, I ain't seen him all night," the bartender said. "But you oughta seen the crowd we had in here. From six o'clock on, I was sellin' beer just as fast as I could draw it. I was sold outa beer, ale and all, by eight o'clock. It's been like that all night. Then this storm comin' up, the place just emptied out 'bout a half hour ago."

Ben was scowling and he broke in upon what the bartender was saying. "I figured Toumy'd be in here. I wonder where the hell he is. Well, you can give me a shot anyway, Harry."

The bartender hesitated, his face suddenly embarrassed. Then he leaned close to Ben, lowering his voice. "Listen, Ben, I'm sorry as hell about this. You know it ain't got nothin' to do with me. I just take my orders from the boss, the same as anybody else. You know how it is, Ben?"

"Yeah," Ben said, his face suspicious and faintly truculent. "What you talkin' about?"

"Well, the way it is," the bartender said unhappily, "the boss says for me not to let you run up your bill any higher. He says not to serve you no more drinks unless you got the cash to pay for 'em. Look, Ben, I'm sorry as hell to . . ."

Ben's face was furiously angry, his eyes narrowing.

"Aw, that son of a bitch," he said. "You tell him I said he knows what he can do! You tell him I'll . . ."

"I'm sorry, Ben. Look, I'll buy yuh a drink, howzabout you . . ."

But Ben had wheeled around from the bar and was already at the door. He went out, slamming the screen hard behind him. He began to walk again, rapidly and purposefully. The thunder was near by now, loud and ominous over all the other sounds of the

city, the lightning flickering continually like a bad electrical connection. The air was still heavy and hot, but little fitful gusts of wind were stirring now. The few pedestrians left on the street were hurrying against the breaking of the storm.

Ben turned away into the side streets where the blackness of the night seemed to muffle all light and all sound except for the rolling thunder. He turned another corner, walking faster, and halfway down the block he turned off again into another street, no wider than an alley. Several doors down, bright light poured out onto the sidewalk, and it was there he turned in, climbing the few cement steps up to the door, where the screen was rusted and full of gaping holes. The room within was small and bare. There were several wooden tables at the back and along one wall a heavy old-fashioned bar, a mirror, and shelves trimmed with curlicues of carved dark wood reaching to the ceiling.

The room was quiet except for the whine and snarl of radio static. The bar was deserted; only the frail white-haired old man in an apron behind it. He was bent down, pulling his glasses forward on his nose in order to peer over them at the dials of the tiny radio. At one of the tables in the back, a gray-haired man slept, his head and shoulders on the table, his limp arms hanging on either side of him, the gnarled fingers half opened.

When the door banged shut behind Ben, the old man behind the bar turned immediately. He twisted a dial to shut off the squealing radio, and came slowly to meet him.

"Hi yuh, Charlie," Ben said with an artificial geniality. "You remember me, don't you?"

With the old man's eyes upon him, Ben took off his cap quickly, ruffling his damp hair. The old man looked a moment longer and then the recognition came to his face. He smiled and stepped forward, holding out his hand. "Well, sir, now, for a minute I hardly knew you. Good to see you back, Ben. I heard somebody tellin' you was back. Put on weight in the army, didn't ye?"

Ben shook the old man's hand. "Yup, good to be back," he said with false heartiness. "Wouldn't seem like I was home till I stopped by to say hello to you, Charlie."

"Well, I appreciate that," the old man said. "I like to see you fellers home again. Whatcha drinkin', Ben?"

"I'll have a shot a Schenley's, Charlie."

The old man turned away to his meager assortment of bottles scattered around over the ornate carved shelves. He reached in back of several others and drew out the full bottle carefully. "Well, now, I been savin' this bottle," he said. "Awful scarce these days. Prices gone sky high."

Over the lighting of a cigarette, Ben looked around the bare shabby room. "It sure seems good to be back," he said with the same heartiness. "Pour yourself a drink, Charlie. Have one on me."

The old man lifted his thin white hand. "Your money ain't no good in here tonight, Ben," he said. "The only thing I could do for you fellers was buy yuh a drink when you went away and an-

other one when you come back—then a you that come back. I'll have a drink with you, Ben, but put your money away."

He brought the freshly opened bottle and the two little glasses up to Ben at the end of the bar. Ben pulled up one of the stools. The old man filled the two glasses and shoved the stopper back in the bottle again.

"Well, here's to you, Ben," he said, lifting the glass. "Here's to . . ." His voice was drowned out in a great reverberating roar of thunder that shook the whole building and sent glasses and bottles rattling together along the bar. They saluted with the glasses and drank together, the old man smacking his lips. He put the glass down again and leaned forward on his arms. The immaculate white sleeves of his shirt were rolled above his elbows. The skin of his arms hung loose and transparent, furrowed with great purple veins. His face was suddenly thoughtful, his eyes staring. "Well, sir, twicet now I seen you fellers go," he said. "Course I wasn't in business here the other war, but I had this same bar, anyways. Twicet now I seen you fellers go, bought you drinks and shook your hands. Twicet now I waited for you to come back, and some a you never got back and some a you come back on crutches. Well, sir, it's a funny thing . . ."

His voice trailed out. Now that the matter of drinks was apparently settled, Ben's attempt at good humor was gone, his face was gloomy and brooding. He stared ahead of him to the wall opposite the bar, hung solid with the big calendars, some of them discolored with age, girls in scanty seductive costumes, the pin-up girls of a dozen different years.

The old man roused himself from his reverie and said suddenly, "Ben, how's your wife? She come in here with you once or twicet before you went away. Seemed like the nicest kind of a little girl."

Ben turned his head quickly and cleared his throat before he spoke. "She—she's okay, Charlie."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it." The thunder began to rumble again and the old man lifted his voice. "Storm's about ready to break. I better git out back and see to windows. Maybe I can rustle up some sandwiches. Help yourself to a drink when you're ready."

Ben had the stopper out of the bottle while the old man was still hurrying down the bar. He swallowed the one shot and filled the glass again before he set down the bottle. He got up then, and leaning across the bar he helped himself to a glass. He found the water spigot and filled it, and drank part of the water standing where he was. He returned to his stool and sat down, this time with his back against the bar, looking out the window to the shadowy street and the flashing lightning. The bright light beat down upon him, the brass buttons of his blouse glistening, his rumpled hair almost platinum white; it drained away color from his face, except for the dark splotch of dried blood under his swelling right eye. He smoked his cigarette with quick nervous puffs.

The rain came lashing down with a savage abandoned release. Suddenly Ben's lips began to quiver. The great sense of fatigue and inadequacy came to him then clearly and inescapably, beyond his powers for pretense or evasion.

It all crowded in upon him now, the nagging fear that Ma was disappointed that it was him that come home alive instead of Bill, his brother, the never ceasing anxious worry as to just what it was that was lacking in him, that Lyddy no longer wanted him.

Lyddy gone, the dreadful sense of unsurety in himself that came from the knowledge of her unfaithfulness, and the equally frightening sense of inability to deal with the fact of it, or with her. A man hadn't oughta just take a thing like that and walk off. Marco Riggs, with his good clothes and his good car, getting ahead with a business of his own, Marco Riggs whom he should have beaten.

The money gone and the debts, the look on Ma's face when she slipped the money to him, the dread and fear of job hunting again, and the factory, the requirements you had to meet there and always the competition. Always the inadequacy.

Dora, even a little tramp like that, walking out on him, just like Lyddy. So many things that he should deal with, except he was too tired. That was it, he was too tired, he was so terribly, terribly tired.

Maybe he'd go out and stay with Ma for awhile. But that wouldn't be so good because she'd nag and holler about the liquor and they'd jab at him about how Mitch had been doing combat flying with bars on his shoulders, while he sat around in a nice cozy corner a England. And then Ma'd sit around and throw it into Lyd all the while, and he couldn't stand to hear her do that. Lyd, that was it, if he could get Lyd to come home again, everything would be all right.

For an instant he felt a rising excitement and relief. That was it, if Lyd was back, then somehow everything would be all right. Lyd would know what to do about the money part of it, she always did.

If Lyd was back he would somehow be all right too, Lyddy with her sober little face, Lyddy who always understood how things were with a guy and was always gentle, Lyddy who was always there twenty-four hours of the day when you needed her, Lyddy with her sudden little giggle of laughter, except she never laughed at a guy or got mad and hollered about stuff, Lyd with her thick shiny hair and her soft warm little body. That was it.

Except, a voice from another corner of his mind scoffed at him, she won't come back to you. She's going to get a divorce.

I can talk her out of it, he answered the voice desperately, I can scare her out of it, I can . . .

Across town, with the first great clap of thunder overhead, like the splintering smash of wood, Lyddy awakened. For a second she was half confused by the blinding flash of lightning in her eyes and then she heard the rain come, driving across the brick and battering at the house. Instantly she flung back the sheet, her legs flashing out over the side of the bed. She did not stop for a robe; she stumbled to the window as she was and felt a wash of rain cold against her body as she fumbled with the catches. She released them at last and lowered the window to the sill.

She stood still for a moment, covering her eyes against the lightning, then hurried around the foot of the bed to the other window. The rain did not blow from this direction and she only lowered it part way, groping along the window sill for the little stick to prop it open.

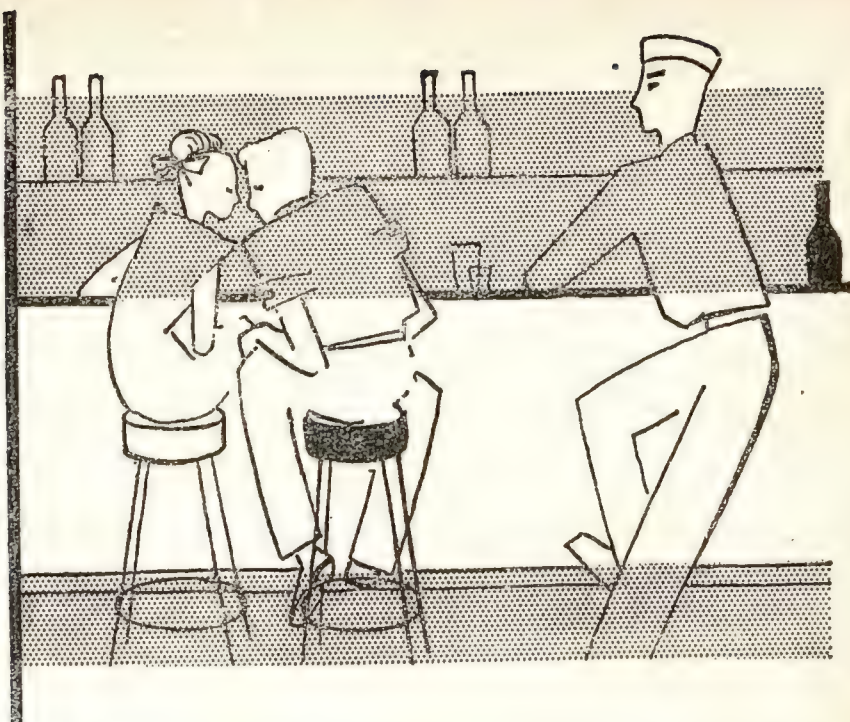
Lights from the other room shone in around her door and she heard a faint clatter of tinware from the kitchen. There were leaks all over the apartment, but none, fortunately, in her bedroom here. Lyddy hesitated for a moment and then another bright flash of lightning made the decision for her. She dove back into her bed, hauling the sheet up over her. She rolled over on her stomach, burying her face between the pillows, covering her ears with her arms clasped above her head. She was shivering a little from the dash of cold rain and she told herself over and over again: It's silly to be afraid of storms, they don't hurt you. Remember how Ben always laughs at you when . . .

She felt a twinge of feeling and put the thought of Ben away from her quickly. That was the idea, though; you started to think about something else and the first thing you knew, the storm was over. Martha came to Lyddy's mind then, Martha and the stern old woman.

In the house down the alley, at that moment, Mother Maciatto climbed the stairs softly. She was still fully dressed, the black shawl around her shoulders. She made her way noiselessly along the hall, in the darkness, lighted by the flashes of glittering lightning. She opened the door to Martha's room, turning the knob slowly and carefully in her fingers. Inside, she glided across the floor, and the girl stirred in the bed, half waking.

"It's a storm," the old woman said softly, her voice crooning. "You sleep, *carina*."

She closed the window down to the sill quietly and turned



back to the bed. Martha slept again, rolled over on her back, her arms flung upward, her body sprawled and relaxed, in the deep still sleep of emotional exhaustion. The old woman stood silently for a moment looking down at her. Then she pulled up a blanket from the foot of the bed, settling it over her, her hands infinitely gentle and tender. She stood to look a moment longer and then she slipped out of the room as quietly as she had come.

Mother Maciatto made her way back down the stairs and through the quiet dark room below, to her own bedroom, where a small heavily shaded light burned on the bureau. She closed the door behind her softly and went back to the rocking chair by the window at the foot of the bed. She settled herself in the chair and began to rock placidly, as if she were perfectly oblivious to the fury of the storm outside. The chair was an old wooden one and the rockers squeaked under her. Most of the room was taken up by the big old-fashioned iron bed behind her, part of the paint chipped away from it, but neatly made up with a colored woven bedspread. There was a straight wooden chair beside it holding the ticking alarm clock, and then the big battered bureau with some of the knobs missing from the drawers.

Everywhere there were the pictures of Mike, on the dresser top and framed and hanging on the walls: a dozen poses of him taken in uniform and the earlier ones, Mike in slacks and leather jacket posed beside a small cabin plane; Mike, smooth-faced and elegant in formal white tie; Mike in an open-necked sports shirt, laughing, a cigarette burning in his fingers. And still earlier ones, a young Mike in overcoat and hat standing proudly with his hand upon the door handle of a shiny automobile, back to the big glossy-finish print of an intense-eyed boy in black shorts, crouched, with the big leather gloves lifted in front of him. Not so many after that, a faded group picture of boys in baseball uniforms, and then the faded one opposite the foot of the bed framed in a gilded frame, a sober-faced curly-headed little boy in knickerbockers and long white stockings.

The storm blew around the house and the rain sluiced the window panes. Mother Maciatto rocked in her chair, her head lifted and a kind of exaltation on her face. And in her lap she fondled the tiny low-cut black leather shoes, with stiff leather soles, scuffed and worn at the heels, dwarfed by the knotted shoe-strings, frayed and old but still tied into bows.

■ On the balcony porch of Gogarty Hall, Joe Gogarty stood in his favorite spot beside the railing. He wore a heavy ragged bathrobe wrapped around him, the open beer bottle in his hand. He stood quietly, his face lifted.

There was still another onlooker to the storm. In the end apartment downstairs the door stood open, an oblong of soft light. A girl named Tres Whealey stood there, a cigarette burning in her fingers, looking out into the rain. She wore an old military raincoat that was too big for her, splattered with raindrops, hanging open over a dark dinner dress. Her pale straight hair hung

loose to her shoulders. Her face was expressionless and white except for the smeared lipstick on her mouth.

In the sparsely furnished dusty ill-kempt room behind her, a tall dark-haired man walked back and forth across the floor, his hands deep in his pockets, his wet raincoat flung across a chair. She turned and he strode over to her, his face tight and angry.

"Am I supposed to just leave you here in this godforsaken hole? You could get sick and die here and nobody'd ever know."

"Go on home," she said, "you'll forget about it."

He said urgently, "Tres, listen here. I know you can't get what happened during the war out of your head. And then your husband getting killed. But that business is all finished with."

"Don't you know that when somebody's dead you can't ever finish business with them? That kind of business don't get finished."

"Baby, I don't know what to say to you," he said helplessly. "All I know is you're wrong!"

She took a step back away from him. "Why do you have to talk about it? If Don had come home and found out about me and yelled at me and knocked me around and kicked me out in the street, then maybe that would have finished it. Maybe then I could have walked away from it. This way, I can't. He was one of the sweetest, kindest guys that ever lived, and look what I did to him!"

He watched her helplessly, his hands closing and unclosing over the back of the rickety chair.

"So you got to riding high and stepped out on your husband while he was away in the army, and before he had a chance to come home and find out, he got killed over there. You stuck it out in this town and gave the gossipers a field day. So now you feel guilty about what you did. You think somebody or something has to give you hell for it. Haven't you been doing a pretty good job of that yourself? Does it have to go on forever?"

She kept looking at him, standing quietly, her hands in the pockets of the shabby old raincoat. "Why can't you leave me alone? Don't you know I'm tired and sick of living?"

He came to her then, taking hold of her shoulders and pulling her against him. "Baby, don't I know that!" His voice was moved and rough. "Can't you quit knockin' yourself out? Let me take it from here, Tres. I think when you snap out of this you're going to make somebody a beautiful, wonderful wife. You think I want you just for fun? I made up my mind I wanted to marry you before I ever come back here this time. That's what I'm doing all this talking about!"

She moved then, pushing away from him. "Suppose I was just sucker enough to take you up on that? Do you think you could forget about what's been happening around here the last couple of years? You'd think about Don, and do you think you'd ever trust me behind your back?"

"I've been thinking about those things," he said levelly. "About that first part of it, yes, I think I could forget about it. I don't

think about it now when I'm with you; it's only when I'm away from you. Maybe it's because I get the feeling you're not even here. You're like some little kid that's got hurt and crawled away and hid some place. The other part of it—I don't think you're cut out to be a playgirl exactly, and baby, how well you know it now!"

"Listen. You think I'd ever make promises to another man, that maybe I couldn't keep!" She walked back to the door, looking out again into the darkness and the rain.

He came after her and she turned around quickly. "No, don't! If I could feel about things any more, then maybe we could fight these other things out. Maybe I'd even be sucker enough to stick my head in your noose and start it all over again."

"Baby, you're so wrong," he said. "Let me . . ."

"No, go on, get out of here. And don't come back!"

He stood silently for a long time, looking at her. Then he picked up his coat. "Okay, baby," he said softly. "Okay! I'm all through. Have it your way. I'm going home." At the door he paused beside her. "I'll stop by tomorrow night, on my way. No, no more talking. I mean it. Just for good-bye."

He brushed on past her, out the door. She watched him go, down the porch steps and out into the rain. A moment later a car engine roared in the darkness.

■ It rained all that next day, a slow cheerless drizzling rain. In the late afternoon Dina left her supper cooking on the stove and she and Lyddy drifted over to Maggie's apartment next door to wait for Hank. They found the living room already bright with lights against the grayness outside, and Joe stretched out on the divan reading, books and pamphlets strewn around him. Maggie left off her own supper preparations in the kitchen and came in to perch upon a chair arm and smoke a cigarette.

While they talked together, Joe and Maggie held a sudden amused cryptic consultation and then divulged the news of their baby's coming. The room was full of their intermingled voices, delighted and excited. They did not hear the footsteps outside, nor the rattle of the door until it opened, and Ben Thomas strode into the room.

All their voices stopped, Joe moved on the divan, and Lyddy started to get up from her chair. Ben paused and shut the door behind him. His clothes were damp, his face flushed, his eyes bloodshot, the right eye swollen and discolored. He paid no attention to the rest of them; he looked only at Lyddy. He went straight to her, his feet unsteady across the floor.

"Hi yuh, Lyd," he said. "I brought yuh somep'n."

He held them out to her, the thin flat package, and a magazine, its cover curled up and the colors run together from the wet. Lyddy reached out to take them automatically, blank wonderment upon her face.

"There's some phonograph records in there," he said.

He looked down at her expectantly, but she could only stare back at him. He reeled a little, unsteady on his feet as he bent forward. He tried to straighten the cover of the magazine with his clumsy fingers.

"I guess the book got kinda wet," he said apologetically. "I shoulda had 'em wrap it up at the store."

Lyddy began to cry silently, standing there with his gifts in her hands.

"Lyd, when you comin' home?" he said.

"Aw, Ben!" Her voice was strangled in her throat.

He looked straight at her, his face earnest. "I mean it, Lyd. I want yuh to come home."

She was crying out loud and her voice came high and uneven. "Aw, Ben, I can't come home! Oh, don't you see! It's no use. It's no use for us to start in all over again. It just don't work, Ben! I can't start it all over again. Don't ask me, Ben!"

The room was very still then, except for the sound of her sobbing. He looked away from her, his eyes blank, the half-smile on his face.

She struggled against her crying, smoothing and straightening

the magazine cover with her hand. "Ben, your eye's all banged up. You all right, Ben?"

As if the sound of her voice roused him, he looked back at her quickly. "Listen here, Lyd. You come back home like I tell you, or I'll bring all those guys into court and I'll make you wish you never was born. Maybe that ain't all I'll do. There's other things I could do. Maybe I'll . . ."

"Oh, Ben, then you'll just have to do 'em!" she said, her voice straining and desperate. "Because I can't come home. There's no use in it! I'm sorry, Ben. I told you that about a million times."

He took a step nearer her, the quick anger growing in his face. "So you're sorry! That's a laugh! Who wants yuh to come home, a little tramp like you! You think I'd take you back now?" He laughed, a short loud explosive sound from his throat.

"You know why I was sayin' them things about you comin' home? I'll tell you why! I just wanted to see if you'd try to come crawlin' back so I could tell you I wouldn't . . ."

Joe got up from the divan then. "You better take it easy, Mac," he said.

Ben went on talking without paying any attention to him. "So you think I'd take you back! I'm all through with you now! Whatta I want a you, when I can get a clean decent kind a girl? Listen here, don't you know I can walk outa here and in two minutes I can find me a clean decent kinda girl that'll . . ."

"Okay, Ben, then why don't you do it?" Lyddy's voice was rising and out of her control. "You can find a million girls, it don't matter to me any more! I wish you would find a girl, Ben. I wish you'd be happy with her. I wish you'd get out of here, and find you a girl and be happy and leave me alone! Aw, why can't you leave me alone!"

"You think I can't?" he said furiously. "Why, hell, I can walk out a here an' find me a clean decent kind a girl that'll . . ."

Joe took hold of his shoulder gently. "I guess that about does it, Mac," he said impersonally. "I hate to be inhospitable, but Lyddy don't look like she felt so good. Maybe you better shove off now."

Ben jerked away from him and for a second he rocked out of balance on his feet. His face worked and then he whirled around, crossing the room in long strides. He fumbled at the door in getting it open and went out, slamming it behind him till the glass rattled in the frame.

Through her crying, Lyddy said piteously, "Oh, it's no use! I have to go back to him because I can't stand this any more! I can't stand it any more to see him like this. I can't bear to think I'm the one that's hurting him. I've got to know he's all right and doin' all right or it's no use! I can't stand it. I have to go back to him!"

She wheeled around and ran for the bedroom, hugging the package and the magazine tight against her.

■ Outside, Ben went clattering down the steps, the furious anger goading him.

At the bottom of the steps he walked away rapidly, pulling at the cigarettes from his pocket.

Martha Maciatto came down the alley, on her way home from work. She wore a white raincoat, a white kerchief tied over her head. She walked quickly, her head bent down from the rain, her hands in her pockets, her purse tucked underneath her arm.

Ben saw her come and in all the churning tumult of his mind it seemed logical and to be expected that a girl was walking toward him down the alley. Listen here, I can walk outa here an' in two minutes I can find me a clean decent kind a girl that'll . . .

Ben watched her come with the strange half-smile upon his face. As she drew near, he took a step further out into the alley and the smile changed, broadening into a grin.

"Hi yuh, kid?" he said. "Whatchu doin', runnin' around by yourself in the rain?"

Martha lifted her head quickly. She looked at him for a second with her face blank and faintly unfriendly. Then she walked faster, out around him and on down the alley.



"Hey, wait a minute," he said, lifting his voice after her. "Where'd yuh get that cute rain outfit?"

But she only walked still faster, without looking back.

Ben stood silent then. He looked back at the house behind him where Lyddy was, and would not have him. There were lighted windows on the second floor, he saw them with the slight blurriness of his vision. And then it seemed to him that Lyddy was there looking down at him, that she had been there to witness his failure with some little bobby-sox chicken in a white raincoat, and she was laughing.

He set off down the alley after the trim white raincoat, almost running, with his long heavy stride. "Hey, wait a minute! What's your hurry?"

Martha wheeled around, her face angry. "Look, I don't know you and I don't want to. Now mind your own business!"

But he was still coming, grinning at her. Martha turned around and ran now herself, the last few steps. She bounded up onto the porch. But he still came after her, his feet noisy and stumbling on the porch steps.

Martha fumbled in the purse frantically, her face half-frightened now. "Look, please get away from here! I don't want to talk to you. Don't you understand?"

She got the key out just as he came close to her, and he grabbed at it, wrenching it away from her. It fell between them, clattering on the porch boards. Martha stooped, but he held her away, fumbling after it with his foot. Then he put his foot down hard over it and grinned at her triumphantly. "Now you can't go in the house," he said. "Can'tcha give a guy a break, I just wanta talk to you for a minute."

Fear was on Martha's face now, and she talked to him in a low rapid voice. "Look, please, you don't understand. Get away from here right now. My mother-in-law's in there and she'll think that . . . Look, my brothers are in there too, both of 'em. If you don't get away from here right now they'll come out here and beat the daylights out of you! Please, soldier! Oh, you're drunk, you don't understand, you got to get away from here!"

He hauled her toward him, and she struggled back. "Please, you don't understand! You'll get me into trouble! You don't want to make trouble for me, soldier!"

"Aw," he said, "I bet there ain't even nobody to home to your house. I bet that's why you got a key."

And then suddenly the door erupted open behind them. She was out onto the porch in one stride, the tall gaunt old woman, her face terrible in her rage. She caught hold of Martha's shoulder with her one hand, and jerked her flying back away from him.

She spat the words out of her mouth, her voice low and harsh and sibilant. "You try to take Mike's wife! *Si maledetto . . .*"

Ben reeled backward, out of balance, his shoulders thudding hard against the wall of the house, as the old woman bore down upon him. His face was blank with his astonishment, his mouth a little open.

Martha sprang after her, catching hold of her arm. "Wait, Mam' mia! It's all right now! It's all right! Mam' mia, listen to me!"

With one swipe of her arm, Mother Maciatto flung Martha away from her with such strength that the girl staggered back across the porch and fell, grabbing at the railing.

Ben yelled, his voice hoarse and the terror in it.

It was only then that Martha saw it, the stout kitchen knife in Mother Maciatto's hand, the long blade glimmering dully. Martha screamed with all her strength, her voice echoing and re-echoing down the alley. She floundered on her hands and knees on the wet slippery porch boards, trying to get to her feet, her body trembling and rubbery.

The old woman swung her arm back and then forward again, in the short vicious upward stroke.

Martha crumpled and fell forward on her face.

There came a thud of running feet, the two little boys from the house across the way. But they stopped still in the middle of the alley just opposite the porch. Doors banged open further away, and there was an intermingling of excited alarmed voices. There came the pounding of feet, splashing through the water. Tres Whealey, one of the Gogarty Hall neighbors, ran to the very edge of the porch steps; then she stopped abruptly, as the others had stopped.

It was all over now. It was quiet and still, as if the porch were empty, as if there never had been any life or motion there. There was a crumpled heap of shining white on the floor, that was Martha's raincoat and kerchief. And balancing it, the sprawling heap of olive drab on the other side, the legs askew, the one arm flung out, the fingers curling over the upturned motionless palm. In the middle was the tall old woman in her long black dress, standing erect, inanimate as one of the porch posts, her shoulders straight, and her head lifted.

Tres Whealey, at the foot of the steps, caught her breath in a sharp gasping sound. She sprang up the stairs, knelt beside the sprawling olive-drab figure, her hands fumbling and exploring. Then she got up slowly and took a step away, back to the edge of the porch. Her face was sick and she looked beyond the crowd gathering there in the alley.

"The damned war!" she said, her voice low and jerking. "What'd they mean; it's over? So another hunk of it ends here in an alley back a nowhere! When's it ever gonna be over? Poor damn people!"

Her eyes came to focus on Joe Gogarty as he took hold of her arm gently. "He's dead. Dr. Ginzer'll be over there in his office. Get him. But it won't do any good. You better get the police."

Back at Gogarty Hall, Maggie had opened the bedroom door and looked in, her face alarmed. "Hey, kids, did you hear something? Oh, you've got your windows shut."

They both had looked up at her, sitting there on the edge of

the bed, Lyddy with the package and magazine hugged against her, her lips pressed together to stop her crying, and Dina beside her, her arm around Lyddy's shoulders.

Dina answered, her face surprised, "Why, no, Maggie. We weren't paying any attention. What was it? What's the matter?"

"I don't know," Maggie said, with a strange reluctance. "I thought I heard something, Joe did too. I was banging around in the kitchen, but . . ."

Dina had stood up quickly then. "Maggie, what is it? You look so funny."

"It was somebody yelling." Maggie was frowning. "Not kids, but yelling just awful. It was from over in back, toward Maciattos'."

At the mention of the name, Lyddy got up from the bed quickly, the beginning of apprehension on her face. "Oh, Maggie, what'd yuh suppose! Do you think . . .?"

"I don't know," Maggie said. "Joe's gonna go out and see if anything's wrong."

They all went out into the living room together. Joe sat on the edge of the divan, bent down, hastily tying his shoe laces.

"Oh, Joe, hurry up!" Maggie spoke with the same strange alarm in her voice.

He got up just then, grabbing a jacket from a chair as he went to the door. "You gals relax. I'll take a look." He closed the door and they heard the sound of his feet, hurrying on the porch.

Dina said, "Well, Maggie, what was it?"

■ They both looked at her, their faces half puzzled, half apprehensive. Maggie sat down slowly on the edge of a chair. "It was just somebody yelling, that's all there was. It was from some place over in back there. Not like people fighting—it sounded awful." She shivered a little. "When I heard it, they yelled a couple times and then they stopped. We listened, but we didn't hear anything else. Joe thought he better see."

"Was it a woman?"

"Uh hum," Maggie said. "Screamin' worse'n something was after her. It give me the shivers."

"Maggie, do you suppose it was from Maciattos'?" Lyddy said.

"Well, it sounded like it come from over in that row a houses. You couldn't tell."

They were all quiet then, but there was a gathering tension in the room.

"Let's look out my kitchen window. I don't suppose we could see anything," Maggie got up quickly and they both followed her. In the kitchen, Maggie raised the window and they all crowded together, peering out. The section of the alley in front of them was deserted just then. But they could hear the confusion of excited voices, doors slamming, feet running.

"Oh, it is something," Maggie said.

Dina caught hold of Lyddy's arm. "Lyddy, let's go see, huh? I'll run get my coat."

Just as they were going out the door, Dina called back, "Maggie, you coming too?"

"No, sir! Not me! You can tell I'm not Irish! Hurry back and tell me."

They ran down the stairs together, Dina ahead, clinging to the railing because the steps were wet and slippery.

"It must be an accident," she was saying, her voice uneven with her panting. "Somebody must be hurt."

They felt the cool rain on their faces as they ran around the end of Gogarty Hall. Just at the corner they met a girl who held a coat together over her shoulders and she was drifting along backwards, staring in the direction from which she came.

"Eileen, what is it? What's happened down there?" Dina's voice was urgent as she caught hold of her arm.

Eileen turned around to them instantly. "Ooh, you scared me! Golly Moses, I don't know. There's a whole crowd in front of Maciattos' house. Something musta happened. I tried to get up

close to see but I couldn't. The whole neighborhood's there, pushing around. I saw Mr. Shroeder and he said I better come back."

"Something did happen at Maciattos'! Dina, come on."

Just as they ran, Eileen called after them. "Somebody said Mike Maciatto come home and his mother lit into him something awful!"

"My gosh, that's crazy, it couldn't be!" Dina said.

They saw the crowd gathered there ahead of them. They ran together, water splashing out from under their shoes.

Lyddy was saying in a sick, uneven voice, "Oh, Dina, I knew it! I knew something would happen! That old lady, funny the way she is, and Martha there alone with her . . ."

And Dina, "Oh, it can't be! It just can't be that!"

Strangely, as they came closer, there was less confusion and excitement. There was a kind of hush over it all. People stood bunched together in front of the porch and strung out into another cluster standing on the porch next door. The murmuring jumble of voices was pitched low, some people moved, others stood quietly, there was the muffled sound of several women's weeping. All the heads were turned, all the eyes fastened upon the Maciatto porch. More than anything else there was a great solemnity there. Only the children who darted back and forth behind the backs of the others cried out in shrill excited voices. And no one at all noticed the falling rain.

■ Lyddy and Diana moved up to the outskirts of the crowd, their faces pale and frightened. A girl in a print house dress and apron detached herself from the crowd just then, walking past them.

Dina said quickly and urgently, "Mary, what is it?"

The girl was weeping silently, her hand pressed over her mouth. She only shook her head, the horror and incredulity in her eyes.

They both stood on tiptoe trying to see. "There's men on the porch," Lyddy said. "I think that's Joe up there."

He had skirted the edge of the crowd and just as they looked, he started running, back up the alley toward Gogarty Hall. In one accord, they pushed themselves out of the crowd and ran after him. Dina called, her voice low and muted, "Joe! Oh, Joe!"

He heard her and turned around instantly. Then he came to meet them. He spoke abruptly, his voice faintly sharp.

"What are you kids doing here?"

"We just got here," Dina said rapidly. "Oh, Joe, what in the world . . ."

He reached out to both of them, his arms around their shoulders. "Come on back to the house now. You'll get soaked."

A small grizzled-haired man in a blue work shirt trotted up to them.

"Joe, you better not leave," he said, worriedly. "Them police'll be here right off. They'll want to talk to you on accounta you're the one that called them. An' you're the one that knows who that soldier feller is."

Joe said quickly, "I'll be right back, Roy. I wanta take the girls here back to the house."

But it was too late now. Lyddy moved close to him, reaching out and grabbing hold of his jacket in her hand. "Joe?" she said, her voice rising on the word.

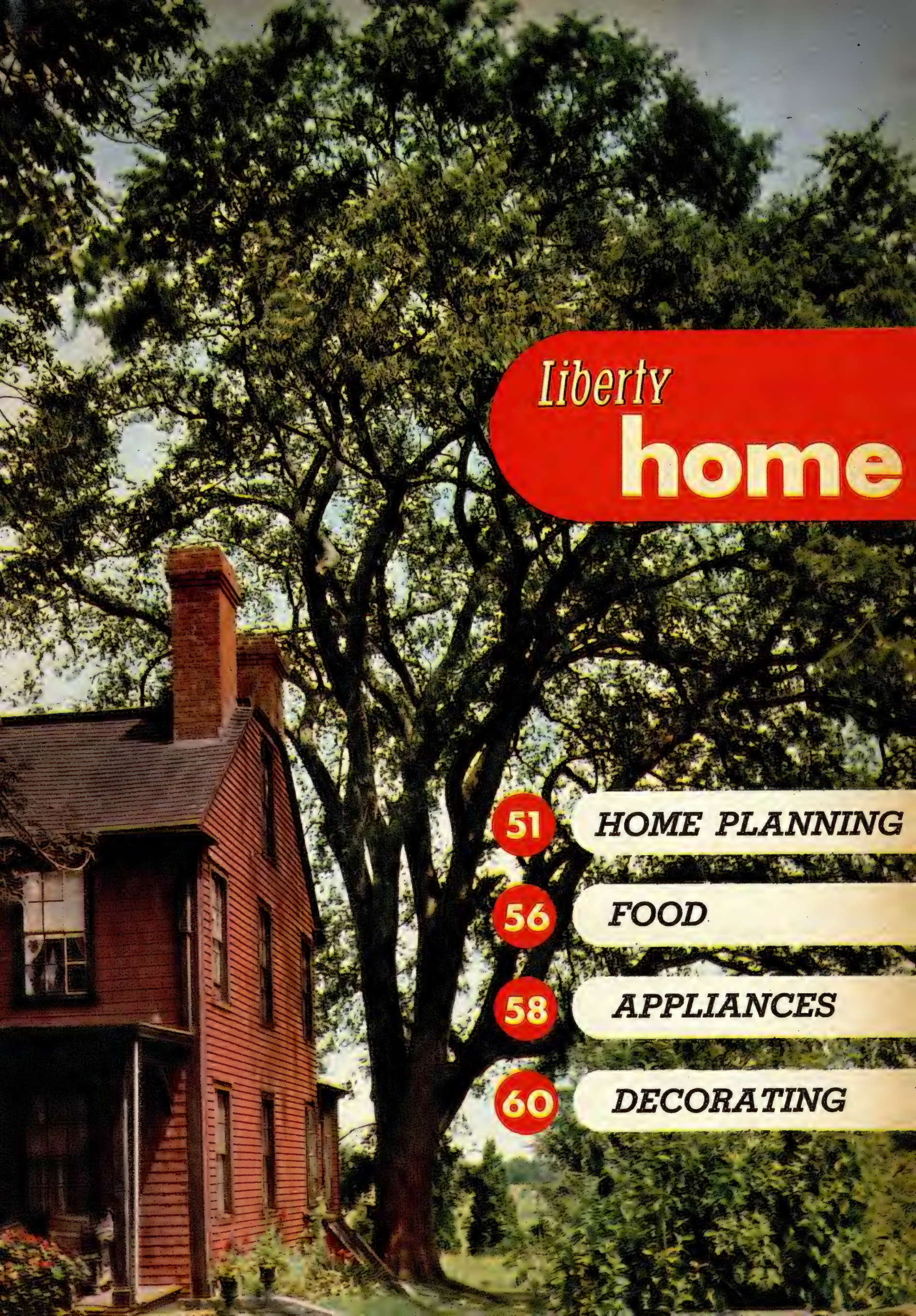
"Come on, Lyddy," he said gently. "I want you and Dina to go back to the house."

She didn't move. She kept looking at him, her eyes wide and unblinking, and she said in a normal, matter-of-fact voice, "But, Joe, it couldn't be! I just don't see how it could be."

"Come on, honey."

Before he could realize her intention, she ducked under his arm and ran, ran back toward the crowd gathered there in front of the Maciatto house.

She stumbled on up the steps, Joe at her heels. She dropped to her knees, reaching out both hands for the limp upflung hand with the wedding band shining on it. She made no sound. ■ ■



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DECORATING



SUMMER LIVING

■ If you are one of those fortunate families with a sun room or porch, we hope you're enjoying it this year. You should be pleased to know that attractive and durable furniture and floor coverings for summer living can be found with polite price tags. A gay, flowered felt-base rug, for example, that wears well and cleans easily. Pick out your favorite colors from it and match them with the canvas seats and backs of the enameled, light-weight tubular steel chair and the adjustable lounge. The table comes equipped with a removable tray. Rug: Congoleum-Nairn, 6 by 9 feet, about \$7. Durham: Chair, about \$7; lounge, \$9; and table, \$6.50.

OUTDOOR DINING

■ With the right equipment, dining on a porch is a treat. A good beginning is inlaid linoleum. It gives heavy wear, can be mopped up quickly. Choose from many colors and designs. Wrought-iron furniture is ideal for such a spot, and nowadays is recommended for year-round use. This is in Pompeian green with leaf design. The table top is plate glass, and the seats are covered in bright fabrics. Modern pottery and plastic-handled tableware top off a pleasant summer dining spot. Rug: Armstrong Cork, varying prices, about \$2.75 a square yard. Furniture: Lee Woodard, about \$100. The plastic tableware: Universal, is about \$16.





USE LINOLEUM

■ To save money, plan a family project to install this inlaid linoleum in a varicolored flagstone pattern. Laying it, usually by cementing to a lining over the old floor, is a hard day's work, but is very much worth while. Get directions from the store or manufacturer. Shown with the linoleum is one of the best summer buys, a table and springy chairs of square tubular steel painted white. Seats and backs are constructed of a sturdy fiber and are available in red, green, yellow, or blue. Matching tables in various sizes. Linoleum: Sloane-Blabon, about \$2.50 a square yard. Furniture: Lloyd, chairs, about \$6; and armchairs, about \$9.

ALL-YEAR ROOM

■ The smart wrought-iron sectional groups now being manufactured include single and double armless chairs and corner pieces. Buy as many as you need, and combine them to form a love seat, a three-cushion sofa, or an extra-long one. Or use the pieces as single chairs. Cushions are upholstered in durable sailcloth. The chairs and glass-topped table are equipped with steel glides encased in rubber to protect your floor. That floor might very well be inlaid linoleum in this handsome tile pattern. Linoleum: Armstrong, about \$2.75 a square yard; prices vary somewhat. Furniture: Lee Woodward, about \$140 for the three chairs.



■ Gardeners are beaming over the new tools and aids designed to lighten and quicken gardening chores. Many

HELP FOR HOME GARDENERS

of the alloys and finishes developed during the war have been adapted for back-yard use. If your lawn is any size at all, you will want to see (upper right) this sturdy metal cart with rubber-tired wheel and removable basket. The rake and fork are not new, but they are basic — and these are good buys. Light-weight garden hose of plastic (at right) is practically indestructible, and

LIGHT, EASY-WINDING HOSE

doesn't crack or rot. It is available in a number of colors. Wound on a reel, it simplifies watering the far end of the yard. The sprinkling can is another familiar but essential item. And for week-end picnics—or family supper in the back yard—there is this new portable charcoal grill, 30 inches high (lower right). Its legs double up, so the unit can fit into an open fireplace. The charcoal-fire tools with wrought-iron

FOR OUTDOOR EATING

shafts are extra long—29 inches—to make sure your fingers don't roast along with the meat you're cooking.



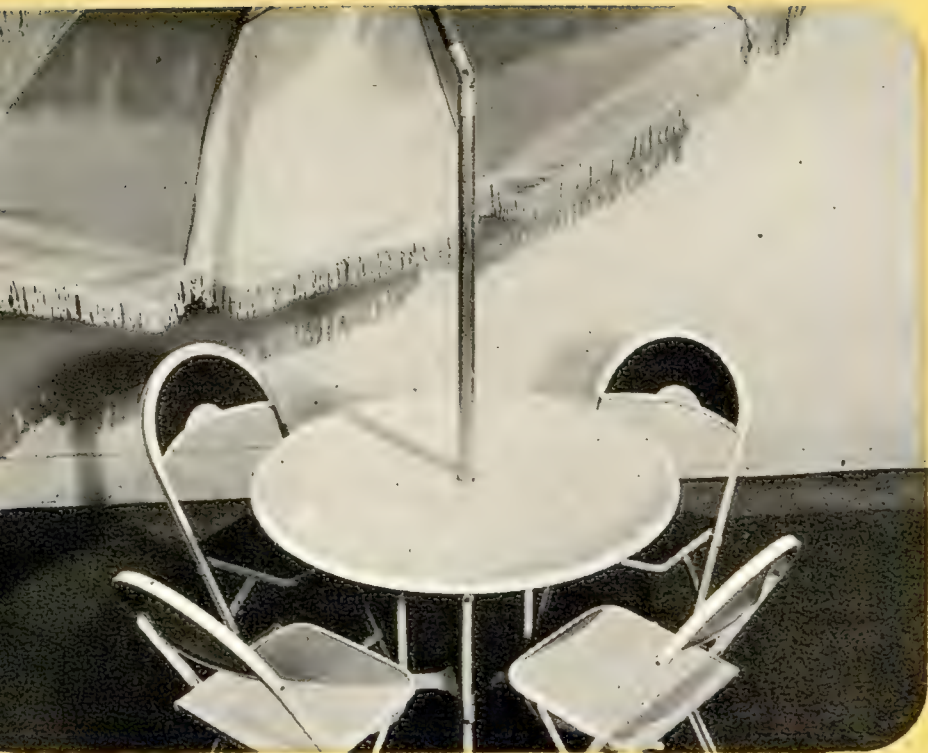
STUMPP & WALTER: CART, ABOUT \$8.50; FORK, \$3; RAKE, \$1.50.



STUMPP & WALTER: HOSE, ABOUT \$12.50; 8-QT. SPRINKLER, \$2.25.



STUMPP & WALTER: BROILER, ABOUT \$12; FIRE TOOLS, ABOUT \$4.



MEADOWCRAFT, ABOUT \$35; DURHAM CHAIRS, ABOUT \$3.50 EACH.



DURHAM: SELLS FOR ABOUT \$12 FOR THE TABLE AND TWO CHAIRS.



DURHAM: SELLS FOR ABOUT \$27 FOR TABLE AND THE FOUR CHAIRS.

■ *A wide lawn is an inviting spot, especially when a tilting umbrella protects you and your guests from a*

BEACH IN THE BACK YARD

too-hot sun. The umbrella shown here (upper left) is similar to the gaily colored ones dotting a beach, but has a dial control to vary the angle at which it leans. You'll be grateful for the folding chairs all year—for the lawn, for bridge and poker games, as extras for the playroom when the younger neighborhood crowd streams in (left). For the very young crowd you might in-

JUNIOR-SIZE TABLE AND CHAIRS

vest in junior-size folding chairs and tables. They will keep children happy with their own tea and luncheon parties, and take a lot of abuse as worktables for painting, drawing, and building blocks. Another thrifty investment is this set of four folding chairs and a round table covered in leatherette (lower left). They're a good bet for outdoor teas and picnics on the lawn now. For year-round duty indoors, you will find them con-

FAMILY ALL-AROUND TABLE

stantly handy for meals, cards, and for sewing. This attractive leatherette table is about 36 inches in diameter.



Olive-stuffed eggplant came to us from the Spaniards. Even its aroma is most tantalizing.



Shrimp-and-oyster jambalaya is something to smack your lips over. And it sustains life, too.

JAMBALAYA AMERICANA

■ *It was in the pioneer kitchen of Connelly's Tavern at fabulous Natchez on the Mississippi that I learned how modern American cooking was born.*

■ *Back of the Tavern, on Ellicott's Hill, the American flag was first waved in defiance of the Spanish (in 1797) and our territorial expansion began.*

■ *Illustrated here is the "wafer" iron with its long handle — grandfather of today's waffle iron. The recipe, I discovered, was that which is used for our modern soda crackers. Here, also, is the granddaddy of the electric blanket — the big round perforated appliance called a bed warmer. The three-pronged spider-looking iron kettle is only a generation removed from today's electric casserole or roaster. Then, pretty much as now, cooks saved time and food with a dinner-in-a-dish meal.*

■ *Five flags have waved over Connelly's Tavern. And inside the hearth kitchen, with its handmade red-brick floor, the up-to-that-minute cooking appliances were used in developing a blend of the cooking skills of the nations who enjoyed its hospitality.*

■ *All this happened about the time our nation was born, for this historic shrine, now purchased and restored by the Natchez Garden Club, was built before 1795.*

■ *Another name for the so characteristically*

American dish, the casserole, is the jambalaya. Or maybe you would like to call it a "stew" and be as frank and forthright as the rules that governed guests at Connelly's Tavern: "Not more than five to sleep in one bed. . . . No boots to be worn in bed. . . . No dogs allowed upstairs." Supper was sixpence. There was a limit to a portion—seven ladlefuls! You can see the ladles hanging handily on the hearth-kitchen wall.

■ *A lot of American history went into a jambalaya: All the simple frugality of the Indian "appones"; all the Old World elegance of the Spanish and French who first enjoyed the hospitality of that cultivated tribe called the Natchez. You, of course, have eaten "appones." Maybe you called them corn pone or sweet-potato pone. Originally they were little cakes of corn meal and water and salt. Today, in the Carriage Tea Room, now operated by the Pilgrimage Garden Club of Natchez, a sweet-potato pone turns out to be a casserole of cooked and mashed sweet potatoes blended with milk, eggs, sugar, butter, and cinnamon. Nellie, who smiled when I asked her what made her sweet potatoes so good, said it was the cinnamon.*

■ *You see it again in spoon bread, which I like to call my "show-off" dish. If you were to come to my house, most likely I would stir up a spoon bread as foil for fried chicken gravy.*

(Continued on page 64)



Spoon corn bread is like a French soufflé—it must be sent direct from the oven to the table.



Apricot fruit whip came to us from England. It is tangy apricot fluff and whipped cream.

APPLIANCES

■ *Make canning a family affair this year, with everyone pitching in together. If you have never tried a pressure cooker for canning, you'll be delighted with your success. The National pressure cooker at right is designed for canning large quantities; holds eight pint jars. About \$19.*



■ *The cooker at left is a smaller cooker excellent for small-lot canning, for blanching vegetables in preparation for canning, and for daily cooking. For non-pressure cooking, leave the metal clasp, which forms the pressure seal, unfastened. Universal; priced about \$12.95.*



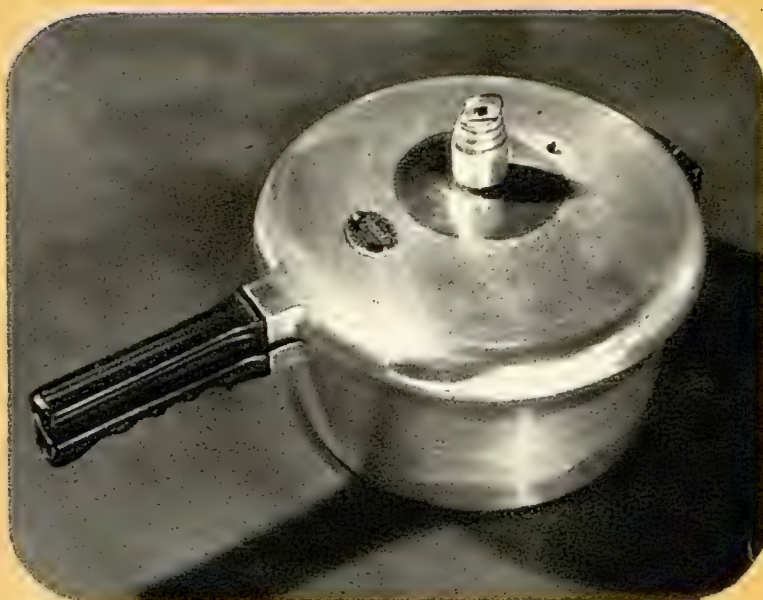
■ *To make sure home-grown vegetables taste as good as they look, invest in a pressure cooker. This year a variety of models are available at fair prices. At the right is the Wear-Ever — its snap-tight cover locks swiftly and securely. Holds about four pint jars. Sells for about \$18.*



■ *Even if you don't have garden-fresh vegetables from your back yard, you'll want to serve vegetables you buy at the market at the peak of their flavor. The pressure cooker at the left saves not only fuel but minutes as well. It holds about four pints. Mirro-Matic; price about \$14.*



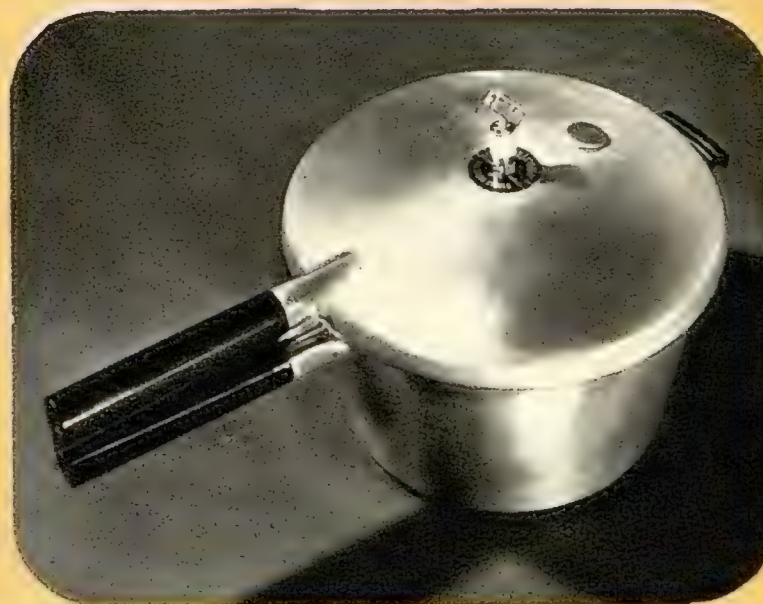
■ *The cooker at right is good for pot roast or stewing chicken. It's the answer to women's demand for a meat-size pressure cooker. The weight indicator on the cover goes from 5 to 15 pounds pressure. (See instruction book which shows exact pressure to use.) Presto; about \$12.95.*



■ *Home economists say that pressure cookers do the best job of retaining desirable food values, whether you're cooking peas for supper or canning wax beans for next winter. An easy-to-handle, straight-sided cooker is the West Bend, at left. It holds three pint jars. About \$13.*



■ *Like other pressure cookers, the Maglcook model at the right boasts its own safety device. In this case, a plug in the cover lifts so excess pressure may escape, and returns to place when pressure is reduced to normal. Pressure gauge is set to operate at 5, 10, or 15 pounds. About \$8.*



■ *This excellent pressure cooker has smooth casserole-style handles, so cooker may be used as a serving dish as well as a cooking utensil—saving dishwashing. Its safety device, concealed under cross bar on cover, hisses a warning signal when pressure shoots up. Ekco; about \$12.95.*



DECORATING

Ivy leaves on a trellis of bamboo poles. This is a good paper for sunny rooms. *Birge*. Sells for about \$2.50 a single roll.

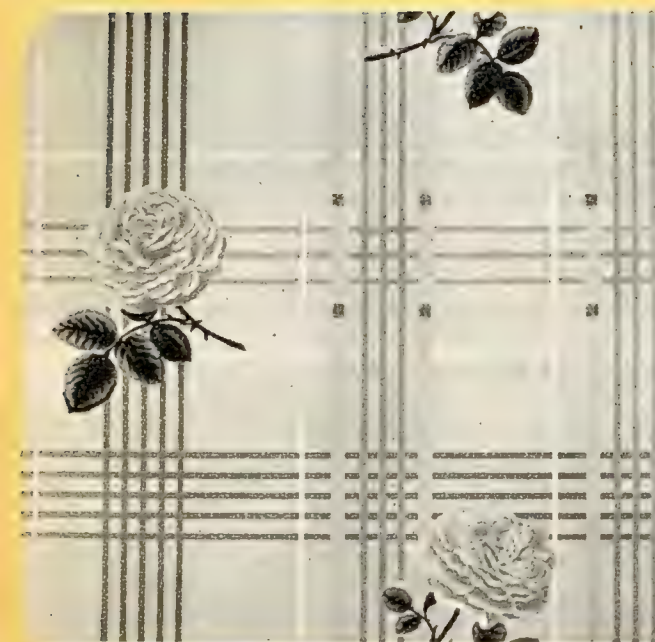
Rose medallions and lacy scrollwork for Victorian living rooms. *Charter House — Birge*. About \$1.50 for a single roll.

This bamboo pattern is appropriate for almost any room. In tan or green shades. *United*. About \$1.50 for a single roll.



■ Wallpaper, skillfully selected, can transform a tired room. The right pattern in the right colors can make a room seem larger or smaller, brighter or darker. It appears to raise or lower a ceiling, conceals deficiencies, and stresses good points. And all for comparatively little money, if the family does the actual papering. So if your budget and your house have that we-give-up look, consider wallpaper as one possible solution to your decorating problems.

■ Perhaps you're sighing for only minor changes. Then try paper for one or two walls of a room and paint for the others — it's a decorator's trick. Paper an alcove or small dinette off the living room to achieve a separate room effect. To make adjoining rooms seem larger, hang the same pattern in both rooms. Closet shelves and walls can be made more attractive with wallpaper — it may even turn out to be the spur that you need to keep them in better order.



Bedroom walls seem spacious with this pink or two shades of blue paper. *Rose on Plaid — Imperial*. About \$3 a roll.

Deep brown with chartreuse and green. Smart with modern furniture. *Skane — Schumacher*. About \$2.25 for a single roll.

Morning glories in red, deep blue, and white for a hall or dining room. *Summer Morning — Imperial*. \$2.50 a roll.

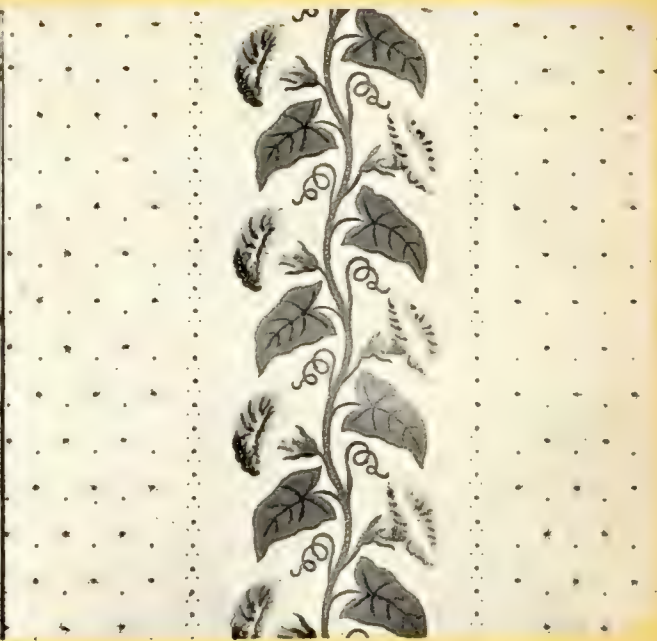
Baskets of red cherries, green leaves, and silver dots lend gaiety to kitchen and dinette. *York*. About \$1.20 a single roll.



Victorian furniture blends well with this muted teal-blue-and-maroon paper. *Strahan—Thibaut*. About \$2.30 a single roll.



Washington's staff in 1776 enjoyed the original of this paper. *Jumel Mansion—Thibaut*. About \$1.50 for a single roll.

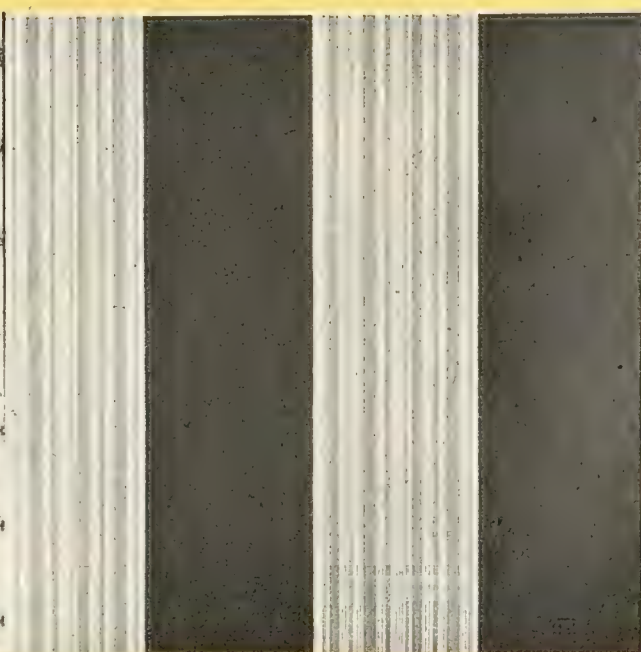


■ This is a good year to shop for wallpapers. For almost the first time, there are realistic prices on some of the clean-cut modern patterns once found only in the high-price brackets. Those who prefer traditional florals and all-over styles will like the new, fresh colors. The quality is better, and there are some real improvements—papers which have been treated so that you may scrub them to remove dirt and stains, crayon marks and children's fingerprints.

■ So take a thoughtful look at the varied styles we have collected here. That stripe could make your ceiling seem higher. A floral is a good choice for a bedroom; the boy-and-girl paper for a child's room. Traditional settings take a small all-over pattern or a scenic print. Bold stripes or plaids fit into a modern room. Before you decide, however, pin a six-foot length of the paper on the wall and live with it for a week. That way, you can be sure whether you like it.



This neat pattern of deep-blue medallions with gray helps almost any room. *Elmsford—Strahan*. About \$2 a single roll.



This paper is good in hall, living room, or boy's room. *Westchester Stripe—Schumacher*. About \$2 a single roll.



This stainproof, washable paper is practical and attractive in children's rooms. *Retex—Thibaut*. About \$3.50 a roll.



1. Charmant—Thibaut. About \$3 a single roll.
2. Starbrook—Schumacher. About \$2.10 a roll.
3. Strapwork—Imperial. About \$3 a single roll.
4. York. Sells for about \$1.65 a single roll.
5. Hall. This is priced about \$2 a single roll.
6. Birge. Sells for about \$1.50 a single roll.
7. Tudor Rose—Thibaut. About \$2 a single roll.
8. Ridgewood—Schumacher. About \$2.45 a roll.

IS A MAJOR EARTH- QUAKE OVERDUE?

Continued from Page 25

ing on, but within 20 years. The fault is an ancient crack running northwest/southeast the length of California, losing itself in the Pacific at the north and in the Gulf of California at the south. It crosses the San Francisco peninsula and goes within 50 miles of Los Angeles. Thus the center of the disturbance may be near a big city, or off the coast of Oregon, or in Mexican waters.

Another eminent authority, Professor Perry Byerly, who has had charge of the University of California's seismograph stations since 1925, would not be surprised if an earthquake in the San Francisco area, comparable in violence to that of 1906, occurs tomorrow, and not surprised if there is no such quake for 60 years.

Dr. Bailey Willis, seismologist and emeritus professor of geology at Stanford—and, like Byerly and Gutenberg, prominent in the Seismological Society of America—said the other day that "on a guess" we have no indication of a repetition of the 1906 shock in the bay region in the near future, but that, like death, it may strike at any time.

Nearly 25 years ago he predicted an earthquake for southern California, without specifying a time. "In the matter of insurance," he wrote in a scientific journal, "considering the large area, policies may well be written on the basis of a twenty-year period of immunity." As that was 1924, the period of earthquake immunity expired four years ago.

There has been no great disaster since 1924 in the area, although considerable damage was done at Santa Barbara in 1925 and at Long Beach in 1933. A much stronger quake was felt in the Imperial Valley in 1940. It was the only one of the three to take place on the San Andreas fault.

In 1933 a Joint Technical Committee on Earthquake Protection, headed by Dr. Robert A. Millikan of the California Institute of Technology, announced flatly that an earthquake comparable in intensity and duration with the San Francisco earthquake of 1906 might come at any time anywhere in southern California. It pointed out the flimsy character of school buildings damaged that year at Long Beach—in a quake which fortunately came after school hours—and rapped the knuckles of public officials for not heeding the lessons of 1906.

■ Major earthquakes have shaken northern California every 30 or 40 years since records were first kept. There were severe shocks in the late 1830s. In 1868 there was great damage along the Hayward fault, which parallels the San Andreas fault about 18 miles to the east, and in San Francisco, buildings on made ground suffered. Then, less than 38 years later, came the quake that destroyed much of the city.

Serious shocks have occurred so regularly that it's reasonable to expect one every 30 or 40 years, but there is no scientific basis for the cycle theory, seismologists say.

California produces about two-thirds of America's destructive earth-

quakes. Patriotic Californians used to deny the existence of earthquakes, along with bad weather, but the tendency now is to admit the earthquakes and talk about the earthquake precautions.

The Coast and Geodetic Survey has finished re-examining a stretch of the San Andreas fault from Mount Tamalpais, north of San Francisco, to Mount Toro, near San Jose, for somewhat more than 100 miles of the 600-mile length of the San Andreas fault. Observations were taken in 1882, 1906 (after the earthquake), 1922, and 1946. They show a continuous creep northwestward on the ocean side of the San Andreas, and other parallel faults, as compared with the markers east of the faults. The movement, in the 35-mile-wide area surveyed, is at an average annual rate of about two inches. This is less than a snail's pace, but important in earth movements.

The earth's flow is slowest at the fault, because there the two sides join. If sights were taken over a greater distance than 35 miles, the movement would probably be shown to be correspondingly greater.

When the reports of other scientists are received in Washington and tabulated, much more will be known of the strain being built up along the fault north of San Francisco and south of San Jose. We do know now, at least, that tension is mounting in the San Francisco area.

■ Reports for the Philippines and Japan, as well as for our west coast, show that the whole rim of the Pacific Ocean is moving gradually northward, at least in relation to the lands next it. It may be, for instance, that the North American continent is moving southeastward and that the coastal strip is stable. Astronomical observations taken in 1885, 1906, and this year at Mount Toro, which is on the western side of the San Andreas fault, confirm that a movement is going on.

The last important earthquake along the San Andreas fault was in the Imperial Valley near El Centro in 1940. Here a canal was sheared 14 feet and a highway to the northward was offset 12 feet.

The San Francisco quake, which released more than 1,000 times the energy of the Long Beach or Santa Barbara shock, brought the most disastrous losses in lives and property that the United States has ever suffered. The cost was at least 700 lives, \$24,000,000 in earthquake damage, and \$400,000,000 in fire loss.

What would be the effect of a comparable quake on the city today? San Francisco has grown from 390,000 to 827,000, and the population of the bay area is more than 2,500,000.

Presumably, the city's building construction and fire-fighting equipment are vastly superior to those of 1906, and there would be comparatively little physical damage. It has a high-pressure fire-protection system, independent of the household water supply, with all its main pipes laid in streets where there were no breaks in 1906. Large reservoirs are kept filled with fresh water, and since 1914 two salt-water pumping stations on solid rock near the bay shore have been ready to supplement this with salt water if necessary. Fireboats can protect shipping and the shore areas, and also pump salt

GOOD NEWS

FOR WOMEN ON VACATION

*Tampax "internal" method
of monthly protection
perfected by doctor

Full month's supply will
slip into a purse

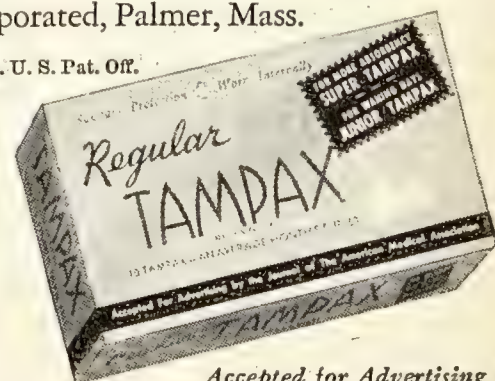


Leave your worries behind you when vacation days begin. And if "Tampax days" should arrive during your holidays, don't feel too depressed, for Tampax is monthly protection that seems to be made *especially for travelers and vacationists*. Being worn internally, Tampax is only 1/15 the size of older types—and it is invisible beneath the snuggest swim suit or the shortest shorts!

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water into any part of the piping system where it may be needed.

The unknown quantity in that or any other city is panic. The 1906 disaster came shortly after 5 A.M. Another shock might come during business and school hours. Although conditions and temperaments differ in the two countries, we must recall that in the Japanese earthquake of 1923, which occurred at noon, nearly 100,000 people died in Tokyo and Yokohama alone. Many of the deaths were due to fire, but panic played its part.

The number of persons in downtown San Francisco or Los Angeles during business hours may be 500,000. They would be in great danger from falling walls, etc. The chance of injury in theaters, department stores, and offices can only be guessed.

California officials are quake-conscious. A state disaster council, with headquarters in Sacramento, is headed by the governor. The major cities have their own plans, or have adopted the American Red Cross disaster and relief preparedness set-up. In 1927 Berkeley originated a disaster plan, believed to be the first of its kind, linking the municipal services, the Red Cross, and the University of California, as well as business and civic organizations. Across the bay in San Francisco the Red Cross established a Disaster Relief Commission.

After the Long Beach quake of 1933, Los Angeles created by ordinance its Major Disaster Emergency Council, with power to act in time of calamity, and divided the city into 15 "concentration" districts, with a camp in each, to be located in a park, golf course, or other open space where people may be housed, clothed, fed, treated for injuries. Closeness to a fault is of less importance, it has

been found, than the type of ground and the type of construction. Made ground and fills, especially when water-soaked, are the most dangerous. Next in order are loose water-charged natural ground and soft rock. Hard rock is safest.

The citizen in his frame bungalow, if he has no brick chimney above the eaves, is the safest. Modern office buildings of steel and concrete are almost as secure, provided the occupants don't get panic-stricken. But brick crumbles, tiles slip, stucco and plaster fall away from walls. Old and cheaply built office and apartment buildings are a great hazard.

Earthquake insurance is expensive. It varies with the type of construction and may cost three times the fire rate. It also varies with the zones fixed by the companies. Imperial County, in the southeast corner of California, has the highest zone rate in the United States. San Francisco and Los Angeles are next.

Engineers recommend construction that will withstand a considerable lateral force, but they are looking for a better formula, because an earthquake doesn't merely push—it shakes and vibrates a building. Meantime, they advise structures that will stand against a lateral force equivalent to a tenth of their weight. Tanks, towers, chimneys, smokestacks, penthouses, and the like should be designed to resist a force of not less than a fifth of their weight.

Although it's the earthquake state, California has no monopoly on temblors. Throughout the world probably a million occur each year. Earthquakes strong enough to break windows happen somewhere every month. On April 18 of this year, the forty-second anniversary of the disaster, a sharp little quake struck the San Francisco Bay area.

A new "seismic possibility" map of the United States, drawn by the Coast and Geodetic Survey with the aid of outside experts, places the following in the zone where major destructive earthquakes have occurred in the past and may reasonably be expected some time in the future: Most of California except the great central valley; western Nevada; the area around Helena, Montana, where strong quakes occurred in 1925 and 1935; the region around Charleston, South Carolina, center of a violent and unheralded quake in 1886; and the vicinity of New Madrid in southeast Missouri.

At New Madrid in 1811 and 1812 the greatest earthquake in U. S. history took place. Awful destruction will arise again some day in that area, in the opinion of many seismologists. The succession of shocks called the New Madrid earthquake began on December 16, 1811, and ran for more than a year. The region included the central Mississippi Valley, southeastern Missouri, northeastern Arkansas and western Kentucky and Tennessee. The shocks were felt in New Orleans, stopped clocks in Natchez, threw tops off chimneys in Cincinnati, rattled pitchers on District of Columbia washstands, were noticed in Detroit and upper Canada, and even rang a church bell in Boston. Actual loss of life was small, because the area was lightly settled.

Earthquakes are as certain as death and taxes, especially in California. Both San Francisco and Los Angeles, which are the centers of large populations swollen during the war years, have been warned of the danger. Until some method of definite forecasting is devised, they will have to rely on measures to cushion the blow when it comes.

JAMBALAYA AMERICANA

Continued from Page 57

But what I like to think of is a French soufflé made of eggs, milk, and corn meal—salt too. Most spoonbread recipes contain too much corn meal. I risk my reputation on using only enough to hold the mixture together, and take the precaution *not* to grease the sides of the casserole, then the spoon bread won't "collapse like a tired horse."

The French gave us that intuitive blending of native foods that makes the jambalaya something to smack a lip over. Every woman I met in this lower Mississippi Valley had her own special recipe for it.

In the dish pictured, oysters and shrimp were used, but fresh pork, ham, *chaurices* (pork sausages)—any or all three—or chicken or turkey may be used. However, no matter *what* you put into your casserole, begin by heating a small amount of oil (or fat) in an *iron* skillet. "Soften" the onions, as they say. Don't *brown* them. You might add minced parsley, a minced clove of garlic, celery, green pepper—any or all. "Soften" these with the onions. But the first step is to fry the meat, or fish, and onions in hot fat in a hot skillet. Add rice and fry it again to a golden color. Then add spicy tomato sauce and boiling water (or stock). Stir well, cover, and cook slowly until the rice is done.

From the Spaniards we got another kind of casserole meal, as decorative

as their most ornate furnishings. It was fashioned of native vegetables, colorful eggplant, maybe, stuffed with olives, green pepper, onions, and cheese, and topped with buttered crumbs. Tomatoes, onions, or squash were used, too. Into these went their subtle seasonings and not so subtle cayenne.

■ But how come we by that handsome parfait? To go back to history, when British Royalists loyal to the Crown got land grants, they set up what they called an "ideal mode of living" in Natchez. England got the Natchez territory—West Florida—by treaty with the Spanish in 1763, remember? And so a new chapter was added to our American cookbook, with plum puddings, mince pies, fruit fluffs, fools, and whips. For this July I have selected a fruit whip made of dried apricots.

Parfait glasses are filled with alternating layers of apricot fluff and whipped cream. (Not having parfait glasses, goblets will work fine.) The cream is whipped first—then *tinted*. Remember this touch next time you serve a fruit whip.

Spoon Corn Bread

Scald

2 cups milk
Add gradually
½ cup corn meal (yellow preferred) and cook for 10 minutes, stirring constantly.

Beat the yolks of

3 eggs together with
½ teaspoon salt.

Pour the cooked-milk-and-corn-meal mixture over the beaten yolks and blend well.

Beat

3 egg whites until stiff.

Fold egg whites into the milk-corn-meal-and-egg-yolk mixture. Bake in a casserole (with just the bottom buttered) in a 325° oven until nicely browned (about 40 minutes).

Serve immediately from the dish in which it was baked, adding butter and jelly. Serves 4.

Olive-Stuffed Eggplant

Cut large pieces from pits

1 cup ripe olives.

Cut in half lengthwise

1 medium-length eggplant.

Cook 10 minutes in small quantity boiling salted water in covered pan. Scoop out inside, leaving ½-inch rim inside outer skin.

Cook in fat 10 minutes (about 2 tbsp. butter, margarine, or salad oil)

½ cup chopped onion

¼ cup chopped green sweet pepper.

Chop scooped-out eggplant and add to cooked onion and pepper.

Blend in

¼ tsp. salt

½ tsp. black pepper

1 cup grated American cheese

Ripe olives.

Heap into eggplant shells. Top with buttered crumbs and bake in moderately hot oven (375°) for 30 minutes. Serves 4.

A CURE FOR BAD DRIVERS

Continued from Page 11

trouble with a couple of women subordinates who wanted her job. Night after night she drove home from the office in a flaring rage. When she banged into another car, she was merely acting out what she would like to have done to her enemies.

This patient didn't want to run away from the situation by changing her job; her position was too good to sacrifice. Instead, she agreed to seek the help of a psychiatrist in getting these antagonisms under control. She also volunteered to give up her driver's license until the day came when she could use it safely.

Patient Number Four, a 38-year-old factory worker, had, within two months, received half a dozen tickets for speeding. Last time he had just missed killing a man. "But it isn't my fault," he said. "As soon as I start driving, some men from my plant begin tampering with the speedometer." "How do they do that?" Mr. Canty inquired. "By radar," whispered the patient hoarsely. "And I'll tell you something else—some day I'm going to get every one of those guys."

Thanks to the clinic, a dangerous lunatic was discovered and put away before he could commit murder.

Detroit's Psychopathic Clinic was set up 26 years ago to study men and women charged with criminal offenses. Mr. Canty, who before joining the clinic staff had made a study of accident-prone motormen for the Cleveland Railway Company, proposed in 1935 that a separate division be set up for traffic offenders. A year later this branch was organized under Dr. Lowell S. Selling, then head of the clinic.

■ At first the emphasis lay on such things as reaction time, depth perception, and sensitivity to glare. But the clinic staff was soon impressed by the fact that such tests told only a small part of the blood-stained story. People could pass them with a flourish and still be as dangerous on the roads as a junior juggernaut.

Much more important was what was going on in the patients' minds. The staff was appalled by the insane and feeble-minded drivers its investigations netted. For instance, there was a man with a nine-year-old mentality who had received 287 tickets before coming to the clinic's attention. But the investigators also found numbers of people with neither mental nor physical impairments to explain their bad records.

"We began to realize how many accidents are due to the fact that people use automobiles to express their emotional problems," Mr. Canty said. "A person might have an unconscious desire to commit suicide. He might use a car to act out his stifled hatred for his wife, his mother-in-law, or his employer, or to get even with a world he feels has slighted him. Such a person drives without consideration for anybody else, his main idea being to beat the other fellow and cause him chagrin. Also, a driver might become so absorbed in thinking about an emotional difficulty or even about the joys of being in love that he plunges

through an important 'Stop' sign."

That mental and emotional factors are usually more important in driving than one's physical set-up has been amply illustrated by the records. Drivers from 17 to 20 have, on the whole, hair-trigger reactions and eyesight that would do credit to a sparrow hawk. Yet they have an accident rate twice as high as the far less fit 40 to 49 group, and also higher than drivers from 60 to 70. Grandmother and grandfather do very well, as a matter of fact. Although men and women in their seventh decade comprise 5 per cent of Detroit's drivers, they are responsible for only 2.4 per cent of the accidents. Not until a driver is past 70 does he become as dangerous on the street as his 20-year-old grandson.

Youth's bad record on the roads is due in part to the fact that a young person who wants approval but has little to offer in the way of achievement finds an outlet in showing off behind the wheel.

■ In the opinion of the clinic's staff, finding constructive ways for young people to build up their egos can be an important means of preventing accidents and saving lives. There was the case of John M—, an 18-year-old boy arrested for sitting on the back of the driver's seat and steering the car with his feet. Because his action had endangered the lives of a group of children, the clinic was criticized for not recommending signal punishment. But the staff discovered that an attack of infantile paralysis had left John with weakened muscles in one leg and a sense of inferiority that had given

him an itching desire to show off.

A jail term would have done nothing to straighten out his impaired personality. Instead, the young offender was put on probation for a year. Exercise strengthened his muscles; good counsel and the uncovering of a talent for drawing helped to build up his self-esteem. By the end of the year he had a job and could safely be trusted behind a steering wheel. He has not been in trouble since.

Sometimes self-esteem can be bolstered by such a simple thing as a new hobby.

An older person with a severe inferiority complex may also turn out to be a dangerous driver. "Hen-pecked husbands are quite likely to become pugnacious when they get behind a steering wheel," said Judge Thomas F. Maher, who presided for ten years in Detroit's Traffic Court. "It's the one good chance they have to assert themselves."

"There is a very direct relation between the divorce rate and the number of people killed and maimed on our highways," Mr. Canty said. According to the clinic's case histories, a large number of the patients who have repeated accidents come from broken homes. Worry over debts also is a frequent reason given for absent-mindedness at the wheel. Usually, in such cases, Chief Probation Officer Frank P. Finn sends one of his staff to call on the family and go over their financial problems. In many cases the probation officer helps work out a budget which, by reducing the reasons for worry, also cuts down the likelihood of preoccupation on crowded thoroughfares.

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In making a special study of 500 clinic cases, Mr. Canty found that 15 per cent were confirmed alcoholics, and another 35 per cent drank fairly regularly. One odd fact developed—the young groups who have the most accidents do not include the highest proportion of drinkers. The percentage is greatest among men from 40 to 50.

Of the dangerous drivers who go through the door marked "Psychopathic Clinic," only one in 26 is a woman. Women stay out of trouble partly because they do most of their driving on quiet suburban streets. When they drink they are generally in the company of men, so it is an illuminated male who usually takes the wheel, as well as the rap in case of an accident.

According to Judge Murphy of Detroit's Traffic Court, the most perilous women drivers are those going through the menopause. They are likely to be irritable and fluttery.

Countless accidents could be prevented if all prospective drivers were required to go through the clinic before being licensed—a program which unfortunately isn't practicable because it would require a staff large enough to raise goose pimples on the municipal budget. However, there are ways of accident prevention fairly painless to taxpayers. One is the education of parents. "Producing a good driver begins in the cradle," Dr. Wiren said. "The job of building up a mature, well-adjusted personality is usually accomplished in the first seven years of life. While those automobile courses offered high-school students are very useful, they can't guarantee to make a good driver out of a spoiled, emotionally immature child or one nursing suppressed feelings of hatred and aggression."

"A person who has had several minor accidents in a row can prevent a really serious smash-up by

taking stock of himself," Mr. Canty advised. "He should begin with a physical going-over, to make sure the fault doesn't lie in weakened eyesight or some other bodily condition. Then he should ask himself whom he is hating, what he is secretly worrying about, or what disagreeable thing he is trying to escape by landing in a hospital. If he has hidden his problem too deeply to dig out himself, he should consult a psychiatrist."

■ Few patients who go through the clinic come back on new charges later on. The Probation Department reports that, in the long run, about 87 per cent of its cases involving traffic offenders close successfully.

Exactly to what extent the clinic is responsible for Detroit's good traffic record the staff has no way of knowing. But there is no doubt that the clinic has helped to save a substantial number of lives. ■ ■

IT'S YOUR FUNERAL

Continued from Page 15

the aged and orphans. . . .

"It is entirely proper to hold the Christian service separate from the services conducted by social, fraternal and military groups.

"It is entirely fitting that burial be in private and that a memorial service be arranged in the church afterwards."

The booklet also suggests that ministers be consulted as early as possible on arrangements; says that obituaries are "usually unnecessary," and states unequivocally, "No charge is made for the services of your minister at the time of death."

These statements, mild as they seem, strike hard at some customs that are deeply ingrained.

What is the morticians' answer?

Told in advance what When Death Comes would say, Elgin's funeral directors had a public-opinion survey made of attitudes toward funerals. Exact tabulations from that survey are published here for the first time.

Of the 574 families interviewed, 44.3 per cent had attended a funeral service within the preceding six months; 33 per cent had been served at some time by an Elgin mortician; 90 per cent were identified with some local church. Twenty-two questions were asked, of which the following are the most illuminating:

"Should funeral costs be minimized and the difference used for charitable purposes?" (Yes: 39.1; No: 39.4; Uncertain: 21.5.)

"Should the tradition of viewing the body at the time of services be continued?" (Yes: 58.2; No: 35.2; Uncertain: 6.6.)

"Should interment be carried out in private?" (Yes: 24.4; No: 66.3; Uncertain: 9.3.)

"Should memorial services replace existing services?" (Yes: 9.0; No: 41.5; Uncertain: 49.5.)

"Should Christian services be held separately from lodge, military, and other organizational rites?" (Yes: 59.6; No: 24.8; Uncertain: 15.6.)

"Are funeral costs too high?" (Yes: 31.7; No: 29.6; Uncertain: 38.7.)

"Do funeral directors coerce families into buying expensive funeral services?" (Yes: 16.9; No: 67.4; Un-

certain: 15.7.)

Regarding the place where services should be held, 35.1 chose church; 40.1, a mortuary chapel; 24.8 had no preference.

This survey was paid for by Elgin's morticians and conducted by Business Builder Counsellors, a Chicago company.

In general, the ministers' reaction to the survey was summed up by the Rev. Harry K. Zeller, Jr., pastor of Elgin's Church of the Brethren: "My job is 90 per cent against the grain, to bring about things that wouldn't happen without some effort to make them happen. It's my job to oppose the status quo, not to study and conform to it."

The fight, then, isn't directly between Elgin's ministers and morticians. It's a three-cornered affair, with the morticians willing and even anxious for people to do what comes naturally, and the ministers trying to lead their flocks in what seems to them a better way.

Understandably, with an argument that belongs to all mankind breaking in their own bailiwick, Elgin's funeral directors feel put upon. "Why pick on us?" they want to know. The fact is no one seems to think they're worse—or better—than undertakers generally. They're typical.

The Elgin ministers aren't looking for a cat-and-dog scrap with anyone. But they, like ministers everywhere, have had plenty of opportunity to see morticians at work. "Funeral directing," one minister said, "puts men under an almost unbearable ethical burden. It's a business that calls for saints. And one of the worst things is that the people in the business don't even seem to be aware of that fact. They expect to be left free to operate like people in any ordinary business."

Elgin's funeral directors, like their colleagues everywhere, declare, "We don't sell people anything they can't afford, and we can prove it."

And the ministers' retort is, "Of course they don't. Nobody in his right mind sells merchandise he knows he can't get paid for. But is it right to sell widows all they can afford, leaving them nothing?"

The morticians do agree that it's unethical for a funeral director to oversell. But they don't concede that it is common practice.

As evidence, they quote a continuing survey made by the National Selected Morticians. This organization regularly sends questionnaires to people served by its 500 members. About 38 per cent of the people reply. Among them, 81 per cent say they paid about what they expected to pay for a funeral; 15 per cent say they paid less; and 4 per cent, more.

The same source provides figures to show that in 1947, U. S. funeral costs averaged \$409, based on this breakdown: \$249 or less, 23.8; \$250 to \$499, 51.4; \$500 to \$699, 16.8; \$700 to \$999, 6.1; \$1,000 and up, 1.9.

Costs, of course, are going up. In 1945 the average was \$333; and in 1946, \$375. In big cities, too, they're higher: The New York State Funeral Directors Association recently estimated that funerals in New York City last year averaged \$496.

These figures cover what is known as a "complete funeral"—a unit-charge system used in Elgin and in most other places. The unit price covers the casket, embalming, the mortician's services and use of his facilities. According to the N.S.M., there may be as many as 75 service items.

■ Critics maintain, however, that the unit-cost system is used to maintain and mask outlandish overhead charges and profits.

The facts suggest that the system does indeed leave room for some exceedingly openhanded bookkeeping. A qualified expert in Elgin estimated that if a person there buys a more or less typical \$500 funeral, this is what he will actually get: a casket bought at wholesale for about \$150; embalming worth \$30 (in big cities, where most embalming is "farmed out" to wholesale firms, that figure would be less—in Chicago, for example, \$17.50); use of vehicles which could be rented for about \$60; music, for which an organist is paid \$3; and miscellaneous items worth about \$5. All this adds up to \$248.

The remaining \$252—slightly more than half the customer's bill—would cover payment for the mortician's own time, overhead on the mortuary building, and profit.

According to morticians, the profit item practically disappears when the total bill is less than \$250; it increases rapidly when the total is over \$500. Expensive funerals help make

up for losses on cheaper ones and charity cases—which, in Elgin, no mortician has ever refused to handle.

Within the unit price now in use generally, there are considerable variations which are neither easy to justify nor ever made known to customers. A particular casket manufactured locally in Elgin, for example, has been the major item in "complete funerals" for which one mortician charged \$745; another, \$850; and a third, \$875. All of them paid the same wholesale price, \$200. Each claimed to be performing identical services. Such discrepancies seem to exist in the midst of theoretical free competition because no one "shops around" for a funeral.

Aside from that, "complete funerals" aren't complete. There are always "extras." One common extra is a vault to enclose the casket.

■ As a basic attitude toward funerals, Elgin's ministers want services kept quiet, brief, devotional. A service of more than 20 minutes, they believe, puts too much strain on survivors and becomes a "show" for the casual onlookers. They accuse the morticians of wanting services "jazzed up," of making them "extravaganzas" to show off their handiwork and to justify large expenditures.

Painfully aware of such criticisms, and seemingly sincere in their conviction that most of it is unfair, morticians are at a disadvantage in defending themselves. In general, the best they can say is that they have to do what people tell them to do.

What's the answer? Is there no solution to the funeral dilemma in which more and more money buys less and less of the simplicity and spiritual comfort on which Christianity and most other religions are in perfect accord?

Elgin's ministers think there is. Education, they believe, will eventually overcome the "traditions" and "customs" which in very recent years have run up costs at the expense of religious values. They are relying on the message of When Death Comes, and on sermons and personal counseling of church members. And they seem to be making headway.

In many places, particularly in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and parts of the South, burial co-operatives are growing. Their profit-free operations, usually based on a quick cremation with memorial services later, provide funerals for about \$145 to \$195. Last year there were 42 such co-ops, with about 37,000 members.

The morticians themselves have an answer—preplanning. The N.S.M. thinks people should either "pre-arrange" or "prefinance" their own funerals. The former means designating cost, merchandise, disposition of remains, etc., and the latter involves prepayment through a credit system or any of various forms of insurance. Either way, the N.S.M. points out, survivors are protected against buying too elaborate funerals in a time of stress.

Ministers and morticians both agree that everyone would be better off for thinking now about death's problems. "I tell people," Dr. Israel said, "It's your funeral. Why not plan for it now?"

In that frank approach lies the eventual answer to the high-cost-of-dying bogey. Even it, some day, may rest in peace. ■ ■

Must We Go To Church To Be Christians?



You've probably heard people comment at times on the fact that their Catholic neighbors go to church so often. Perhaps you've wondered yourself... is all this necessary?

Catholics, you may be sure, have good reasons.

Going to Mass on Sunday is, of course, an obligation for every Catholic. Confession and Holy Communion at least once a year are a sacred duty. But most Catholics go to Confession and receive Holy Communion oftener... some every month, some every week, some every day.

There are also many other special services and devotions for which Catholics go to church. In the average city, the Catholic Church is always open—and seldom empty. Many will enter the church at any hour of the day to visit Jesus Christ present on the altar, mindful of His invitation: "Come to Me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest."

But, you ask, is all this necessary? Catholics believe it is.

They believe that Christ not only called upon us to honor and serve God... but prescribed the ways in which we should do so. He did not say how often we must go to church... nor how many prayers we were to recite. But He did establish a Church with the power and authority to carry on His work... and He promised that His Church would last to the end

of time—that it would have God's protection in teaching all men to observe all things He had commanded, especially to believe and to be baptized and thereby become members of His Church to attain the purpose of their lives.

And how do Catholics know theirs is Christ's Church?

Because it possesses the distinguishing marks Christ gave His Church. It covers the earth as Christ said it would. Unchanged after nearly 2,000 years, it continues to live and grow, in fulfillment of His promise that His Church would last to the end of the world.

But the most convincing mark that He gave it, is its unity of faith, worship and obedience under the authority of the lawful and historical successor of Peter, the first Bishop of Rome and the "rock" upon which Christ built His Church. Just as Peter was the first Pope and the first Vicar of Christ, so also is Pius XII the 262nd Pope and the Vicar of Christ today.

If you would like to know more about the distinguishing characteristics which Christ declared His Church must have and which the Catholic Church possesses today, we'll be happy to send you without cost or obligation an interesting and enlightening pamphlet. Write today... ask for Pamphlet No. 2-L.

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NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS

Continued from Page 13

by Horace's procedure for over a week," continues Al. "Daily, Freddy, he has appeared here with little Natalie Pike, of whom he is presently enamored. On each occasion he demanded two jumbo banana splits and"—Al pauses—"paid in cash."

"What?" I exclaims. "You haven't carried him on the books for a week?"

"Even more, Freddy. Some ten days ago he cleared his account with a lavish gesture. Therefore, I can but give him an A-1 credit rating."

■ I am mystified. If Beanie is in the chips, why does he badger my bill-fold? The question still baffles me as, with alacrity, I attain the Parker porch.

There I stop, abruptly.

Out of the open living-room window issue the sounds of several voices. But that of Ely K. Parker, eminent attorney and odds-on favorite to become my father-in-law, dwarfs the rest.

"Constance," Ely K. is inquiring, "would you have me place obstacles in the pathway of personal initiative?"

From the lips of my loved one a plaintive wail arises. "Then you're satisfied—you're even delighted—to have your son a junk dealer?"

Herewith I enter. Unnoticed, I survey the battleground. On one side stands Ely K. in oratorical pose. Facing him across the broadloom is Connie, the ash-blond Mediterranean-eyed pigeon who has a monopoly on the Sandford heart. Same is now tearful and distraught. Beanie, smirking somberly, infests a chair.

"Well," sniffs the loveboat, "it all comes to this, then: Whenever the Calliope and Clio Society meets, it does so with simply scads of grubby-faced, dirty little boys racing through the yard and whooping and hollering out by the garage. Why, today—Oh, hello, Freddy!—we definitely could not hear ourselves think. I was never so mortified."

"Ha!" Her sire scratches his head. "Nevertheless, I refuse to penalize Horace for displaying resourcefulness. The room over the garage is his, to do in as he wishes. That is final."

And cabbaging the evening paper, Mr. P. folds his tent like the scarab, and silently steals away.

Connie wheels on me. "Freddy, I'm so darn redheaded I could kill somebody. Especially Horace."

"What," I asks, "seems to be the difficulty?"

"Just this," Connie snaps. "My darling brother is buying up trash in our back yard. And all day long a perfect procession of young ruffians streams in and out of here carrying broken dishes and rusty iron and old clothes and smashed furniture and—stuff. And father evidently considers it too-too cute."

"H'm," I says discreetly. "What is the Calliope and Clio Society?"

Beanie beats Connie to the punch: "Aagh, a sissy organ-i-zashun."

"Keep still, you little ignoramus!" flares Connie. "We girls formed the society recently, Freddy. And twice a week we meet to discuss music and poetry and trends and—oh, worthwhile things. But our games room is practically next to the garage. And the squalling, squabbling, bickering,

and fighting that go on there are positively out of this world."

"Well," I says, "it looks like either the C. and C. Society moves the seat of government or else Beanie runs his junkery at a new address."

"We're certainly not moving." My intended is definite. "I promised the girls the use of our room and they're going to have it. Freddy, you've simply got to reason with Horace!"

"Why'd Freddy want to kick?" Beanie cackles. "Quicker I make dough, quicker he gets paid off."

"Freddy? Paid off? What do you mean?"

Frantically I tip Beanie a wink. But that one is gazing dreamily into space.

"Aagh," he says, "ya don't un'erstand nothin'. I hadda have workin' capital, didn't I? So I borried ten bucks off'n Freddy."

"Freddy Sandford," Connie shrills, "you actually lent this idiotic boy ten dollars to run a junk business with? This whole thing is absolutely your fault. You encouraged Horace. And you can just find some way to make Horace stop this foolishness. Until you do, I won't even speak to you."

So saying, she herds me into the hall. Evacuated is the word for Frederick.

■ Well, I retreat to Al's. "Why, Freddy," says Al in alarm, "what's the trouble? An hour ago you left me in fine fetlock. You return, a hollow shell."

"Catastrophe, Al," I groans, and I spill the sadness.

He waggles his head. "I view this matter with concern, Freddy. If I know Horace, he will insist upon his rights."

"He is already insisting," I says.

"Well," Al says nonchalantly, "I'm very sorry for you, Freddy."

I thump the bar. "Quiet, Al! What I want from you is an immediate and comprehensive campaign for the restoration of the status Chlo."

Having suspended the sword of Damocles, I withdraw.

■ Passeth, then, a period during which Frederick sequesters self for several days, companioned only by books and leaden thoughts.

But one evening, seeking a philosophy in the Public Library, I note Her Nibs languishing hard by the W section. Approaching catfooted and peering over her shoulder, I see she communes with the poet Wordsworth.

"Ah," I quotes aptly into her off-side ear, "'I wandered lonely as a crowd.' That, my girl, is a fitting description of—"

The queen jumps and spins around. Instantly she wrinkles the niftiest nose in Shadow Orchard.

"Go away!" she hisses sibilantly, in deference to the Silence sign. "I'm not speaking to you."

Thwarted, I descend upon Al. I am patient to a fault. But the hour when I must spur that slacker to action has struck.

At the entrance of his emporium I am forced aside by an emerging threesome. In the lead is young Natalie Pike, the junior chick who finds favor with Beanie Parker. The Pike is a leggy assemblage, with red-gold hair and eyes like butter plates. Beanie himself runs second, complacently rubbing his stomach. And, just in the money, comes a stranger, genus male.

He is, however, as classy a duke

as ever festoons the boulevards of Shadow Orchard. His spang-new lightweight fedora tilts at rakish angle. Bo Brummell would have retired in ignominy before his pale-yellow tie, the perfectly cut brown herringbone sports jacket, the razor-edge creases in his gabardine slacks. In one hand he jauntily brandishes a Malacca walking stick. The other hefts a paper bag. Considering this lily of the field, I tape him for about thirty. But what he is doing in company of the local junkman, I wouldn't know.

I gape as the clothes-proud duke stows the young into a natty roadster. Then he takes the wheel and they scam, Beanie leering in triumph.

"Hey," I says to Al, inside, "who's the epitome of elegance that just departs this dump?"

"That, Freddy," Al informs me, "is a Mr. Valentine Broadhead, maternal uncle to little Natalie. Mr. Broadhead, I understand, could be described as a promoter and man of many interests. He makes his headquarters in New York, but is spending a few days with Natalie's parents. Beyond that, I know nothing, except that he insouciantly ordered three double black-and-white sundaes—plus a quart of maple-walnut, evidently for the consumption of the elder Pikes. Offhand"—Al looks wistful—"I would class Mr. Broadhead as a big spender. I wish he resided here."

"That will do, Al," I says disapprovingly. "Now, if you can elevate your mind above sordid commercialism, I will hear a brief résumé of your activities."

He fans his hands weakly. "Freddy, to my most cogent arguments Horace turns a deaf ear. Blandly he inquires as to why he should pay rental for a business site when he enjoys one free."

"Nasty greedy little viper," I says. "Did you point out that my future hangs in the balance?"

"I did," says Al. "And I regret to report that Horace sniggered."

"Well," I says, with irritation, "what's the next move?"

"I don't know, Freddy." Al languidly wipes a glass.

Before the severity of my mien the person quails. "Freddy," he whines, "I have come to my wits' end."

"A mere step," I snorts, "for an active man. Good day!"

■ Well, after this strained session, imagine my feelings when on Saturday morning I perceive an unorthodox conveyance proceeding down Main Street.

Guiding the contraption is that which appears to be Al, mustachios gently afloat in the June zephyrs. By his side sits Natalie Pike, saucer-eyed as usual. And to Miss Pike's starboard—Beanie Parker.

But it is the back seat, or tonneau, which evokes a Sandfordian goggle. This section groans under heterogeneous matériel. As they flash by I get a confused impression of sofa cushions, andirons, footstools, frying pans, mixing bowls, and allied articles.

For a moment I cannot believe it. But manifestly, some unholy partnership exists between this Benedict Arnold and my scheduled brother-in-law.

Late Monday afternoon, as I wend my homeward way, comes a tug at my sleeve. The next second the stern Sandford jaw drops.

The gorgeous spectacle confronting me is strangely familiar. But I blink copiously before cataloguing it as Beanie Parker.

His hair is brushed, combed. His countenance glistens like sunlight upon driven snow. A flamboyant cravat riots beneath his Adam's apple. In the sports coat he got for his birthday, plus decent pantaloons, he is the acme of sartorial perfection.

"Hiya, Ol' Buttermilk Sky," he says affably. "Here's somepin on account." In the manner of Croesus scattering largesse, he tenders a buck.

I cache the wherewithal before he changes his mind. But my tone is cold. "Little boy," I says, "I am very much displeased with you. Let alone that your cupidity jeopardizes my entire career, various unfeeling remarks attributed to you have reached me via the grapevine. But why are you flaunting yourself in those clothes? Sunday school was yesterday."

Beanie surveys himself with satisfaction. "Gotta keep up 'pearances, Freddy," he says. "That's good business. By the way, taka slant at this!"

With a flourish he whips a card from his pocket. Popeyed, I peruse the following:

THE HORACE H. PARKER ENTERPRISES

Horace H. Parker, Pres.

Temporary Offices: Al's Soda Bar
818 Main St., Shadow Orchard, N. Y.
Tel.: Main 7929

"Paste that in yer hat, Freddy!" says Beanie. "An' any time—Hey! That reminds me! That real-'state joint of yours is sure dirty-lookin'. Needs a good cleanin'. Now I got a fella workin' fer me—"

"Stop!" I says. "I flatly decline to introduce you or your myrmidons at Schofield & Sons. We desire to remain in business."

The executive begins wheedling. "Aw, Freddy! Didn't I just do ya a big favor?"

Ere I can probe this mystic query,

a rattle of machinery sounds. Young Willie McGoggin, a towheaded contemporary of Beanie, defiles the sky line astride an archaic bicycle.

"HEY!" bawls Beanie, in a voice to shame a top sergeant. "CUM-MERE, YOU!" He turns back to your chronicler. "Scuse me, Freddy! I gotta tell Willie what's what."

Well, it is a groggy Frederick who changes course and steams toward Al's. Traitor though he may be, I feel it material to get the savant's view on this Parkerian metamorphosis. Such is the profoundness of my perplexity, however, that I am deep in the cokery before I observe that the place crawls with pulchritude.

Blondes, brunettes, Titians, ashens and they of nondescript hue litter the fairway like crocuses in spring. But a scraping of chairs, a scuffle of moccasins and forty thousand assorted giggles signify that the hordes of Hebe are about to decamp.

Gallantly I stand one side. Then, suddenly, Constance effervesces out of the melee.

"Oh, Freddy," she trills, "why didn't you come sooner? The Calliope and Clio Society would have given you a vote of thanks—and a chocolate soda."

"Huh-uh-h?" I bat the Sandford orbs.

"But definitely." She pats my arm. "We've just celebrated our most peaceful meeting since the society was founded. Freddy, I haven't time now to tell you how resourceful I think you are, because I'm actually rushed. If you're free tonight, though, I—Yoo-hoo, Mabel! Wait for me-ee!"

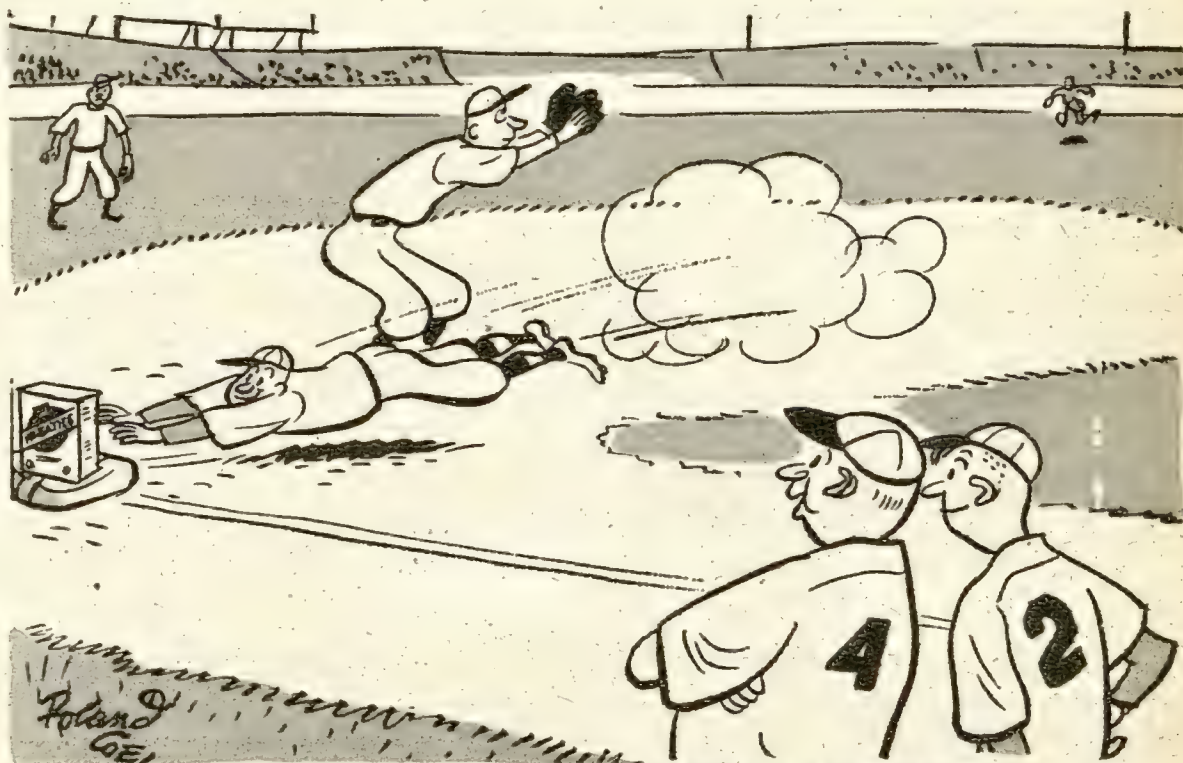
She's off, actually, like the antelope. But—regenerated is the word for Frederick.

■ In some bewilderment nevertheless, I turn to Al.

"Give ear, fellow!" I says. "Happily, if esoterically, Her Highness just recalls me from exile."

Al moves back of the bar. "Splendid, Freddy. I planned it that way!"

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Want to accomplish more yourself? Start with a good breakfast. Have Wheaties to begin with. A big bowlful, with milk and fruit. That's

a training dish famous among athletes. Flakes of 100% whole wheat. Seven dietary essentials in Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions!"

"Proceed, Al," I says, slightly floored.

"Having encountered grave sales resistance from Horace," Al proceeds smoothly, "I switched my attention to little Natalie Pike."

"Al," I says, dimly conscious of some vast conception, "there could have been astuteness here."

He bows. "There was, Freddy. I inquired of Miss Pike whether she considered her social status enhanced through association with a junk dealer. After some thought, and a free tutti-frutti frappé, she replied negatively."

"Shortly thereafter," resumes Al, "Horace complained of transportation difficulties. He had made, he stated, arrangements for disposing of his purchased goods to a large junkyard over in Center City. But haulage rates are, in his opinion, exorbitant. So"—Al blows himself to a shadowy smile—"I generously offered my car for the removal of the merchandise to the Center City outlet. I further suggested that Miss Pike be invited along."

"For what purpose?" I inquires.

"Well," Al says, "I had discovered that Natalie entertains a profound reverence for her uncle, Mr. Valentine Broadhead. Mr. Broadhead's exquisite dress, his affluence, his varied interests and devil-may-care deportment—there is a man, Freddy, who'd as soon buy a quart of ice cream as eat it—appeal strongly to the romantic in Miss Pike. Considering this, I deemed a junkyard the ideal locale for calling her attention to the alarming discrepancy between her picturesque uncle and Horace."

■ "Al," I says, sotted voice, "this skirts the sublime."

"Quite so, Freddy. And when Horace returned from truckling, little Natalie issued an edict: Either he must forswear her or the rubble-and-remnant endeavor."

I snap fingers. "So that's why—"

"Patience, Freddy!" He elevates awesome hand. "Horace, just then, was jubilant. He had computed that he stood to clear a dollar seventy-five per week for the remainder of the summer. The thought of that princely sum slipping away was

anathema to him. But at this tense moment I unobtrusively brought forward your pertinent suggestion."

"My suggestion?"

"Exactly. I said, 'Freddy Sandford wonders, Horace,' I said, 'why you do not become a man with many irons in the fire, like Natalie's Uncle Valentine, and reap profits from the labor of lesser individuals instead of sully your own hands in trade.' Horace was immediately intrigued. I then added, Freddy, that you had no objections to our using your contacts in Center City."

"My contacts? Good night, I'm practically a total stranger."

The wizard winks. "We began, Freddy, with your good friend, Mr. Elphinbein of the Bijou-Palace Motion Picture Theater. Habitually, Mr. Elphinbein mails announcements of coming programs to a long list of patrons. And we were able to persuade him that having this correspondence addressed by hand, instead of coldly typed, would give his house a more personal, or intimate, flavor. Mr. Elphinbein saw the point. And graciously he let the contract for said addressing to Horace."

"But," I objects, "Beanie can't write 'cat' so's you can read it."

Al waves. "Admitted. But he has enlisted the services of a high-school girl who excels at penmanship. He will allow her a small stipend. We subsequently interviewed another stanch admirer of yours—Mr. Jared Naismith of Naismith & Naismith, sporting goods retailers."

I smite counter. "Al, I don't even know these guys."

"I do, Freddy," says Al composedly. "And Mr. Naismith finds difficulty in obtaining sufficient trout flies. He welcomed the idea of Horace's spending time in his firm, learning to fabricate piscatorial lures. Horace then plans to instruct certain of his henchmen in the art, selling their output to Naismith & Naismith. He estimates his labor costs at comparatively nil. I now come to my contribution."

"Weepers!" I says. "There are other faucets to the life of Beanie?"

"Definitely," Al says. "Horace now enjoys what could be termed the errand-boy concession at this soda

bar. Likewise this." He indicates the apathetic drugstore existing obscurely south of his fountain. "One of his legmen constitutes our Delivery Division, Horace receiving a modest rake-off on the lad's salary. Of course, even from these combined monopolies, Horace will scarcely net a dollar seventy-five weekly. But he is building his organization for the future. And, officially, he no longer traffics in junk."

"Which," I says heartily, "is the main consideration."

"There is one minor matter, Freddy. To date, the printing costs of seemly business cards for Horace have been borne by me."

■ I plop wallet on bar. "Wallow herein, maestro!" I invite.

"Three dollars covers everything," Al says, "including the tutti-frutti frappé consumed by Miss Pike."

"Al," I says, repouching the dust poke, "the utter utterness here lies in your having caused a one of Horace's noted avariciousness to abandon a sure buck seventy-five weekly. To exchange, as it were, substance for shadow."

He shakes his head. "Ah, Freddy! Such an achievement remains beyond even my powers."

"Huh?" I stare. "But you said Beanie was out of the rubbish racket."

"I said officially. Yesterday, however, Horace propounded a—um—nefarious proposition. Fearing to antagonize him, I agreed to countenance it and preserve silence. But only on condition of Connie's understanding that it was you, Freddy, who successfully swerved Horace to more genteel pursuits."

"Al," I says frankly, "I don't get it."

"Very simple, Freddy. Horace, with young Willie McGoggin fronting for him, continues to be in the junk business as motivating power, though sleeping partner."

"B-but where?" I exclaims.

"Freddy," says Al sadly, "in your behalf, myself, my wife, and three children are making a supreme sacrifice. The enterprise is going forward—in my back yard." ■ ■

HERE COMES CASEY

Continued from Page 21

Reese, the brilliant shortstop, tops him on the Brooklyn salary list.

Last year Hughie won ten games and his earned-run average was a none too lustrous 3.97. Yet Shotton, who filled in so ably for Durocher during Lippy's bitter year in exile, will tell you that the Dodgers were strictly also-rans without Casey. A study of the box scores makes that claim stick. Casey saved 16 Dodger decisions in addition to the ten on his ledger. That's a total of 26 for the year, or tops in the majors, save for Page, who won or salvaged 28 for the Yanks. But Casey dropped four to Page's eight.

The mere sight of Casey strolling grimly toward the box sends shivers of delight tap-dancing up and down Brooklyn spines. The joint may be jumping around his ears, but you'd never know it from his face or movements. He merely looks around at the crowded bases—they're seldom empty when Hughie's called to the scene—

throws a couple of warm-up pitches and he's ready to go!

"That's one of his great secrets," smiles Durocher. "Casey's arm is always loose and supple. He only has to throw a few balls and he's ready. He doesn't pitch his arm off in the bullpen warming up. He won't waste his best pitch in the bullpen."

Casey started down the National League's glory road on Memorial Day afternoon in 1939. The Dodgers—then in the first year of Durocher's skippership—were battling the Giants at the Polo Grounds. Off to a fast start, they were also wrestling the men of Bill Terry for the league lead. They dropped the first game of the holiday twin bill to Hal Schumacher. The faithful thought their new manager was out of his mind, daring to start the unknown Casey in the nightcap against the legendary Carl Hubbell, then still riding high.

But Casey came through, setting the Giants down with eight hits and beating Hubbell 3-1. It was the first of his 19 lifetime victories over the traditional interboro foe as against only five setbacks.

For the next two years he took his regular turn on the rubber and won consistently. Ironically, it was a pitcher, Claude Passeau, who put Hughie on relief. Back in 1941 the Dodgers were battling to dethrone the world champion Reds. Casey had gotten away to a good start, winning six straight. One afternoon in Chicago, Passeau clubbed him for a homer with bases loaded, to beat him. Durocher angrily sentenced Hughie to bullpen penance. The big fellow saved three games in the next seven days. Durocher then made the smartest decision of his turbulent career. "You're on relief for good," he told Hughie after the third rescue job. Neither Durocher, Casey, nor the Dodger fans have ever regretted that decision.

But Hughie still hasn't reached his one dearest goal. "I want to help bring the first world championship to Brooklyn. We've got a great chance to win another pennant this year. This club is young and coming." It's no secret that if the Dodgers win another flag, Casey wants another crack at the Yanks. ■ ■

THE MAN WITH THE TECHNICOLOR VOICE

Continued from Page 19

pared by a corps of assistants, headed by his chief writer, Prosper Buranelli, late of the old New York World. Buranelli has been with Thomas for years and knows exactly how to rough-tailor a script to fit the Thomas vocal cord. The script is polished by Thomas himself, who changes it to suit his tonsils and taste.

There is the newsreel twice a week. This takes all night when there is a crisis, and again Buranelli prepares the words. This dubbing is interrupted before 11 for a dash to CBS for Lowell's rebroadcast to the Coast.

All this requires energy, and at 56 Lowell Thomas is probably nothing except that. Thomas is slender, of medium height, and has a crop of dark-brown hair. Activity is relaxation to Lowell. He never worries. He overcomes his disappointments by starting some new venture. Very middle-of-the-road (except for skiing), he is abstemious about food and drink. He likes plain foods with large desserts, and takes one cigar after dinner.

Lowell Thomas was born in the town of Woodington, Darke County, Ohio. Today a sign graces its outskirts: "Woodington, Home of Annie Oakley & Lowell Thomas." His father, a Quaker schoolteacher, made Lowell elocute properly—everything from the poems of James Whitcomb Riley to Demosthenic speeches.

At 15 precocious Lowell was at Valparaiso University in Indiana, working his way as janitor, salesman, and night cook. Later he transferred to Denver University, where he took his bachelor's and master's degrees.

Armed with two degrees at 19, he studied law for a time, then taught at the Chicago Kent College of Law. Later he joined the Princeton faculty, teaching public speaking among other things.

The distant places began to call, so the ambitious young professor began spending his summers exploring around Alaska, lecturing thereafter with motion pictures he'd made.

When the first World War came, Thomas had the idea of making a visual and written history of the conflict. Secretary of the Interior Lane told President Wilson, and Thomas got the assignment. But the project had to be privately financed.

It was then a Thomas trait expressed itself: the ability to mine gold. "Whenever I have needed money desperately in my life," he admits, "I have somehow run into it; just as I have always run into people and events that have changed my life."

Thomas cornered a tycoon at the barber's. Such was his persuasive personality, that the tycoon helped to raise \$100,000!

So the young man of 25 went abroad with a battery of cameramen. Just before boarding the ship, Lowell married a college sweetheart, pretty, intelligent Frances Ryan of Denver. They went to war: she with the Red Cross, he with the Historic Mission.

"Part of our honeymoon was spent on the Italian front," Mrs. Thomas says. "We crawled around the trenches and got sniped at."

One afternoon in Venice in the fall of 1917, Thomas saw a news bulletin

THINGS BROKE RIGHT FOR PAT WHEN...

PARIS!

QUIZ

RIGHT FOR \$500! NOW GO DOWNSTAIRS TO ROE'S STORE FOR ANOTHER PRIZE!

PLEASE...IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. I'M OUT OF WORK AND HAVE NO MONEY...

YOU BROKE IT! PAY ME TEN DOLLARS OR I'LL CALL A COP!

I'LL HELP HER OUT!

MINUTES LATER

TIED AND DISHEARTENED AFTER A LONG DAY ATTEMPTING TO SELL HIS FIRST PLAY, YOUNG PAT MARTIN HAD JUST DROPPED IN TO WATCH A RADIO QUIZ SHOW. BUT THEN...

YOU MEAN...?

YES, IT WAS ALL A PUT-UP JOB TO TEST YOUR CHARITY. NOW LET'S GET BACK TO THE STUDIO, YOU'RE NOT THROUGH YET!

WE HAVE DINNER CLOTHES FOR YOU BACKSTAGE. AFTER YOU CHANGE, TAKE THE LADY OUT AND DO THE TOWN ON US

WOW!

A RAZOR? RIGHT HERE, SIR

WHAT A SLICK-SHAVING BLADE! MY FACE FEELS GREAT!

IT LOOKS GREAT, TOO. THIN GILLETTE ARE PLENTY KEEN

TELL OUR AUDIENCE YOUR PLANS, PAT

WELL, DINNER, THEN A GOOD SHOW AND THEN A NIGHT CLUB, IF THE LADY'S WILLING

WHAT A CHANGE! HE'S HANDSOME!

IF MY BROTHER LIKES YOUR PLAY, IT'S AS GOOD AS SOLD. HE'S THE BEST AGENT IN TOWN

GREAT! THEN I'LL CALL FOR YOU TOMORROW AT THE STUDIO

SHE'S TERRIFIC!

THIN GILLETTE BLADES GIVE SMOOTH, PLEASANT SHAVES THAT MAKE YOU LOOK AND FEEL TIPTOP. THEY ARE THE KEENEST, LONGEST-LASTING BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD. ALSO THEY FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR. PRECISELY AND PROTECT YOU FROM THE IRRITATING EFFECT OF MISFIT BLADES. TO ENJOY REAL SHAVING COMFORT AT A SAVING, BUY THIN GILLETTE BLADES

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AFTER THE SHOW

LIBERTY'S big-name record reviews will next appear in the August issue

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that told of General Allenby's preparations for an offensive to drive the Turks out of the Holy Land. If Allenby took Jerusalem—historic Holy City—what a story! It took all of Thomas' persuasiveness to talk the British into letting him into the Holy Land.

One day while walking along Christian Street in Jerusalem, Thomas ran into a group of bewhiskered Arabian sheiks. Among them he noticed a blue-eyed, beardless young sheik, evidently a Bedouin. He learned the young man was Lawrence, uncrowned King of Arabia.

Thomas persuaded Allenby to let him join Lawrence. Then, by drawing out Lawrence, who was very shy, on archaeology, talked him into letting Thomas accompany him. That was how Lowell got the whole story of Lawrence of Arabia—one of the world's great newspaper scoops.

■ Back home again, Thomas got

himself booked at the Century Theater in New York for a lecture on Lawrence of Arabia and the Allenby campaign. An English impresario named Burton happened to drop in. "If he hadn't," comments Thomas, "my life might have been a lot different."

Burton thought the lecture might go in London, and Thomas agreed to go. Night after night he packed the Covent Garden Royal Opera House and was forced to move to huge Albert Hall—doing four lectures a day, to 20,000 people, each paying as much as a guinea a seat. There were movies of the desert battles; an Irish tenor sang of Moonlight on the Nile; and a Welsh Guards band, selected by the music-loving Mrs. Thomas.

The king and queen came and were thrilled. Lowell stayed a year, giving his lecture to more than 1,000,000 and earning more than \$1,000,000.

Then the young millionaire made

some bad investments, and all of a sudden he was broke.

"I was about to lose my home," he says, "when a man I'd met in Shanghai gave me a tip that Doubleday, Doran were looking for adventure books. I followed it up and came away with a contract for six books, and the largest advance a book publisher ever gave. Again I'd run into somebody who meant a lot to me."

■ While Thomas was making a modest fortune lecturing and writing (he's appeared in almost every American town of over 5,000), Floyd Gibbons, who was making a sensation with nightly news reports on a new-fangled thing called radio, got mad at his sponsor and quit. The Literary Digest called on Lowell Thomas to audition for the spot. Typically, Thomas gathered a little group of experts to help him throw a script together. Among them were Prosper Buranelli, the World reporter, who'd give the news touch; Ogden Nash, an editor at Doubleday, Doran, for flashes of wit; and Dale Carnegie, who ran a public-speaking school at Carnegie Hall, to give the correct pitch.

"None of us knew a thing about radio or news scripts," reminisces Buranelli. "Tommy knew about reporters, however, and brought down a jug of applejack from his farm. Those were prohibition days. Dale Carnegie suggested we finish the script first and drink afterward. That was a hell of a way to win friends and we told him so."

Somehow an audition script was wrung out and Thomas got the job. His first broadcast was delivered on September 29, 1930.

When the Literary Digest folded, Thomas moved over to the Sun Oil Company on NBC for more than a dozen years—without a vacation. "It was one of the greatest selling jobs in radio," Buranelli enthuses. "People would ask for five gallons of that Lowell Thomas gas."

■ Lowell Thomas never editorializes during his newscasts. Conservative by nature, Lowell managed to be friends with F. D. R. and Tom Dewey, neighbors in the hills about Pawling.

Back in 1933, someone suggested a softball game to raise money for a new church steeple in Pawling. The Pawling merchants (dubbed the Creditors) played Thomas and his neighbors (the Debtors), and in time the Nine Old Men came into being. Meeting other and equally spavined groups, which included teams from the summer White House led by the late F. D. R., this writer has had the pleasure of playing short-stop, holding the world record for consecutive errors in one inning—16! Thomas manages the team.

Mrs. Thomas loves Florida and hates skiing; she also loves the opera and concerts; Thomas has been known to sleep through Salome. But the Thomases, for all these differences, are very much attached to each other. Lowell Jr. is their only child. He, too, is a distinguished skier, and has flown around the world with a camera and lectured on distant places.

When television moves into high, Lowell Thomas will be there. He will also try to board the first moon rocket. Meanwhile he doesn't forget the philosophy and voice training his father instilled in him. He knows to whom he owes it all.



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NEGLIGEE FOR DESERT WEAR

Continued from Page 22

assured her. "She can beat many a man at it," he boasted to Brewster. Ruth shifted uneasily in her saddle. She wished she had learned to crochet or embroider as her mother had once wanted her to. "When he sees me in my chiffon negligee—" Her chin hardened with determination. He'd have to see her in it, that's all there was to it!

The Corley ranch house was a rambling affair of adobe with a red-tiled roof. There was a pepper tree or two near the house, and a clump of them out by the barn. Though there were several bedrooms, usually Ruth and the boys slept out in the barn, in sleeping bags, to be closer to the horses. Since the arrival of Howard Brewster, however, Ruth had moved into her bedroom.

They wolfed their supper because they were hungry from the twenty-four-mile horseback ride in to town and back. Ruth brooded morosely as she washed the dishes. Not once during supper had Howard Brewster said anything personal to her; he might have been talking to three men. She joined them on the porch, and he nodded politely as a signal he knew she had appeared, but went on talking about the tractor his father had just bought. When Luke and Jim got to their feet, yawned, and said they were turning in, hope leaped up in Ruth's heart. Now was the time for Howard to say that he'd rather talk to her for awhile, if she wasn't sleepy.

Brewster, too, rose, stretched his stiffened arms toward the dark sky. "Me too!"

In her room, she lighted the lamp on her dresser as well as the one on the center table. Then she slipped out of her clothes. Her fingers trembled as she untied the cardboard box, lifted out the sheer cascade of pink chiffon and wrapped its diaphanous beauty around her. Recklessly she applied lipstick to her generous mouth, trying to do it the way girls did in the movies. Then she glanced downward, and gladness swept through her. She was a woman and anyone could tell it to look at her! They could, at any rate, while she wore a pink-chiffon negligee!

There was an air of quiet confidence about her the next morning. Though she appeared in levis and boots, this time with a white shirt and a bright yellow neckerchief, she felt feminine. When Jim Roebuck came in from feeding the chickens and the barnyard cattle, he stopped to look at her intently before he threw his leg over the back of his chair. There was a question of some sort in his eyes, but he didn't put it into words; he just shook his head and sat down to eat.

Ruth was aware of a feeling of impending triumph. If she got such a look from Jim, certainly she could gain the attention of Howard Brewster, since he hadn't been regarding her as a tomboy for the past seventeen years. As she came close to pour Jim's coffee, he darted a swift glance at her, and again there was curiosity in his eyes. She returned to the stove to fill her own plate with food, her cup with coffee. She glanced back

over her shoulder at him, as she had seen motion-picture heroines do. "Hey," Jim burst out, "you been chewin' on a loco weed?"

It was not exactly the reaction Ruth had hoped for.

"Ever since we left Holbrook yesterday you been actin' like you had a burr under your"—Jim amended his original thought—"saddle."

"Well, I haven't!"

"Luke noticed it too," Jim persisted.

Luke's attention was attracted. "What's that? Oh, the way Ruth's been shyin' around here like a skittish colt? She's mad because I didn't buy her that Mex saddle with silver fittin's."

After the breakfast dishes had been washed, Ruth roped the steer for Howard Brewster with an ease and dispatch which made him whistle with astonishment. He'd never, he said effusively, seen anything in a Wild West show as good as that. "Oh, I reckon I missed my calling," Ruth said airily. "I should've been a show actress instead of a home girl."

Howard laughed involuntarily. "That's what you think *you* are? A home girl? Say, I wish my mother and sisters could hear that!"

"And your girl?" Ruth could have bitten out her tongue for having said it.

"Haven't got one of those," he replied promptly. "All the girls I used to go around with got married while I was in the Marines. Maybe I'll have better luck with the Holbrook girls."

"Maybe you will!" Ruth dug spurs into her horse's flanks, and the animal, shocked at the unexpected indignity, fled across the gritty desert. Ruth didn't turn to see if he'd followed her until she reached the giant cactus on top of the hill. When she did, she saw he had ridden off with Luke and Jim.

On Saturday evening the three young men prepared to ride in to town for conquest. "Take me along," Ruth suggested. "I can go to the movies."

Luke shook his head in refusal.

Howard Brewster stirred uncomfortably, aware of the duties of a guest. "I can take you to the movies and then ride home with you." It was easy to see that he made the suggestion without enthusiasm.

"An' spoil your evening?" Luke asked.

"I could come home with her," Jim said. Luke's astonishment at the offer was no greater than Ruth's. "Seems kinda ornery for us all to ride off to town an' leave her here by herself."

"We been doin' it ever' Sat'day night since we been back from the war," Luke said. "All of a sudden she's scared to stay by herself!"

"You know I'm not scared," Ruth said coldly. "Go on to town an' have your fun. I've got a new magazine."

"A new Horse Breeders' Guide just came," Jim suggested hopefully.

"Goody! I'll just curl up with that while you three are kickin' up your heels in Holbrook!"

Jim was troubled by Ruth's unaccustomed bitterness. "Tell you what, Luke. Let me an' you throw in together an' get Ruth that Mex saddle for her birthday present."

Luke seemed reluctant. "Her birthday ain't till next fall sometime."

"It was last Friday," Ruth said tartly.

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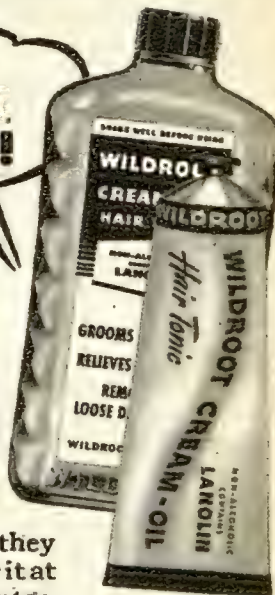
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TUNE IN . . . "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
Sunday evenings, CBS Network.

"Why didn't you tell us?" Jim asked.

"Nobody asked me."

"Let's all three throw in," said Howard Brewster. Ruth looked at him gratefully, not only because of his generosity, but since it might imply a personal interest in her happiness. "She's the only girl I ever met who'd rather have a saddle for her birthday than a bracelet or some piece of jewelry."

"Don't be so sure of that," Ruth told him. "Maybe what I really long for is a pair of diamond earrings!"

All three men laughed heartily as they prepared to ride away to town. Good ol' Ruth wasn't like most girls that had to be flattered and kidded along; she was right there with the give-and-take, as straight from the shoulder as a man!

Ruth opened a can of corned beef for her supper. Then she leafed through the Horse Breeders' Guide, smiling involuntarily in memory of the way Jim had looked at her when he mentioned it, more like a kid than like tough young Jim Roebuck, ex-Marine and Man About Holbrook. She even felt a wave of tenderness toward him, and that surprised her.

Inevitably she took out the chiffon negligee, to lavish adoration upon it. She bathed luxuriously in hot water, wishing she had bath salts to make a foamy lather. Then she scrubbed her hair vigorously, drying it with a coarse towel until it was soft and actually fluffy! She applied the lipstick carefully. The mirror caused her features to seem to float away when she turned her head, but she was able to get an approximate idea of how she looked, and she liked what she saw. Suddenly an idea came to her which made her giggle. She stooped down and rubbed the lipstick over her toenails. She held out each foot in turn, pointing her toes downward in imitation of the models in magazine advertisements. "I'm gonna feel awful silly when I think about this later!" she told herself half aloud. She slipped into the negligee, and turned to regard herself over one shoulder. She gasped with amazement at the reflection which stared back at her. She was downright pretty!

She wandered out onto the porch, barefoot, with crimsoned toenails. The moon was bright and it would have been a beautiful night, she thought wistfully, to have ridden back from town with Howard Brewster. She sat down and cupped her chin in her hands, looking off across the desert. She wasn't certain afterward just when it was that she became conscious of something moving on the horizon. Every sense alert, she knew it was a man on horseback when he was still a mile from the ranch house. It was six miles to the next ranch to the east, more than seven miles to the western neighbor, four miles and a half to the road which led to Holbrook. Nobody had ever passed the Corley ranch by accident; anyone who arrived at its barbed-wire gate knew where he was going and why.

She slipped inside for her revolver and lariat, to be ready for any contingency, then came outside again to stand in the shadow of the porch post, the lariat coiled and the gun cocked.

■ Luke and Jim had no particular plans for the entertainment of their

guest beyond buying him a few beers and finding a date for him. The rest was up to him. Luke and Jim were normal young males, pleased if a girl proved responsive. They accepted failure philosophically, realizing one couldn't pick a winner every time. On the way in to town, Luke contended that Brew should be pitted against Kate Sylvester, the hitherto adamant; Jim, that as a guest he should be paired with Grace Lentz, who was more readily acquiescent.

Luke telephoned to Kate, only to discover that she already had a date. Grace was available and agreed to meet the visiting Easterner and dance a few measures with him.

Miss Lentz lost little time, as evening always found her with her hair curled and her best dress on, just in case. Even before she reached the three young men at the bar, she began to consider whom she could get for Luke and Jim, providing the minimum of competition for herself. "Pleased to meet you," she said when Luke introduced Howard Brewster. "I think I can get Ruby an' Til for you two boys."

"Pull up just a minute," said Jim. "Leave me do my own gettin'."

"Luke told me to get a couple girls, didn't you, Luke?"

"Sure did," Luke admitted, "but I've got me a little somethin' else to do, come to think of it."

Jim surveyed Luke suspiciously. "What you up to?"

Luke evaded a direct answer. "Well," he said heartily to Howard and Grace, "you two're on your own. Reckon you can find your way back to the ranch, Brew. If you can't, locate Jim or me when you're ready to start back." He moved toward the door.

"That ornery cayuse is up to somethin'," Jim said pensively. "Bet I wouldn't need more'n six guesses to know what it is, either." He put three nickels in the juke box, turning the indicator from Goodman to Kenton to Shaw. "I'll be back by the time you dance up them three," he said, and made his way out of the tavern by another door.

Howard Brewster looked after him with unmistakable indignation, then he turned back to Grace Lentz. She was small and blonde, curly-haired and cute, ready and willing. "Come on," she suggested; "we're lettin' some good music go to waste."

■ Luke was just paying for the Mexican saddle with a check when Jim came into the shop. From the way Jim stopped abruptly at the sight of him, it was easy to see that it wasn't where he'd expected to find him. "I'm supposed to pay half o' that," he reminded Luke.

"Why should you? She's my sister. I feel ornery as hell for forgettin' her birthday. You can give her somethin' else."

"I can't think o' nothin' else she wants." Jim felt vaguely discontented. "I'm kinda tired. Reckon I'll ride out to the ranch early tonight."

"I was figgerin' on doin' the same thing," Luke confessed. "Wisht now we'd brought Ruth along to go to the movies."

"Yep. Kinda dirty trick leavin' her by herself."

"I've been thinkin'," Luke said thoughtfully, "she'd of liked to have Brew take her."

"Reckon she would," Jim grunted. "Course," Luke added quickly, "he'll have a better time with Grace-neckin'. There wouldn't be nothin' like that with Ruth."

"I'll say there wouldn't!" Jim agreed. His gaze fell upon a pair of silver spurs and he brightened. "Hey, look at that! There's what I can get her!" When the spurs had been wrapped and paid for, they left the store, Luke with the saddle thrown over his shoulder. "We oughta go back to the tavern—see how Brew's makin' out," Jim suggested.

"He's makin' out O.K. with Grace. Leave 'em have their fun!" As they walked down the street to where their horses were tied, Luke said firmly, "Tell you one thing. Next Sat'day night I'm gonna fix it so Brew'll bring Ruth in to the movies!"

Jim didn't reply for a long time, and when he finally did, "Yeah" was all there was to it.

■ If they had gone back to the Apache Tavern, they would have discovered that their Eastern guest had already departed. He had stayed through the Stan Kenton record and halfway through the Artie Shaw, at which point he had had about all he could take of Miss Lentz. He kept thinking about Ruth Corley, whose birthday had been forgotten last Friday and who had been left by herself on a ranch in the middle of the desert. "Tell you what you do," he said to Grace. "You wait here and I'll go find Luke and Jim."

"What do we need them for?"

"Well, I'm their guest," Howard pointed out elaborately. "It's not very polite for me to have a girl and them not. You just wait right here—" He hurried away, turning at the front door to give her an encouraging wave.

He didn't look for Luke and Jim, after all. Instead he mounted his horse and turned in the direction of the ranch. When he passed a store with saddles and riding boots in the window, he tied his horse to the rail and went inside. He saw a pair of fine tooled-leather gloves which looked as if they had been designed for Ruth and bought them at once. "Wrap them as a gift."

On the way home he found himself wishing he had taken Ruth to the movies, after all. Ruth was a girl you could talk to, not a chattering, giggling twidget like that Arizona jitterbug. As you rode along with Ruth, you could talk to her, or both of you could remain silent with no feeling of embarrassment.

He opened the barbed-wire house gate, led the horse through, closed the gate, and remounted. At that instant, something came hurtling through the air and wrapped itself about him, then jerked so that his arms were pinned against his sides. At the next instant he heard a gunshot and a voice cried from the shadow of the ranch house, "Stop right where you are, stranger!" He saw a slim figure in soft pink chiffon, her fluffy hair like a halo in the moonlight. "Stop!" she cried again. She stepped out in plain sight, then gave a little cry of dismay. "It's you! Good heavens!" She ran toward him on bare feet. "Oh, I'm so sorry! I didn't think you'd be back from town for hours!"

Howard regarded her with astonishment. "You look so—so different!"

As if aware for the first time of her negligee, Ruth glanced down at herself and said lightly, "Oh, this old thing? I hardly ever wear it!" She was loosening the lariat as Luke and Jim rode up. "For Pete's sake!" Luke gasped. "Is that a night-gown?"

"It's a negligee," Ruth explained airily.

"You got on lipstick!"

"Um-h'm." Ruth thrust out a foot and curled the toes downward gracefully. "On my toenails, too!"

"I'll be *damned*!" said Luke.

Jim said nothing at all. Not for a long time, that is. Maybe an hour afterward, when Ruth had been given her delayed birthday presents, he disappeared long enough to go to his room and come back. "I got somethin' else for you, Ruth," he told her quietly, "if you'll come outside for it." When they were out on the porch, Ruth looked around, but she didn't see anything that looked like a present. "Here it is. I got it for you nearly ten years ago, only I never had the nerve to give it to you before!" He held out his hand, and on the palm she saw something silken and red. "It's a hair ribbon," Jim explained huskily. "I always wanted to see how you'd look in a hair ribbon."

The red satin flowed through Ruth's fingers and suddenly she wanted to cry. "Oh, Jim, it's beautiful!" Her hands trembled a little as she tied the length of ribbon about her head and fashioned a bow in front. "How does it look?"

"Couldn't be no prettier," Jim said softly.

"Me or the hair ribbon?"

"Both. You're 'bout the prettiest girl I've seen durin' the past seventeen years," Jim told her, which was the remark that led to her being in his arms. Quite a while afterward, when they had kissed each other and decided they'd both been fools long enough, he said curiously, "Funny you couldn't see that was Brew before you lassoed him."

"Course I knew it was him, but how else could I let you all see me in my new negligee, with my paint on? If you hadn't," she said accusingly, "I bet you never would of given me my hair ribbon!"

"Reckon not," Jim said.

NO LOOSE ENDS

Continued from Page 17

"And a test of *that* blood showed about five-per-cent saturation of carbon monoxide. There are traces of carbon monoxide in everyone's blood, but in Henry Dexter's body there was over sixty-per-cent carboxy-hemoglobin saturation. If he suffered the contusion as he approached unconsciousness, blood from that area would more nearly approximate the sixty per cent. In any case it would be a lot more than five."

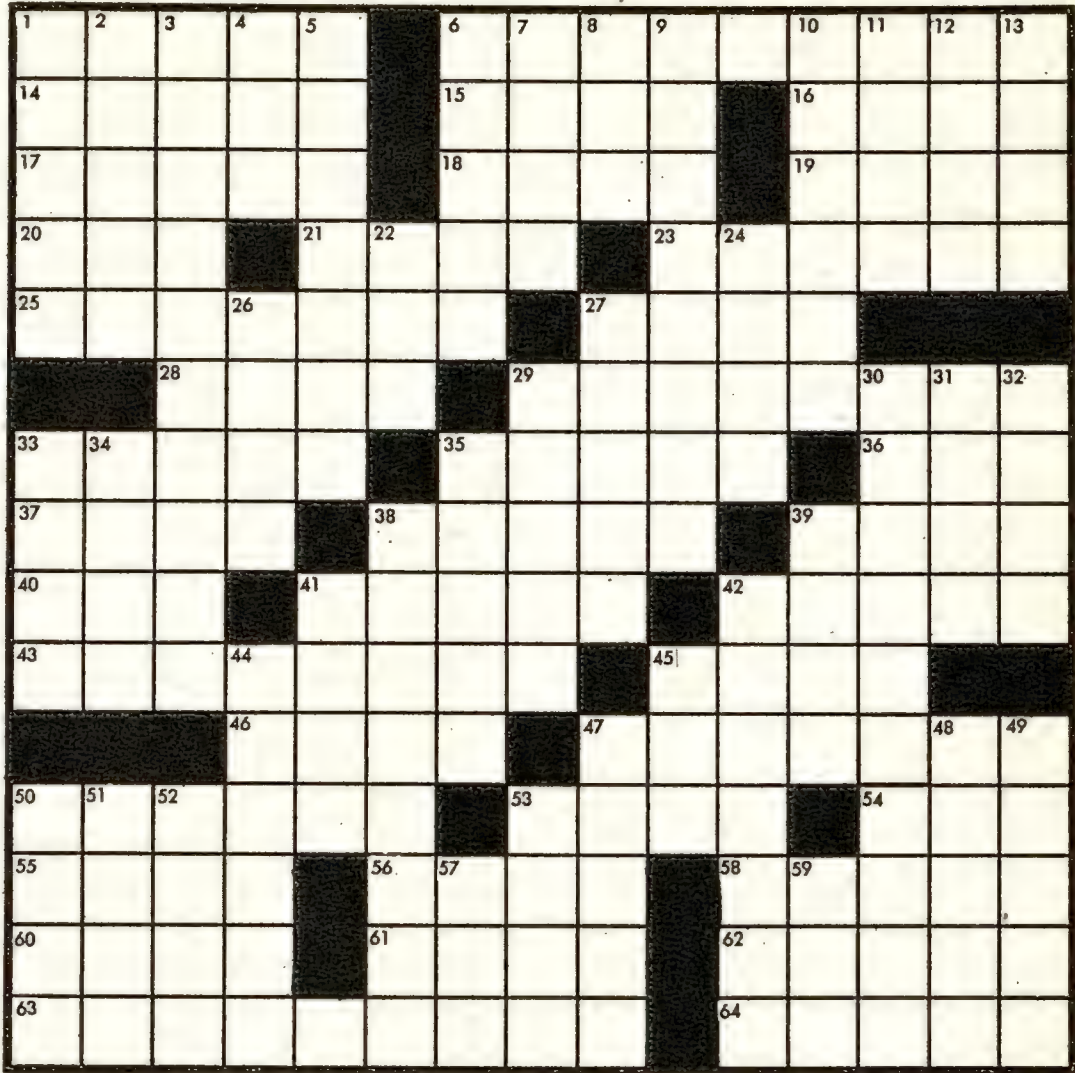
Ballard swore resignedly. Standish said, "It still doesn't have to be murder. All I'm saying is that the bruise occurred before the gas was turned on, maybe five minutes before; maybe an hour."

"No," Ballard said morosely. "I've had my fingers crossed, but I've been afraid of it ever since I talked to the Dexter lawyer. He said the old boy called him at five minutes after four and said the lawyer was to call at the

Liberty

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

by Ted Shane



- HORIZONTAL**
- What a cold babe does on a hot August night
 - Victim of the bourbonic plague
 - Person vacant upstairs
 - Performed defiantly (cf. Red Skelton, Jr.)
 - What the Scotch newlyweds have for the honeymoon breakfast
 - He's got to go down in the world and hit bottom to make a living
 - Common condition that causes the manufacture of gas
 - Author unknown
 - Zero eraser
 - He sold Othello a bum bill of ungoods
 - Wish not always fulfilled
 - Kind of sight a man holding his head two feet above his shoulders would be
 - It was a blazing success as an Xmas gift (two words)
 - People are interested in the most living one they can get
 - They keep a shy old nag from making a dampfool of herself
 - Equestrian gear shifts
 - Kind of mouth a political troublemonger is
 - Kind of lousy wit
 - Last thing she got in before they buried her
 - Smears goo all over the road
 - Boyish word of encouragement
 - Zees eez Frahnch for zay
 - "New in these parts, bud?"
 - Blue skies
 - Phony butterfly's peppermint drop
 - Tiresome old pig
 - Short afterdusks
 - Kind of law most men live under
 - Blue
 - Front part of a plane
 - The Man in the Hairshirt
 - Ready for the boneyard
 - Little things G.I.s'd settle for (and in) (abbr.)
 - What children like to make
 - A kind of injured king
 - What Russian housewives hate to do to their curtains
 - E'il comic stripper
 - It's been beating it out for Beethoven for years
 - What fresh shrimps usually are
 - Blew out the front teeth with explosive nothings
 - This weighs a ton, is filled with holes, and can act as a collegiate drawback
 - As a god he's a bust
 - Copper that couldn't get into Fort Knox
 - What men do waiting for women to make themselves younger
 - Slender figure with a bulging front
 - This kind of vark ain't easy
 - World's funniest Ford joke
 - Get an edge on
 - Feeds the pleasure glands
 - America's Love Goddess
 - Shining example of what you can become with a heavenly body
 - How to get to England without paying
 - Galloping golf
 - What postmistresses are interested in
 - A banana's cousin
 - "— oopai!" cried the Turkish commander
 - The Adam's boy who came to an unhappy end
 - Greek oscars (they make divine hats)
 - Any office boy would rather see it double
 - It's an old stand-by, crowded with televisionaries
 - Legal intermediary (sounds nasty)
 - Old-time bishop seats
 - Cagey
 - Best thing to keep when you're running away from a lion
 - Moldy old exclamation
 - Ain't none superer-duperer
 - Sometimes we wish they'd put it back together again
 - Man in the 70s (abbr.)
 - Overaged Baseball Addicts (abbr.)
- VERTICAL**
- One of the world's richest untaxed millionaires
 - It's dictated and usually red
 - Hot dog suffering from jaundice
 - Low-down poker
 - Plucky things a musician picks
 - Word to the wise from ditto
 - Nuts about Mexico
 - The C.I.O.'s mixed up, sounds bashful
 - Two-headed men, three-handed pitchers, etc.
- GOLF COURSE REDS**
AREA ISAAC EPOH
BANT LEGAL TILE
SLANDERS ICICLE
EARS SPAR P
GHOSTS RESPECTS
LOUSE AIRE SEEK
ANT SADDEST ANI
SEEM IDES ARSON
SYRINGES PLIERS
H DURN PREP
OPIATE WRESTLES
URNS THAIS IOTA
SAGE TENET DUAL
EYES EXTROVERTS

June Answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

house tomorrow morning to make some changes in the will. A guy don't make that kind of call and then lie down and turn on the gas. Now, with what you say—" He broke off and said, "O.K. Send your report over to the D.A. I guess I'll have to go to work."

■ Ballard had other things to say the following noon when Mary Hayward admitted him to Paul Standish's private office. As secretary, nurse, and girl Friday, Mary did not approve of the doctor's duties as medical examiner, maintaining that he would be further ahead if he would put all his efforts on his practice. A forthright girl, with medium blonde hair and green eyes, she lingered now to listen.

"We're holding young Gould," Ballard said. "He knew about the bruise."

"He admitted it?"

"That part, yeah. Because I went back there and told them it was murder. I threw a scare into that artist guy, Chadwick, and he talked."

"What about the bruise?"

"Gould saw Henry Dexter at five of four. They'd had trouble in the past because old Dexter never wanted the girl to marry Gould in the first place, and Gould said he was trying to break it up. Anyway the old boy got sore and swung at Gould, and Gould tried to push him off, and Dexter fell and banged his head." Ballard gestured with one hand. "Chadwick's studio is right over the study and he heard the thump. When he came down to see what happened, he met Gould in the hall and Gould told him about it. Later, when they found the old boy dead—and Chadwick admitted the body wasn't on the floor then but on the couch—they got together and clammed up, figuring it would pass as suicide."

He hesitated and said, "And if you want motives, I got 'em. Except for a thousand-dollar bequest to Arthur Dexter, the rest of the estate—around a couple hundred thousand, the lawyer says—is split between the girl and Chadwick. The way it looks, Chadwick was once in love with her—the old man took care of her since she was orphaned at eight—but she settled for Gould. So lately Chadwick's been chasing some night-club chick and Dexter found out about it. He told Chadwick to break it off or move out."

Ballard referred to his notebook. He had a timetable of the movements in the Dexter house, and when he read it off, he said:

"So if the girl's telling the truth, it has to be Chadwick or her husband. She puts her popovers in, goes back to turn the oven down a little later, and then sits in the living room, in full sight of the only stairs, until an alarm clock rings in the kitchen to tell her the popovers are done. No one went up or down the stairs during that time; and when tea is ready, old Arthur comes up from his workshop and Chadwick comes down from the studio."

Mary Hayward said, "And how does this concern Dr. Standish?"

Ballard frowned at her, but directed his remarks to Standish.

"Unless Gould cracks, it's going to be tough to prove," he said. "The D.A.'s afraid to have him booked yet, and if we don't get something more, the grand jury may not indict."

So I thought maybe you could nose around and maybe get an idea, or something."

"You know it's not my job," Standish said. "All I'm supposed to do is determine the cause of death—"

"O.K." Ballard stood up. "Forget it. But if you should think of anything, would it be ethical to phone me?"

Mary Hayward was very pleased about the whole thing. She said it was high time Ballard realized he could not bring his murder problems here and expect Standish to drop his own work and help solve them.

But when Paul returned to his office later in the afternoon, it was a different Mary who greeted him. Her young face was flushed and excited as she followed him into his office. She said, "Nancy Gould was here to see you. I talked to her. You've got to help her."

■ Paul Standish sank into his chair, momentarily speechless, his lean face warping into a grin as Mary continued.

"I talked with her nearly a half hour," she said. "She's sweet, Paul. She says her husband couldn't have killed Henry Dexter, and I believe her." She then proceeded to tell Standish what she knew about the Dexter brothers and the household. She explained how Arthur Dexter had taken his share of his father's small estate and gone abroad to live while Henry had built up a business for himself. She repeated the fact that Henry had taken Nancy to live with him when her parents were killed in an accident.

"He was a grasping, autocratic old man," she said, "but he did give Nancy a home and was kind to her and sent her to college. When she finished, she came back to keep house for him, and by that time Earl Chadwick was living there, and Arthur Dexter—who'd been caught in France by the war—came home. Then Walter Gould came along and Nancy fell in love with him. When Henry found out they wanted to get married, he was furious. Nancy didn't know what to do because, though she loved Walter, she still felt loyalty to Henry for all he had done for her. But her uncle finally gave his consent, provided Nancy and Walter lived there and she continued to keep house for him." She sighed and said:

"The trouble was Henry didn't like Walter and he did his best to make things unpleasant for him. Walter liked to go out dancing and take a few drinks once in awhile; but when he did, Henry would raise a fuss. The other day Walter said he'd had all he could take and Nancy'd have to make up her mind: she could take him and leave, or stay with Henry and he'd leave."

To Paul Standish all this added up to a good motive for murder, but he did not say so. Instead he said, "And what am I supposed to do?"

"Why"—Mary looked as if the question made no sense—"go out there! Talk to her and look around. Those two nice people need your help."

"You've never even seen Walter Gould."

"I've seen his picture," Mary said defiantly.

"And anyway I thought I was the guy who was wasting his time as medical examiner."

"I had it coming," she said in a little-girl voice. "But I thought that

maybe this time, if you understood how important it was—"

He interrupted her gently. He said she must remember that someone had turned on the gas and killed Henry Dexter.

"It might even be a woman, Mary," he said.

"Nancy?" Mary's voice was horrified. "Never!"

"Then it has to be either Gould or Chadwick."

"Of course it's Chadwick. That's what I'm saying." Mary returned to the attack. "He's been sponging off his stepfather for years. He tried to marry Nancy and she wouldn't have him, and now he's infatuated with some night-club singer. That's why Dexter called the lawyer—to disinherit him. Also Chadwick knew of the argument Gould had just had, and he sneaked back when the old man was asleep and turned on the gas."

She had more to say on the subject, but Paul Standish no longer heard her. He was thinking about old Doc Lathrop who had offered him the job as assistant medical examiner at a time when Standish needed the extra money to pay his office rent. Lathrop had told Standish early in their association that a medical examiner was not supposed to do police work, but that at times exceptions must be made. "The police make mistakes sometimes, Paul," Doc Lathrop had said, "and it's your job to learn the truth if you can, so that no injustice will be done."

"All right, Mary." Standish rose. "But let's get one thing straight. The way it is now, Walter Gould stands a good chance of being acquitted, even if he has to stand trial."

"But don't you see," Mary said, "even if he is acquitted, there'll always be those who will wonder about his innocence. It will be something that will be with him and Nancy all their lives."

"Just so you understand I'm going out there not to help anybody but to try to find the truth. If I should find some evidence Ballard has overlooked—which is highly unlikely—it'll be too late to wish you hadn't started because you happen to like someone."

Mary watched him, her eyes a troubled green as she thought it over.

"He didn't do it," she said. "You'll see." And then, averting her glance, she said, "I told her you'd come to tea at five o'clock—because you had a weakness for popovers."

■ Dr. Standish had his tea in the Dexter living room and the popovers that Nancy Gould had made for him were hot and brown and delicious. Nothing was said about murder until they had finished and Arthur Dexter had wheeled the tea wagon into the kitchen, saying that he'd get back to his ship models in his cellar workshop.

Then Earl Chadwick voiced the thing each had in his mind.

"The police are crazy!" he said. "I've been telling Nancy it's suicide and when Ballard finds he hasn't anything on Walter he'll have to let him go." He stood up. "Walter'd never do a thing like that, and Nancy certainly wouldn't, and I know damn well I didn't, and Arthur couldn't have. It has to be suicide!"

Standish was watching the girl. Deep down he could see the concern

and anxiety in her eyes, and he had the feeling that in addition to her sense of loyalty there was a lot of quiet courage in this girl. She spoke simply and without resentment about the tragedy.

"I should have gone away with Walter, I suppose," she said finally. "If I had, perhaps this wouldn't have happened. But Uncle Henry had been kind to me and I kept hoping I could get him to accept Walter. He had no friends and he was lonely and I thought—"

What she thought was left unsaid as her voice trailed off and, watching her, Paul Standish knew why Mary Hayward had been so insistent that he try to help her. He felt the same way himself.

Going back over the things he knew and the things he had heard, he could find only one small incident that did not ring true. His mind kept coming back to it as he talked, but he could not find the answer.

"When did you see Henry Dexter last?" he asked Nancy.

"At three thirty. I was going to make popovers and I went up to ask if he would like some."

"What was he doing?"

"He was at his desk, working at his stamp collection."

"Did you talk long?"

"Hardly any. He said he didn't want any popovers, and I asked him if I should leave his door open because he had the heater on and the room was quite warm. He said he wanted it that way, so I went out and came back downstairs."

■ Standish looked at her a long moment, a pattern forming in his mind. Then he rose and asked if he could look around. She said of course and went with him to the kitchen.

"I'll take a look at Arthur Dexter's workroom, if you'll show me where it is," he said.

"Right here," the girl said, and opened a door. Then Standish was going down cellar stairs and walking toward the light that burned in a far corner.

Arthur Dexter heard him coming. He put down his chisel and smiled.

"Hello," he said. "Come down to have a look at my ships?"

Standish was still inspecting the corner, noting the half dozen ship models and the network of heating and plumbing pipes overhead.

"No," he said, his voice strangely quiet. "I came down to talk to you, if you have a few minutes."

"Sure." Dexter waved Standish to a chair while he went behind his desk and sat down.

Now that Paul Standish had found what he had been looking for, he did not know how to start. It was all so very clear, so very simple, that he wondered why he had not thought of it before.

"I guess you didn't like your brother much, did you?" he said.

"Not much. We didn't see things the same way. I liked a good time and I lived abroad and had it. He wanted money and he made it. But I have no kick. He gave me a place to stay when I came back."

"You are pretty fond of Nancy."

Dexter nodded, his glance remote. "Knowing her," he said slowly, "is about the finest thing that ever happened to me."

"I thought it was that way." Standish paused, selecting his words with

care. "And you knew she was faced with an impossible situation. If she left here, she'd always have it on her conscience that she deserted your brother when he didn't have much longer to live. If she stayed, she knew she'd lose her husband, and that was no good either, because she loved him. So—you did the best you could for her."

Dexter's thin face twisted in a frown. "I don't follow you."

"I don't think you knew about the fight between Henry and Walter, or that bump on the head. You thought it would be called suicide because others knew about that daily nap and that the heater was on and you were going to have a beautiful alibi. It was very neat."

Standish glanced up at the gas meter fastened to one wall. "That meter has a valve on it. One twist and it shut off the gas in your brother's heater. A second later you turned it on and he was asleep and didn't know about the gas. The trouble was the gas went off in the oven too and the popovers didn't pop."

Dexter leaned forward, his eyes obscured. "What did you say?"

"I wondered about those popovers yesterday," Standish said, as though he had not heard. "I know they're tricky things to make, though not if you really know how. I used to watch my mother. A hot oven for a few minutes and then a slow oven until they're done; in between leave them alone and don't open the oven door."

He said, "I wondered about them yesterday and it bothered me some today—because Nancy was supposed to be pretty good at them—until I found out your workroom was down here, until she told me *that the heater in Henry's room had been turned on when she last saw him*. So then I wondered if there was a gas meter down here where you could get at it." He indicated the meter once more and said, "After you'd turned that valve off and on, you remembered the oven and hurried up to the kitchen. You opened the oven door, and waited a few seconds to clear the fumes, and then lit it again. And that spoiled Nancy's popovers, though she didn't know why."

■ Standish was never sure where the gun came from. Intent upon what he had been saying, he had not seen Dexter's hand move into the drawer.

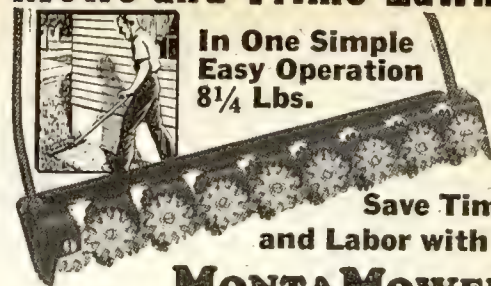
Dexter wasn't pointing it. He was holding it loosely between his legs. He was watching Standish, and now a tightness spread through the doctor's stomach.

The old man spoke: "They might have a hard time proving that."

"Yes," Standish said. "But you can be sure they'll try. And there'll be no bail, Mr. Dexter." He paused, keeping his voice level. "I talked with your doctor before I left my office. He told me you were living on borrowed time, like your brother; only with you it was tougher, because you wouldn't go quickly, as sometimes happens with angina. He gave you some pills to take at night when the pain is bad. I guess they'd let you have those pills while you were in jail, but I don't think you'd like it that way."

He paused again, and when Dexter made no reply, he said, "Because if you stood trial, or if, for instance, you used that gun in your hand on

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me and then on yourself, Nancy would never know the truth. What you did, you did to help her, but your luck was not too good. The way it looks now, the way it has to look, is that you killed your brother at that particular time to frame her husband!"

Five seconds ticked by while Dexter looked at him with his sick, deep-set eyes. "What," he said finally, "would you suggest?"

Standish swallowed to clear his throat. He could no longer see the gun, but the tension was still building inside him because he could not fathom Dexter's impenetrable stare. Suddenly he thought no more of his own safety but concerned himself with the decision he had to make.

"I have no suggestions," he said. "I think I understand why you acted as you did, but I don't put theories in my reports, only facts. If you want Nancy to know the truth, you'll have to tell her yourself. I don't think you framed her husband, but it's what she thinks that counts, isn't it?"

He rose slowly and said, "It'll be tough, however you do it. It might be easier to write it out. That's for you to decide." He waited, then, when Dexter did not move, he said, "I'm not a policeman. I don't make arrests. I've already written a report on the cause of your brother's death; whether an additional report will be necessary depends on you."

"When does that report have to be in?" Dexter said huskily.

"That's up to me." Standish took a breath. Then, because it seemed the right thing to do, he said, "I'll probably be busy tonight. I'll probably write it some time tomorrow—if I have to."

And then he turned his back on the doomed man in the chair and walked unhurriedly to the cellar stairs.

■ Lieutenant Ballard telephoned the news the next morning while Paul was shaving, and when the police car picked him up in front of his apartment fifteen minutes later, the details followed.

"Took an overdose of some pills," Ballard said, "and left a note explaining the whole thing."

He went on with other facts that Standish did not want to hear, so closed his ears to them and sat silently as they drove uptown.

"It's just as well we didn't book that Gould guy," Ballard said when he ended his explanation. "The thing that gets me is we probably would never have cracked the lousy case if it wasn't for the confession. The way the note sounded, the old guy was afraid he'd be blamed for framing Gould and, since he said he didn't have too long to live anyway, he didn't want that to happen."

He began to whistle softly and then said, "It's a nice break, having a toughie like this wrapped up with no loose ends. Neat, too, the way he did it. Had everybody fooled, even you," he said, and sighed happily.

"You feel pretty good, hunh?" Standish said.

"Feel swell, on account of here's once you don't outsmart me."

"Outsmart you?" Standish said. "When did I ever outsmart anyone? I'm just the medical examiner. All I ever do is take cards they give me and play the best I can."

THE MAN WITH MY FACE

Continued from Page 34

charge of the breakfast-food crew. That was before I went into the dog business. I hadn't seen any of them for years when Rand got connected with me just after the war ended."

"I still don't see how they figured the whole thing out so quick from the first," I said.

Bill got out another bottle. "They didn't figure it all out at once. It grew. When Buster bumped into you, Rand was off hiding from the draft. But the very next day—just a lucky break—Rand showed up for a quick visit. He figured out a quick deal. You'd established your identity by getting in the army, so he set Cora and Buster to work on you to get your background, and then he enlisted under your name. But he couldn't swing his deal. And then you went overseas. By that time Rand had figured up this bigger deal. He just kept working."

"Sterling character," I admitted.

"He'd met this Alexander girl, whose father was cashier of a bank. So he softened her up. When he'd get some time off he'd show up in L. A. in officer's uniform and overseas ribbon, under his own name. Hush-hush stuff, quick secret trips from overseas. She couldn't write him—he wasn't allowed to get mail. After the war he stepped into the job at the bank. And about that time he contacted me. Then he just had to sit tight and wait for the right time."

■ "Cora claimed to have a cousin in Los Angeles—Herb Cotter. That was Rand?"

"Yeah. That was just in case maybe she or Buster would need a reason for a quick trip to L. A. It wasn't needed." Bill yawned, and I deftly poured him another drink. He grinned. "You're trying to get me tight. But it's O.K. by me. I've been under a strain, and it's going to be a mess, working on you in the morning."

"How does Rand know you won't cross him?"

"Now, quit that," Bill reproved gently. "We're all in this together. An accessory is as guilty as anybody else. I did my share. The idea of a ringer for your dog was mine. Not a bad touch either."

"I still don't see why you didn't put the cops on me when you knew I was in Mary's apartment last night."

"Still worrying about that." Bill poured another drink. "I'll tell you Wednesday night I was waiting at the station for the cop to bring you in. Me and Tige." He nodded at the Doberman. "The whole deal at your house was to establish Rand as you. The cop even had fingerprints. Then he'd take you to the station and in about three minutes they'd know you were Rand, the bank robber. But you see, Chick, they didn't need you alive to tell that. They could get it off your fingertips. We didn't want you to stand trial. The clean quick way was to establish the fact that you were not Charles Graham. Then the cop brings you in and I just happen to be passing by and Tige goes mad. A sad accident, Chick. What a shame! But the victim was a bank robber and a cop killer anyhow. I even had a gun along, to shoot my dog when he jumped you. Miss-

ing a couple of times and hitting you, of course."

"By the skin of my teeth," I said, remembering how I'd talked that red-faced cop out of taking me in.

"You've had luck," Bill admitted. He put a slight emphasis on the had.

"Want to tell me where Mary Davis and her brother are? It'll save some messy business in the morning."

"Why have you got to go after them? They can't prove anything."

"But they can sing a song, Chick. Sure, they can't prove a thing. But if Mary and Walt Davis pop up with their wild story, the cops might not believe them, but they might catch hold of some little thing. We're sewing it up tight."

"You dumb fool!" I cried. "Do you think a guy like Rand will ever give you a split? He'll fix you like Buster fixed the Alexander girl!"

"He'll wish he hadn't," Bill growled. Then he cocked an eye at me. "Say, how did you know Buster did that job?"

"Who else? You were watching Mary's apartment last night and Rand couldn't risk it."

"You're a smart boy, Chick." Then, "What say we hit the hay?"

"I'm pretty tired." Bill Meadows grinned. "And I'm a little tight. But don't get the idea you've been pumping me, Chick. I've just filled in a few harmless details."

There were two bedrooms in the house, with a bath between on one side of the connecting hall and the kitchen on the other. I had the rear bedroom. The windows were open and it was only a step to the ground, except for the Doberman at my heels.

I went to the bathroom to wash up, and in the doorway I remembered that Bill's wife had left a towel over the foot of my bed. I turned in the doorway and that dog moved like a streak of light to follow me back. I paused again in the hallway outside the bedroom door, to test the dog out. It waited, pointed ears alert. I slipped quickly inside the door and tried to shut it before the dog got in; I was almost knocked off my pins. I took the towel from the bed and played the game again, at the bedroom door and the bathroom door. The dog learned that trick in a hurry.

I waited in the bedroom an hour, sitting on the edge of the bed. The dog lay at my feet, sleeping with an ear cocked. When I stood up it was up instantly. I turned the knob of the bedroom door quietly, then jerked the door open and slipped through. The dog hit my legs and we went through together. I switched on the hall light and listened. From the front bedroom came snores.

I turned the bathroom knob slowly. The dog's eyes were on my hand. My other hand was against the door jamb. I shoved the door open quickly and lunged forward as far as I could go, until the hand against the jamb struck my chest. The dog, dashing in with me, half upset my balance. And then I gave all I had to the hand against the jamb, shoving myself backward and pulling on that door-knob. The dog's toenails clawed at the tile floor as it tried to reverse. The shutting door struck the brute's hindquarters, throwing the dog off balance. Then I was in the hall and the dog was in the bathroom.

If I hadn't previously heard a sound out of that Doberman I heard it now. It wasn't a pretty sound. Immediately, too, all the dogs in the kennels out back began yelping. The Doberman fought at the door, clawing at it, giving throat to a ravening snarl of rage and frustration.

I ran into the kitchen looking for some weapon. "Tige!" Bill Meadows yelled. "Tige! Tige!" And then he yelled, "Feather!" and I wondered if that was his word for breaking the dog from an attack. Whatever the code, the dog kept at that door. Bill's wife screamed, "The dog's killing him!" I grabbed a skillet off the stove. It was heavy and black, an old-fashioned cast-iron fry pan. I reached the hall door again just as Bill, running from his bedroom, grabbed the bathroom doorknob. He didn't look around. He didn't know I wasn't inside the bathroom with that mad dog. He didn't know anything, for I swung that skillet with all I had and he went down in a heap.

The lower panel of the door was cracking under the dog's attack. Bill's wife screamed from the bedroom, "Bill! Call him off! He'll kill him!"

She appeared in the bedroom doorway, saw her husband crumpled on the floor, and her screams broke off with a gasp.

"Quiet that dog!" I yelled. "Call him off!"

She grabbed the knob of the bathroom door screaming, "Get him!" and I had to hit her. She had the door shoved partly open to let the dog out and it was only luck that the brute lunging against it from the other side knocked it shut as the woman crumpled atop her husband.

I ran to the kitchen and jerked out drawers. Silverware, kitchen knives, ash trays, string, bottle openers. No weapon that would stand up to a mad dog. The panel of the bathroom door gave, and the slaving snarl of the Doberman was suddenly loud. As I ran that way the head and the great impatient fangs were through the panel and the dog was working its body through. I slammed the kitchen door to the hall, and then raced through the kitchen to the rear door just as the dog appeared around the house, having gone through the window of a bedroom. There was a storm door on the rear of the house, the bottom half of plywood and the top of screen. The dog leaped for the screen and fell back. It leaped again, and once more. The screen made a great inward bulge and was pulling loose at the bottom and one side.

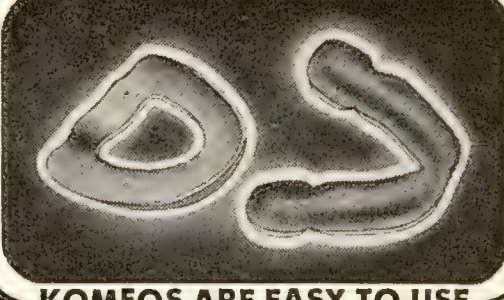
I ran into the back bedroom. I dropped the skillet and grabbed the covers from the bed. I heard the screen door give way and then the dog's toenails clicked across the room, along the hall, through the bedroom door. They quit clicking as the brute left the floor in a lunge for my throat.

I was braced, with the bedclothes hanging in front of me, my hands gripping their top edge at my chest. I waited until the dog was in the air, the fangs rising for my neck, and then I flung the bed covers overhead at arm's length and threw them forward. My only hope was to cover the dog, muffle it, ensnare it, fall on it.

I must have been a little out of my head. I don't know how long it

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was before I realized the dogs outside were quiet. Bill's wife was leaning against the door jamb, one hand feeling her head, watching me impassively. The only sound was the dull thud of the skillet as I beat at the tangle of bedclothes.

I realized the dog beneath hadn't moved, or made a sound for some little time.

■ I got up, crossed by the woman into the hall, and turned Bill Meadows over. "He's dead," she said dully. "Bill's dead, and what did we get out of it?"

Bill Meadows wasn't dead. He had a pulse, very faint, but there. I didn't tell her that. I stood up and grabbed her by the shoulder. "And I'll kill you, too. You've got it coming."

"I don't care," she said dully. "Bill's dead."

"Where's Jiggs—my dog?"

Her eyes shifted. "We—did away with him."

I grabbed her frizzled hair. "O.K., lady, you asked for it."

"Please! Yes, the dog's here. In a pen behind the feed room."

We went out and through the feed room. In back, I saw Jiggs. I let him out and he jumped all over me.

"Where are the papers?" I asked the woman.

"In the house," she said dully. We went in, and she got a manila envelope from a closet. There were pedigrees of Jiggs and his brother, pawprints of both dogs, photographs, detailed descriptions.

"Bill's alive," I said.

The woman ran in to him. I went into the front room and pulled the phone out by the roots. Then I went out to the garage. The key was in the Ford. I drove to Redwood City and stopped at the post office long enough to seal the manila envelope, address it to the Police Department, and drop it in the city slot. Then I drove out to my house.

Buster's car was there in the driveway. I went up the path with Jiggs at my heels, and walked in the front door.

■ This was where I'd come in. The scene was almost exactly the way it had been that other night. Cora and Buster and Ethelene were at the card table. The fourth chair was empty, a hand of cards face down before it, a highball glass beside the hand. And the dog before the fireplace.

They looked at me sharply as I came in, but didn't say anything. Jiggs bristled at the other dog; this was his house. I spoke to him. Cora spoke to the other dog. I went to the empty chair, picked up the hand of cards, took a sip from the glass, and said, "Your play."

Cora and Buster and Ethelene looked past me to the hall door at my back. "I thought you might try it," Rand's voice said behind me. "Bill's wife phoned from a neighbor's house."

I glanced around. Rand was the picture of a man at ease in his own home, except for the Luger in his hand.

"Cora," I said, "tell him to put that gun away before he hurts himself. That ammunition I brought home is for machine pistols. The cartridge fits, but the gun isn't built for it. It flies to pieces."

"Oh, no, you don't," Rand said.

I said to Cora, "He ought to know

the game's up. If he couldn't kill me earlier tonight, he can't now."

"You're forcing it, pal," the man behind me said.

"You're damned right I am! You sit down, and I'll tell you where you come off!"

His lip curled. "O.K., pal, let's hear your song." But he took a seat on the couch behind me.

I spoke to the other three. "He's washed up, but you've still got a chance. I know all about Rand's plan. I shot it full of holes by escaping. One hole was Alicia Alexander. If I got to her, she would know I wasn't Rand; it followed that the man taking my place was Rand. Why was he afraid of what she might say? Because there were other holes. Rand had courted her during the war by appearing in Los Angeles with a story of hush-hush trips from Europe. Once suspicion was aroused once the police began to wonder which one of us really was Rand, they'd start checking the dates of those trips. Buster, you remember our old C.O. at the squadron, Major Jody. He and I had desks back to back in the same office overseas. He's a colonel now in the Pentagon. Did you know he kept a diary, Buster? He can prove that on certain dates I was on duty, while Rand was in Los Angeles."

I was getting them. They were coming around. I kept on: "And I'll tell you what I did last night. I typed the whole thing out, the whole story. And this morning I mailed it. One copy to Colonel Jody. One copy to the F.B.I. One copy to the police. Tomorrow the heat will be on Rand's washed up. An impersonation can't hold up once it's suspected. But you three have got a chance to pull out."

■ I was getting them. It showed on their faces. I was making a gamble and it stood a chance of paying off. True, the police would receive only the information about the two dogs. How long it might take them to do something was another thing.

"I think you're bluffing, pal," the man behind me said.

I talked to the others. That was my play. "Let's add two dogs to it. Two dogs named Jiggs right here in this room who are practically dead ringers. And there's no use trying to shoot one of them and get rid of it because I've mailed the pedigrees and photographs and descriptions of both dogs to the police." I turned in my chair and looked at Rand. "Once the law gets a hint you are Albert Rand, it never will let go."

I turned to the others. "You three still have a chance. You can claim you were honestly fooled by the impersonation. You can hang it onto Rand and Bill Meadows. This is your chance and you'd better take it quick. There have been two murders and you're accomplices. You're as guilty as he is. You'll never spend that two million anyhow. You've lost it. The police will know in the morning that there were two dogs. They'll know there is something funny about the whole deal. You'd better get out from under."

I could see it in their faces—fear and desperate hope. There was no struggle with loyalty. Avarice was all that had held them together. "Chick," Cora said, "do you think that we—"

I took her hand. "We can forget." I tried to make it sound sincere.

"It's a cinch, Chick," Buster said. "That rat fooled us for awhile, but we saw through it!"

"If we hang together," Ethelene said, "we can pull out of this. Are you with us, Chick?"

Sweet, lovable characters, the three of them.

Rand cried, "Do you think for a minute that guy's going to stand by you after what you did to him? He couldn't save you if he wanted to! Once the cops start in, they can connect the four of us up! If you cross me, I'll spill the whole deal!"

"What deal?" Cora asked. "Sure, we knew you before the war. That's how we got acquainted with Chick. Buster mistook him for you. But we never saw you since, until you tried to take his place."

"Yeah, and that will hold up, won't it?" Rand sneered. "If you knew both of us, the cops will wonder why you didn't tumble the night we were both here together!"

"I was upset," Cora said. She was beautiful. She could make that sound convincing.

"Sure, that's it," Buster said. There was life in his round face again as he saw an out. That magnificent innocence glowed. "We knew Rand before the war, but we heard he got killed. So there were two guys here Wednesday night who looked alike, but we didn't know who the other was. Hell, with the dog and the fingerprints on the identity card, who can blame us for being taken in? But then Cora began noticing little things that made her suspicious. Rand made some slips at the office; he didn't know the routine. And then the papers came out with the story that Rand had served overseas with the Air Force but that Chick was at Fort Douglas. That did it. We knew. Hell, I knew Chick was over there in England. I went through a war with good old Chick! So we got together to see what we could do. We figured to play it smart and not let Rand find out we knew he'd taken Chick's place. We figured to get the goods on him. That's our out!"

■ "No, by God!" Rand yelled. There was something in his voice that made me turn. His face was white except for a small pink spot on each cheekbone. "We can still pull this out of the fire, you fools! I'm still Charles Graham! Get that! Rand came back here tonight and I shot him! To hell with the dog business! All we know about is one dog! We'll fix Bill Meadows so he'll never talk! And his wife!"

"That's it!" he said, and his eyes came alight with a fire I didn't like. "That's it! It was Rand and Bill Meadows! They cooked up the ringer for Jiggs! It was part of the plan for him to take my place! You fools! We're not licked yet!"

And he brought the Luger up, directly at my chest.

I spoke the word my dog had been waiting for. "Gofer!" With a snarl Jiggs was at him. The gun swerved to the dog, and there was a terrific explosion. Then the two dogs were at each other, and I ran out to the garage for the mattock. I dislodged the head and came back in with the handle. Ethelene and Cora were shrieking as the dogs fought back and forth across the living room. I

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knew which was my dog, and I laid the mattock handle on the other where it would count. Then I said, "Break away, Jiggs," and turned to Rand.

He was sitting on the couch holding his right wrist and staring stupidly at what was left of the hand. I'd warned him about that ammunition.

"Here, let me put a tourniquet on that," somebody said, "until the ambulance gets here." A red-faced guy was beside me. He was not in uniform, but I recognized him as the cop I'd dealt with Wednesday night.

■ "So I'm the goat," the cop said. "I get a reprimand. The boys rib me. O.K., but who got Rand? And on my day off, too. Say, Rand, let's see that army identification card of yours."

"What army identification card?" Rand growled.

"What about the card?" I asked.

"I'll tell you, Graham. Rand claimed he was you and that he'd been a tech sergeant in the war. Well, that identification card with his fingerprints on it was an *officer's* AGO card."

"You clumsy fool!" Buster snarled.

"No; it was smart for a quick deal," the cop said. "It nailed identification in my mind. That's what the card was for. Nobody knew anything about war records at that time, and Rand didn't know I had been an ex-G.I. from the M.P.s. If I'd taken Graham in Wednesday night—well, Bill Meadows was down at the station with his Doberman. I've just had a little talk with Bill Meadows, and he figured it was time to come clean. So if the deal had worked, Graham would be dead, his identity established by fingerprints as Rand, and nobody would have paid any more attention to the guy who was supposed to be Charles Graham."

"It only hit me this morning, my day off," the cop went on. "I slept in, and I was having a late breakfast and listening to the radio when it said Rand's girl friend from L.A. had died in a car accident at Santa Cruz. Me sitting there with nothing to do, I figured, what if Alicia Alexander was murdered? I'm a cop; I figure that way. Then I remembered that AGO card. Well, if the card was a phony, let's figure everything backwards. Let's say the guy who claimed he was Graham Wednesday night really was."

"A starting point," I said.

"Sure. And once I started looking at it that way, it fit. It explained the Alexander girl's death. She could tell the two apart. Well, then, why couldn't Graham's wife and her brother and the brother's wife? Sure, they could. But what if they were in on it? Wait a minute—what about the dog? Then I remembered Bill Meadows, there, at the station when I reported in. Bill with his Doberman. He raised dogs; he could have furnished a ringer. Sure, the whole thing's crazy, but I'm just there sitting with a cup of coffee and a cigarette, letting it snowball."

The cop smiled. "So I start at the other end. What can I find out about Buster and Ethelene Cox and Cora Graham? That was funny. Nobody really knew anything about those three. So I got off a wire to the War Department asking for Buster's service record, to see if he'd been in any trouble.

"Meanwhile we learned the Alexander girl had been murdered, just like I'd guessed. Rand's fingerprints were on the flashlight, and that gave me a bad time for awhile. But what the hell? Wasn't the whole deal, if I was right, based on phony prints? I know all about rubber fingerprint molds smeared with a little grease. We'll analyze the oil on those prints, don't worry. If Rand's play depended on phony prints, he'd have that mold, all right."

"So who killed the Alexander girl? It wouldn't be Rand; with that face, he couldn't risk the trip. But his business partner, now—"

"No!" Buster cried in terror. "You've got no proof!"

"We'll dig it up."

"If you don't, I'll give you a hand, pal," Rand said. "I'll show that rat, trying to cross me!"

"You shut up," the cop told Rand. "I figured this out and I don't want no confessions. The boys will be here soon and give you a chance to sing." He continued: "So tonight I'm in the picture show behind Cora and the guy who might be Rand, just keeping my eyes open, and they slip out in the middle of a big love scene. Is that any way for innocent people to act? So I followed. I lost the car when they crossed Bayshore but I drove over to Bill Meadows' place and there it was."

"So then I drove back to the station here in town and there was a reply from the wire to the War Department. Buster hadn't been in any trouble in the army, but his record showed *he was in the same squadron as Graham*."

"You see?" the cop said. "If the guy who was overseas in the same squadron with Buster was *Rand*, then Buster would have been right on our doorstep telling us all about Rand. And when the two of you who looked so much alike were here Wednesday night, Buster would have known that one was Graham and one was Rand, even if he didn't know which was which. *Buster was the one man who knew both of you very well*. Then why hadn't he opened his head? Why hadn't he—unless Rand had taken Graham's place and Buster was in on the deal!"

"Once I'd figured that out, I drove back to Bill Meadows' place. I found Bill nursing a bottle and a big lump on his head. His wife really spilled it, Graham. She'd given you that envelope about the two dogs. Where is it?"

"I mailed it to the police on my way here," I said.

"Good boy, Mac. So I came here and was just pulling up when the shooting and yelling began. I come in the back way and seen I wasn't needed, so I called the station while you took care of the dogs. I guess that buttons it up, except for the important thing."

"What's that?"

"The reward, Graham. Hell, that's fifteen thousand bucks! I'm doing this on my day off, on my own time."

"I don't want that kind of money."

The cop grinned. "How about fifty-fifty?"

■ I guess it was four nights later that Mary and Walt walked in. I'd been answering so many questions I didn't keep track of time too well. But this night everybody seemed to be pretty well briefed, even the

F.B.I., and I was sitting in my living room with a bottle of beer in my hand and Jiggs at my feet when in came Mary and Walt.

"Speak of the devil!" I cried. "Where have you been? I've been phoning your apartment and the title company every little while."

"Where have we been?" Walt yelled. "I've been diving for pearls!" He held up big red hands. "Washing dishes to keep body and soul together and a roof over our heads!"

"Washing dishes? Where?"

"In a café. And lucky L.A.'s an open town; I haven't got a union card for pearl diving."

"Oh," I said meekly. "Walt, honest to gosh, I plumb forgot I was to send you some money."

"That," Mary said stiffly, "is what we figured. We knew you were O.K., from the newspapers. And so you simply forgot us."

"All we're here for," Walt said, "is my overcoat. Where's that overcoat of mine you borrowed?"

"Somebody copped it off me."

"Somebody copped it off you! And me in Los Angeles without an overcoat!" And then he broke suddenly, or maybe it was Mary who broke first. The two of them just laughed until they were weak, and I thought Mary might fall, so I held her pretty tight, purely for safety's sake.

■ Were you at the trial? Then you know how I felt. Of course Buster and Rand got the works, and as I write this, they're sitting out that long wait in Death Row. Bill Meadows got life, and his wife was lucky to draw only forty years. After all, she didn't have any looks. But it went without saying that no jury would deal harshly with Ethelene. She was a cute dish. And of course a beauty like Cora was a cinch for nothing more than a tap on the wrist.

So if you were there, you know how I felt when both Ethelene and Cora got life.

Incidentally, the mysterious clue the police claimed they'd found in the car Rand left at the airport in making his getaway with the bonds really *was* important. It put the hooks into that fingerprint business. Rand had carefully wiped off the steering wheel, the dash, the knobs, and the door handles, and, with an unconscious gesture of habit, he'd made sure the parking brake was on before he got out, leaving a perfect set of prints that weren't mine.

And so you might say it is all over. The bank got its bonds, the bonding company got off the hook, the red-faced cop got a promotion, I got back my identity—and, lucky dog that I am, I even got Mary. (The marriage to Cora was annulled because it was contracted by fraud.)

So you might suppose that was that, and that I lived happy ever after. But you don't walk through a thing like that without a scar.

When I go into the bathroom to shave in the morning, I come up to the mirror the way a man goes off a high diving board. It's never casual. I'm never quite certain of the face I see. Crazy; but it's there. And when I come home at night with a sack of groceries in my arm, there's a moment then, as I walk in. I think Mary understands, because she's always there. Right there with a smile and a kiss. Then I pat Jiggs on the head, and I'm O.K. ■ ■



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